GRANDISON.

THE

HISTORY

Serfogie Rajal 1827

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON;

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

LETTER I.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday night, May 15-26.

I AM just returned. You will expect me to be particular.

I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might pass half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture so lately made: but Mr. Lowther gives us hopes from it.

When we were alone, They will not let me see my sister, said he; I am sure she must be very bad. But I understand, that you are to be allowed that favour, by-and-by. O my Grandison! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours!—But

what have you done to the general? He assures me, that he admires and loves you; and the bishop has been congratulating *me* upon it. He knew it would give me pleasure. My dear Grandison, you subdue every-body; yet in your own way; for they both admire your spirit.

Just then came in the general. He saluted me in so kind a manner, that Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he said, Blessed be God, that I have lived to see you two, dearest of men to me, so friendly together.

This sweet girl! said the general:—How, Grandison, will you bear to see her?

The bishop entered: O chevalier! my sister is insensible to every-thing, and every-body. Camilla is nobody with her to-day.

They had forgot Jeronymo, though in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible sensibilities, they comforted him; and withdrew with me into Mr. Lowther's apartment; while Mr. Lowther went to his patient.

The marchioness joined us in tears. This dear child knows me not; heeds me not: she never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier Grandison: she regards not your name. O this affecting silence!—Camilla has told her, that she is to see you. My daughter-in-law has told her so. O chevalier! she has quite, quite lost her understanding. Nay, we were barbarous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as she used to be, with that.

Camilla came in with a face of joy: Lady Clementina has just spoken! I told her, she must prepare to see the Chevalier Grandison in all his glory, and that every-body, the general in particular, admired him. Go, naughty Camilla, said she, tapping my hand; you are a wicked deceiver. I have been

told this story too often, to credit it. This was all I could get her to say.

Hence it was concluded, that she would take some notice of me when she saw me; and I was led by the general, followed by the rest, into the marchioness's drawing-room.

Father Marescotti had given me an advantageous character of the general's lady, whom I had not yet seen. The bishop had told me, that she was such another excellent woman as his mother, and like her, had the Italian reserve softened by a polite French education.

When we came into the drawing-room, the general presented me to her. I do not, madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandison, said he; but I forgive you if you do; because you will not be able to do otherwise.

My lord, said she, you told me an hour ago, that I must: and now, that I see the chevalier, you will have no cause to reproach me with disobedience.

Father Marescotti, madam, said I, bid me expect from the lady of the young Marchese della Porretta every-thing that was condescending and good. Your compassionate love for an unhappy new sister, who deserves every-one's love, exalts your character.

Father Marescotti came in. We took our places. It was designed, I found, to try to revive the young lady's attention, by introducing her in full assembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear asking the marchioness, If Lady Clementina would not be too much startled at so much company?

I wish, said the marquis, sighing, that she *may* be startled.

We meet, as only on a conversation-visit, said the marchioness. We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.

We are all near relations, said the bishop.

And want to make our observations, said the general.

She has been bid to expect you among us, resumed the marchioness. We shall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.

Just then entered the sweet lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was slow and solemn. Her eyes were cast on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gauze half covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at that moment, was my emotion! I arose from my seat, sat down, and arose again, irresolute, not knowing what I did, or what *to* do!

She stopt in the middle of the floor, and made some motion, in silence, to Camilla, who adjusted her veil: but she looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; observed no-body.

On her stopping, I was advancing towards her; but the general took my hand: Sit still, sit still, dear Grandison, said he: yet I am charmed with your sensibility. She comes! She moves towards us!

She approached the table round which we sat, her eyes more than half closed, and cast down. She turned to go towards the window. Here, here, madam, said Camilla, leading her to an elbow-chair that had been placed for her, between the two marchionesses. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and sat down. Her mother wept. The young marchioness wept. Her father sobbed; and looked from her. Her mother took her hand: My love, said she, look around you.

Pray sister, said the count her uncle, leave her to her own observation.

She was regardless of what either said; her eyes

were cast down, and half closed. Camilla stood at the back of her chair.

The general, grieved and impatient, arose, and stepping to her, My dearest sister, said he, hanging over her shoulder, look upon us all. Do not *scorn* us, do not *despise* us: see your father, your mother, your sister, and every-body, in tears. If you love us, smile upon us. He took the hand which her mother had quitted, to attend to her own emotions.

She reared up her eyes to him, and, sweetly condescending, tried to smile; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that she only could shew her obligingness, by the effort. Her smile was a smile of woe. And, still further to shew her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her brother, she looked on either side of her; and seeing which was her mother, she, with both hands, took hers, and bowed her head upon it.

The marquis arose from his seat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature! said he, never, never let me again see such a smile as that. It is *here*, putting his hand to his breast.

Camilla offered her a glass of lemonade; she accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.

Obliging sister! you do not scorn us, said the general. See, Father Marescotti is in tears [the reverend man sat next me]: pity his grey hairs! See, your own father too—Comfort your father. *His* grief for your silence—

She cast her eyes that way. She saw me. Saw me greatly affected. She started. She looked again; again started; and, quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, she arose, and threw her arms about her Camilla—O Camilla! was all she said; a violent burst of tears wounding, yet giving some ease to every heart. I was spring-

ing to her, and should have clasped her in my arms before them all; but the general taking my hand, as I reached her chair, Dear Grandison, said he, pronouncing in her ear my name, keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will bid you welcome once more to Bologna.—O Camilla, said she, faithful, good Camilla! Now, at last, have you told me truth! It is, it is he!—And her tears *would* flow, as she hid her face in Camilla's bosom.

The general's native pride again shewed itself. He took me aside. I see, Grandison, the consequence you are of to this unhappy girl: every one sees it. But I depend upon your honour: you remember what you said this morning—

Good God! said I, with some emotion: I stopt—And resuming, with pride equal to his own, Know, Sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himself a man of honour; and you, as well as the rest of the world, shall find him so.

He seemed a little abashed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for *him*, but for the rest of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.

We, however, took the bishop's eye. He came to us.

I left the general; and the bishop led him out, in order to enquire into the occasion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, supported by the two marchionesses, and attended by Camilla, just by me, passing towards the door, in order, it seems, at *her* motion, to withdraw. She stopt. Ah, chevalier! said she; and reclining her head on her mother's bosom, seemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifelessly extended (her mother held the other); and kneeling, pressed it with my lips—Forgive me

ladies; forgive me, Lady Clementina!—My soul overflowed with tenderness, though the moment before it was in a tumult of another kind; for she cast down her eyes upon me with a benignity, that for a long time they all afterwards owned they had not beheld. I could not say more. I arose. She moved on to the door; and when there, turned her head, straining her neck to look after me, till she was out of the room. I was a statue for a few moments; till the count, snatching my hand, and Father Marescotti's, who stood nearest him, We see to what the malady is owing—Father, you must join their hands!—Chevalier! you will be a Catholic!—Will you not?—O that you would! said the father—Why, why, joined in the count, did we refuse the so-earnestly requested interview, a year and half ago?

The young marchioness returned, weeping—They will not permit me to stay. My sister, my dear sister, is in fits!—O Sir, turning graciously to me, you *are*—I will not say *what* you are—But I shall not be in danger of disobeying my lord, on your account.

Just then entered the general, and the bishop. Now, brother, said the latter, if you will not be generous, be, however, just—Chevalier, were you not a little hasty?

I *was*, my lord. But surely the general was unseasonable.

Perhaps I was.

There is as great a triumph, my lord, said I, in a due acknowledgment, as in a victory. Know me, my lords, as a man incapable of meanness; who will assert himself; but who, from the knowledge he has of his own heart, wishes at his soul to be received as the unquestionably disinterested friend of this whole family. Excuse me, my lords, I am obliged to talk

greatly, because I would not wish to act petulantly. But my soul is wounded by those distresses, which had not, I am sorry to say it, a little while ago, a first place in *your* heart.

Do you reproach me, Grandison?

I need not, my lord, if you *feel* it as such. But indeed you either know not me, or forget yourself. And now, having spoken all my mind, I am ready to ask your pardon for any-thing that may have offended you in the manner. I snatched his hand so suddenly, I hope not rudely, but rather fervently, that he started—Receive me, my lord, as a friend. I will *deserve* your friendship.

Tell me, brother, said he to the bishop, what I shall say to this strange man? Shall I be angry or pleased?

Be pleased, my lord, replied the prelate.

The general embraced me—Well, Grandison, you have overcome. I *was* unseasonable. You were passionate. Let us forgive each other.

His lady stood suspended, not being able to guess at the occasion of this behaviour, and renewed friendship.

We sat down, and reasoned variously on what had passed, with regard to the unhappy lady, according to the hopes and fears which actuated the bosoms of each.

But I cannot help thinking, that had this interview been allowed to pass with less surprise to her, she might have been spared those fits, with the affecting description of which the young marchioness alarmed us; till Camilla came in with the happy news, that she was recovering from them; and that her mother was promising her another visit from me, in hopes it would oblige her; though it was not what she required.

I took this opportunity to put into the hands of the

young marchioness, sealed up, the opinions of the physicians I had consulted in England, on the case of Clementina; requesting that she would give it to her mother, in order to have it considered.

The bishop withdrew, to acquaint Jeronymo, in the way he thought best, with what had passed in this first interview with his sister; resolving not to take any notice of the little sally of warmth between the general and me.

I hope to make the pride and passion of this young nobleman of use to myself, by way of caution: for am I not naturally too much inclined to the same fault? O Dr. Bartlett! how have I regretted the passion I suffered myself to be betrayed into, by the foolish violence of O'Hara and Salmonet, in my own house, when it would have better become me, to have had them shewed out of it by my servants!

And yet, were I to receive affronts with tameness from those haughty spirits, who think themselves of a rank superior to me, and from men of the sword, I, who make it a principle not to draw mine but in my own defence, should be subjected to insults, that would be continually involving me in the difficulties I am solicitous to avoid.

I attended the general and his lady to Jeronymo. The generous youth forgot his own weak state, in the hopes he flattered himself with, of a happy conclusion to his sister's malady, from the change of symptoms which had already taken place; though violent hysterics disordered and shook her before-wounded frame.

The general said, that if she could overcome this first shock, perhaps it was the best method that could have been taken to rouse her out of that stupidity and inattention which had been for some weeks so disturbing to them all.

There were no hopes of seeing the unhappy lady

again that evening. The general would have accompanied me to the Casino*; saying, that we might both be diverted by an hour passed there: but I excused myself. My heart was full of anxiety, for the welfare of a brother and sister, both so much endeared to me by their calamities: and I retired to my lodgings.

LETTER II.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Tuesday, May 16-27.

I HAD a very restless night; and found myself so much indisposed in the morning, with a feverish disorder, that I thought of contenting myself with sending to know how the brother and sister rested, and of staying within, at least till the afternoon, to give my hurried spirits some little repose: but my messenger returned with a request from the marchioness, to see me presently.

I obeyed. Clementina had asked, Whether she had really seen me, or had only dreamed so. They took this for a favourable indication; and therefore sent the above request.

I met the general in Jeronymo's apartment. He took notice that I was not very well. Mr. Lowther proposed to bleed me. I consented. I afterwards

* The Casino at Bologna is a fine apartment, illuminated every night, for the entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies of the city, and whomever they please to introduce. There are card-tables; and waiters attend with chocolate, coffee, ice. The whole expence is defrayed by twelve men of the first quality, each in turn taking his month.

saw my friend's wounds dressed. The three surgeons pronounced appearances not to be unfavourable.

We all then retired into Mr. Lowther's apartment. The bishop introduced to us two of the faculty. The prescriptions of the English physicians were considered; and some of the methods approved, and agreed to be pursued.

Clementina, when I came, was retired to her own apartment with Camilla. Her terrors on Laurana's cruelty had again got possession of her imagination; and they thought it not adviseable that I should be admitted into her presence, till the hurries she was in, on that account, had subsided.

But by this time, being a little more composed, her mother led her into her dressing-room. The general, and his lady, were both present; and, by their desire, I was asked to walk in.

Clementina, when I entered, was sitting close to Camilla; her head leaning on her bosom, seemingly thoughtful. She raised her head, and looked towards me; and, clasping her arms about Camilla's neck, hid her face in *her* bosom for a few moments; then, looking as bashful towards me, she loosed her hands, stood up, and looked steadily at me, and at Camilla, by turns, several times, as irresolute. At last, quitting Camilla, she moved towards me with a stealing pace; but when near me, turning short, hurried to her mother; and putting one arm about her neck, the other held up, she looked at me, as if she were doubtful whom she saw. She seemed to whisper to her mother, but not to be understood. She went then by her sister-in-law, who took her hand as she passed her, with both hers, and kissed it; and coming to the general, who sat still nearer me, and who had desired me to attend to her motions, she stood by him, and looked at me with a sweet irresolution.

As she had stolen such advances towards me, I could no longer restrain myself. I arose, and, taking her hand, Behold the man, said I, with a bent knee, whom once you honoured with the name of tutor, your English tutor!—Know you not the grateful Grandison, whom all your family have honoured with their regard?

O yes!—Yes,—I think I do.—They rejoiced to hear her speak.—But where have you been all this time?

In England, madam—But returned, *lately* returned, to visit you and your Jeronymo.

Jeronymo! one hand held up; the other not withdrawn. Poor Jeronymo.

God be praised! said the general: some faint hopes. The two marchionesses wept for joy.

Your Jeronymo, madam, and my Jeronymo, is, we hope, in a happy way. Do you love Jeronymo?

Do I!—But what of Jeronymo? I don't understand you.

Jeronymo, now you are well, will be happy.

Am I well? Ah, Sir!—But save me, save me, chevalier!—faintly screaming, and looking about her, with a countenance of woe and terror.

I *will* save you, madam. The general will also protect you. Of whom are you afraid?

O the cruel, cruel Laurana!—She withdrew her hand in a hurry, and lifted up the sleeve of the other arm—You shall see—O I have been cruelly used—But *you* will protect me. Forbearing to shew her arm, as she seemed to intend.

Laurana shall never more come near you.

But don't hurt her!—Come, sit down by me, and I will tell you all I have suffered.

She hurried to her former seat; and sat down by her weeping Camilla. I followed her. She motioned to me to sit down by her.

Why, you must know, chevalier—She paused—Ah my head! putting her hand to it—Well, but, now you must leave me. Something is wrong—Leave me—I don't know myself——

Then looking with a face of averted terror at me—You are not the same man I talked to just now!—Who *are* you, Sir?—She again faintly shrieked, and threw her arms about Camilla's neck, once more hiding her face in her bosom.

I could not bear this. Not very well before, it was too much for me. I withdrew.

Don't withdraw, chevalier, said the general, drying his eyes.

I withdrew, however, to Mr. Lowther's chamber. He not being there, I shut the door upon myself—So oppressed! my dear Dr. Bartlett, I was greatly oppressed.

Recovering myself in a few moments, I went to Jeronymo. I had but just entered his chamber, when the general, who seemed unable to speak, took my hand, and in silence led me to his mother's dressing-room. As we entered it, She enquires after you, chevalier, said he, and laments your departure. She thinks she has offended you. Thank God, she has recollection!

When I went in, she was in her mother's arms; her mother soothing her, and weeping over her.

See, see, my child, the chevalier! you have *not* offended him.

She quitted her mother's arms. I approached her. I thought it was not *you* that sat by me, a while ago. But when you went away from me, I saw it could be nobody but you. Why did you go away? Was you angry?

I could not be angry, madam. You bid me leave you: and I obeyed.

Well, but now what shall I say to him, madam?

I don't know what I would say. You, madam, stepping with a hasty motion towards her sister-in-law, will not tell Laurana any-thing against me?

Unhappy hour, said her mother, speaking to the general, that I ever yielded to her going to the cruel Laurana!

The marchioness took her hand; I hate Laurana, my dear; I love no-body but you.

Don't hate her, however—Chevalier, whisperingly, Who is this lady?

The general rejoiced at the question; for this was the first time she had ever taken any particular notice of his lady, or enquired who she was, notwithstanding her generous tenderness to her.

That lady is your sister, your brother Signor Giacomo's wife——

My sister! how can that be?—Where has she been all this time?

Your sister by marriage: your elder brother's wife.

I don't understand it. But why, madam, did you not tell me so before? I wish you happy. Laurana would not let me be *her* cousin. Will *you* own me?

The young marchioness clasped her arms about her. My sister, my friend, my dear Clementina! Call me your sister, and I shall be happy!

What strange things, said she, have come to pass?

How did these dawnings of reason rejoice every one!

Sir, turning to the general, let me speak with you.

She led him by the hand to the other end of the room.—Let nobody hear us, said she: yet spoke not low. What had I to say?—I had something to say to you very earnestly. I don't know what——

Well, don't puzzle yourself, my dear, to recollect it, said the general. Your new sister loves you. She is the best of women. She is the joy of my life. Love your new sister, my Clementina.

So I will. Don't I love every-body?

But you must love her better than any other woman, the best of mothers excepted. She is *my* wife, and *your* sister; and she loves both you, and our dear Jeronymo.

And no-body else? Does she love no-body else?

Whom else would you have her love?

I don't know. But every-body, I think; for I do.

Whomever you love, she will love. She is all goodness.

Why that's well. I will love her, now I know who she is. But, Sir, I have some notion—

Of what, my dear?

I don't know. But pray, Sir, What brings the chevalier over hither again?

To comfort you, your father, mother, Jeronymo: to comfort us all. To make us all well, and happy in each other.

Why that's very good. Don't *you* think so? But he was always good. Are you, brother, happy?

I am, and should be more so, if you and Jeronymo were.

But that can never, never be.

God forbid! my sister. The chevalier has brought over with him a skilful man, who hopes to cure our Jeronymo.

Has the chevalier done this? Why did he not do so before?

The general was a little disconcerted; but generously said, We were wrong; we took not right methods. I, for my part, wish we had followed his advice in every-thing.

Bless me!—holding up one hand. How came all these things about! Sir, Sir, with quickness—I will come again presently—And was making to the door.

Camilla stept to her—Whither, whither, my dear young lady?—O! Camilla will do as well—Camilla,

laying her hand upon her shoulder, go to Father Marescotti—Tell him—There she stopt: then proceeding, Tell him, I have seen a vision—He shall pray for us all.

Then stepping to her mother, and taking her passive hand, she kissed it, and stroked her own forehead and cheek with it—Love me, madam; love your child. *You* don't know, neither do I, what ails my poor head. Heal it! Heal it! with your gentle hand! Again stroking her forehead with it; then putting it to her heart.

The marchioness, kissing her forehead, made her face wet with her tears.

Shall I, said Camilla, go to Father Marescotti?

No, said the general, except she repeats her commands. Perhaps she has forgot him already.—She said no more of Father Marescotti.

The marchioness thinks that she had some confused notions of the former enmity of the general and father to me; and finding the former reconciled, wanted the father to be so too, and to pray for us all.

I was willing, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to give you minutely the workings of the poor lady's mind on our two first interviews. Every-body is rejoiced at so hopeful an alteration already.

We all thought it best, now, that she had so surprisingly taken a turn, from observing a profound silence, to free talking, and shewn herself able, with very little incoherence, to pursue a discourse, that she should not exhaust herself; and Camilla was directed to court her into her own dressing-room, and endeavour to engage her on some indifferent subjects. I asked her leave to withdraw: she gave it me readily, with these words, I shall see you again, I hope, before you go to England.

Often, I hope, very often, answered the general for me.

That is very good, said she; and, courtesying to me, went up with Camilla.

We all went into Jeronymo's apartment; and the young marchioness rejoiced him with the relation of what had passed. That generous friend was for ascribing to my presence the hoped-for happy alteration; while the general declared, that he never would have her contradicted for the future, in any reasonable request she should make.

The count her uncle, and Signor Sebastiano his eldest son, are set out for Urbino. They took leave of me at my lodgings. He hoped, he said, that all would be happy; and that I would be a Catholic.

* *

I have received a large pacquet of letters from England.

I approve of all you propose, my dear Dr. Bartlett. You shall not, you say, be easy, except I will inspect your accounts. Don't refuse to give your own worthy heart any satisfaction that it can receive, by consulting your true friend: but otherwise, you need not ask my consent to any-thing you shall think fit to do. Of one thing, methinks, I could be glad, that only such children of the poor, as shew a peculiar ingenuity, have any great pains taken with them in their *books*. Husbandry and labour are what are most wanting to be encouraged among the lower class of people. Providence has given to men different geniuses and capacities, for different ends; and that all might become useful links of the same great chain. Let us apply those talents to labour, those to learning, those to trade, to mechanics, in their different branches, which point out the different pursuits, and then no person will be unuseful; on the contrary, every one may be eminent in some way or other. Learning, of itself, never made any

man happy. The ploughman makes fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than the scholar, because the sphere in which he moves is a more contracted one. But if a genius arise, let us encourage it: there will be rustics enough to do the common services for the finer spirits, and to carry on the business of the world, if we do not, by our own indiscriminate good offices, contribute to their misapplication.

I will write to congratulate Lord W. and his lady. I rejoice exceedingly in their happiness.

I will also write to my Beauchamp, and to Lady Beauchamp, to give her joy on her enlarged heart. Surely, Dr. Bartlett, human nature is not so bad a thing, as some disgracers of their own species have imagined. I have, on many occasions, found, that it is but applying properly to the passions of persons, who, though they have not been very remarkable for benevolence, may yet be induced to do right things in *some* manner, if not always in the *most graceful.* But as it is an observation, that the miser's feast is often the most splendid; so may we say, as in the cases of Lord W. and Lady Beauchamp, the one to her son-in-law, the other to his lady and nieces, that when such persons are brought to taste the sweets of a generous and beneficent action, they are able to behave greatly. We should not too soon, and without making *proper* applications, give up persons of ability or power, upon conceptions of their general characters; and then, with the herd, set our faces against them, as if we knew them to be incorrigible. How many ways are there to overcome persons, who may not, however, be naturally beneficent! Policy, a regard for outward appearances, ostentation, love of praise, will sometimes have great influences: and not seldom is the requester of

a favour himself in fault, who perhaps shews as much *self* in the application, as the refuser does in the denial.

Let Charlotte know, that I will write to her when *she gives me a subject.*

I will write to Lord and Lady L. by the next mail. To write to either, is to write to both.

I have already answered Emily's favour. I am very glad that her mother, and her mother's husband, are so wise as to pursue their own interests in their behaviour to that good girl, and their happiness in their conduct to each other.

My poor cousin Grandison—I am concerned for him. I have a very affecting letter from him. But I see the proud man in it, valuing himself on his knowledge of the world, and rather vexed to be over-reached by the common artifices of some of the worst people in it, than from right principles. I know not what I can do for him, except I were on the spot. I am grieved that he has not profited by other men's wisdom: I wish he may by his own experience. I will write to him; yet neither to reproach him, nor to extenuate his folly, though I wish to free him from the consequences of it.

I write to my aunt Eleanor, to congratulate and welcome her to London. I hope to find her there on my return from Italy.

The unhappy Sir Hargrave! The still unhappier Merceda! What sport have they made with their health in the prime of their days; and with their reputation! How poor would have been their triumph, had they escaped, by a flight so ignominious, the due reward of their iniquitous contrivances! But to meet with such a disgraceful punishment, and so narrowly to escape a still *more* disgraceful one—Tell me, Can the poor men look out into open day?

But poor Bagenhall! sunk as he is, almost beneath pity, what can be said of him?

We see, Dr. Bartlett, in the behaviour, and sordid acquiescence with insults, of these three men, that offensive spirits cannot be true ones.

If you have any call or inclination to go to London, I am sure you will look in upon the little Oldhams, and their mother.

My compliments to the young officer. I am glad he is pleased with what has been done for him.

I have letters from Paris. I am greatly pleased with what is done, and doing there, in pursuance of my directions, relating to good Mr. Danby's legacy.

As he gained a great part of his considerable fortune in France, I think it would have been agreeable to him, to find out there half of the objects of his benevolence: why else named he France in his will?

The *intention* of the bequeather, in doubtful cases, ought always to be considered: and another case has offered, which, I think, as there is a large surplus in my hands, after having done by his relations more than they expected, and full as much as is necessary to put them in a flourishing way, I ought to consider in that light.

Mr. Danby, at his setting out in life, owed great obligations to a particular family, then in affluent circumstances. This family fell, by unavoidable accidents, into indigence. Its descendants were numerous. Mr. Danby used to confer on no less than six grand-daughters, and four grandsons, of this family, an annual bounty, which kept them just above want. And he had put them in hopes, that he would cause it to be continued to them, as long as they were unprovided for: the elder girls were in

services; the younger were brought up to be qualified for the same useful way of life: the sons were neither idle nor vicious. I cannot but think, that it was his *intention* to continue his bounty to them by his last will, had he not forgot them when he gave orders for drawing it up; which was not till he thought himself in a dying way.

Proper enquiries have been made; and this affair is settled. The numerous family think themselves happy. And the supposed intention of my deceased friend is fully answered; and no legatee a sufferer.

You kindly, my dear Dr. Bartlett, regret the distance we are at from each other. I am the loser by it, and not you; since I give you, by pen and ink, almost as minute an account of my proceedings, as I could do were we conversing together: such are your expectations upon, and such is the obedience of,

Your ever-affectionate and filial friend,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER III.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

June 12-23.

We have now, thank God, some hopes of our Jeronymo. The opening made below the great wound answers happily its intention; and that in the shoulder is once more in a fine way.

Lady Clementina has been made to understand, that he is better; and this good news, and the method in which she is treated, partly in pursuance of the advice of the English physicians, leave us not without hopes of her recovery.

The general and his lady are gone to Naples, in much higher spirits than when they left that city. His lady seconding his earnest invitation, I was not able to deny them the promise of a visit there.

Every one endeavours to sooth and humour Lady Clementina; and the whole family is now satisfied, that this was the method which always ought to have been taken with her; and lay to the charge of Lady Sforza and Laurana, perhaps much deeper views than they had at first; though they might enlarge them afterwards, and certainly did extend them, when the poor lady was deemed irrecoverable.

Let me account to you, my dear friend, for my silence of near a month since the date of my last.

For a fortnight together, I was every day once with Lady Clementina. She took no small pleasure in seeing me. She was very various all that time in her absences; sometimes she had sensible intervals, but they were not durable. She generally rambled much; and was very incoherent. Sometimes she fell into her silent fits: but they seldom lasted long when I came. Sometimes she aimed to speak to me in English: but her ideas were too much unfixed, and her memory too much shattered, to make herself understood for a sentence together, in the tongue she had so lately learned, and for some time disused. Yet, on the whole, her reason seemed to gather strength. It was a heavy fortnight to me; and the heavier, as I was not very well myself—Yet I was loth to forbear my daily visits.

Mrs. Beaumont, at the fortnight's end, made the family and me a visit of three days. In that space, Lady Clementina's absences were stronger, but less frequent than before.

I had, by letter, been all this time preparing the persons who had the management of Mr. Jervois's affairs, to adjust, finally, the account relating to his

estate, which remained unsettled; and they let me know, that they were quite ready to put the last hand to them. It was necessary for me to attend those gentlemen in person: and as Mrs. Beaumont could not conveniently stay any longer than the three days, I acquainted the marchioness, that I should do myself the honour of attending her to Florence.

As well Mrs. Beaumont, as the marchioness, and the bishop, thought I should communicate my intention, and the necessity of pursuing it, to Lady Clementina; lest, on her missing me, she should be impatient, and we should lose the ground we had gained.

I laid before the young lady, in presence of her mother and Mrs. Beaumont, in a plain and simple manner, my obligation to leave her for a few days, and the reason for it. To Florence, said she? Does not Lady Olivia live at Florence?—She does, usually, answered Mrs. Beaumont: but she is abroad on her travels.

Well, Sir, it is not for me to detain you, if you have business: but what will become of my poor Jeronymo in the mean time?—But, before I could answer, What a silly question is that? I will be his comforter.

Father Marescotti just then entered—O father! rambled the poor lady, you have not prayed with me for a long time. O, Sir, I am an undone creature! I am a lost soul!—She fell on her knees, and with tears bemoaned herself.

She endeavoured, after this, to recollect what she had been talking of before. We make it a rule not to suffer her, if we can help it, to puzzle and perplex herself, by aiming at recollection; and therefore I told her what was our subject. She fell into it again with cheerfulness—Well, Sir, and when may Jero-

nymo expect you again?—In about ten days, I told her. And taking her hint, I added, that I doubted not but she would comfort Signor Jeronymo in my absence. She promised she would; and wished me happy.

I attended Mrs. Beaumont accordingly. I concluded, to my satisfaction, all that remained unadjusted of my Emily's affairs, in two days after my arrival at Florence. I had a happy two days more with Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies her friends; and I stole a visit out of the ten days to the Count of Belvedere, at Parma.

This excursion was of benefit to my health; and having had a letter from Mr. Lowther, as I had desired, at Modena, in my way to Parma, with very favourable news, in relation both to the sister and brother, I returned to Bologna, and met with a joyful reception from the marquis, his lady, the bishop, and Jeronymo; who all joined to give me a share in the merit that was principally due to Mr. Lowther, and his assistants, with regard to the brother's amendment, and to their own soothing methods of treating the beloved sister; who followed strictly the prescriptions of her physicians.

I was introduced to Lady Clementina by her mother, attended only by Camilla. The young lady met me at the entrance of her antechamber, with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her in her happier days. You are welcome, chevalier, said she: but you kept not your time. I have set it down; pulling out her pocket-book—Ten days, madam: I told you ten days. I am exactly to my time—You shall see that: I cannot be mistaken, smiling. But her smiles were not quite her own.

She referred me to her book. You have reckoned two days twice over, madam. See here—

Is it possible?—I once, Sir, was a better accompt-

ant. Well, but we will not stand upon two days in so many. I have taken great care of Jeronymo in your absence. I have attended him several times; and would have seen him oftener; but they told me there was no need.

I thanked her for her care of my friend—

That's good enough, said she, to thank me for the care of myself. Jeronymo is myself.

Signor Jeronymo, replied I, cannot be dearer to his sister than he is to me.

You are a good man, returned she; and laid her hand upon my arm; I always said so. But, chevalier, I have quite forgot my English. I shall never recover it. What happy times were those, when I was innocent, and was learning English!

My beloved young lady, said Camilla, was always innocent.

No, Camilla!—No!—And then she began to ramble—And taking Camilla under the arm, whispering, Let us go together, to that corner of the room, and pray to God to forgive us. You, Camilla, have been wicked as well as I.

She went and kneeled down, and held up her hands in silence: then rising, she came to her mother, and kneeled to her, her hands lifted up—Forgive me, forgive your poor child, my mamma!

God bless my child! Rise, my love!—I do forgive you!—But do you forgive me, tears trickling down her cheeks, for ever suffering you to go out of my own sight? for delivering you into the management of less kind, and less indulgent relations?

And God forgive *them* too, rising. Some of them made me crazy, and then upbraided me with being so. God forgive them! I do.

She then came to me; and, to my great surprise, dropt down on one knee. I could not, for a few moments, tell what to do, or what to say to her.

Her hands held up, her fine eyes supplicating—Pray, Sir, forgive me!

Humour, humour the dear creature, chevalier, said her mother, sobbing.

Forgive you, madam!—Forgive you, dear lady! for what?—You have not offended! You could not offend.

I raised her; and, taking her hand, pressed it with my lips! Now, madam, forgive *me*—For this freedom forgive me!

O Sir, I have given you, I have given every-body, trouble!—I am an unhappy creature; and God and you are angry with me—And you will not say you forgive me?

Humour her, chevalier.

I do, I do forgive you, most excellent of women.

She hesitated a little; then turned round to Camilla, who stood at distance, weeping; and running to her, cast herself into her arms, hiding her face in her bosom—Hide me, hide me, Camilla!—What have I done!—I have kneeled to a man!—She put her arm under Camilla's, and hurried out of the room with her.

Her mother seeing me in some confusion; Rejoice with me, chevalier, said she, yet weeping, that we see, though her reason is imperfect, such happy symptoms. Our child will, I trust in God, be once more our own. And you will be the happy instrument of restoring her to us.

The marquis, and the bishop, were informed of what had passed. They also rejoiced, in these further day-breaks, as they called them, of their Clementina's reason.

You will observe, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that I only aim to give you an account of the greater and more visible changes that happen in the mind of this unhappy lady; omitting those conversations between

her and her friends, in which her situation varied but little from those before described. By this means, you will be able to trace the steps to that recovery of her reason, which we presume to hope will be the return to our fervent prayers, and humble endeavours.

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, June 13-24.

THE Conte della Porretta, and his two sons, came hither yesterday, to rejoice on the hopeful prospects before us.

I thought I saw a little shyness and reserve sit upon the brow of the marchioness, which I had not observed till the arrival of the count. A complaisance that was too civil for friendship; for *our* friendship. I never permit a cloud to hang for one hour upon the brow of a friend, without examining into the reason of it, in hopes it may be in my power to dispel it. An abatement in the freedom of one I love, is a charge of unworthiness upon me, that I must endeavour to obviate the moment I suspect it. I desired a private audience of the good lady.

She favoured me with it at the first word. But as soon as I had opened my heart to her, she asked, If Father Marescotti, who loved me, she said, as if I were his own son, might be allowed to be present at our conversation? I was a little startled at the question; but answered, By all means.

The father was sent to, and came. Tender concern and reserve were both apparent in his countenance. This shewed that he was apprised of the

occasion of the marchioness's reserve; and expected to be called upon, or employed in the explanation, had I *not* demanded it.

I repeated, before him, what I had said to the marchioness, of the reserve that I had thought I saw since yesterday in one of the most benign countenances in the world.

Chevalier, said she, if you think that every one of our family, as well those of Urbino and Naples, as those of this place, do not love you as one of their own family, you do not do us justice.

She then enumerated and exaggerated their obligations to me. I truly told her, that I could not do less than I had done, and answer it to my own heart.

Leave *us*, replied she, to judge for ourselves on this subject. And, for God's sake, do not think us capable of ingratitude. We begin with pleasure to see the poor child, after a course of sufferings and distresses, that few young creatures have gone through, reviving to our hopes. She must in gratitude, in honour, in justice, be yours, if you require her of us, and upon the terms you have formerly proposed.

I think so, said the father.

What can I say? proceeded she: we are all distressed. I am put upon a task that grieves me. Ease my heart, chevalier, by sparing my speech.

Explain yourself no further, madam: I fully understand you. I will not impute ingratitude to any heart in this family. Tell me, Father Marescotti, if you can allow for *me*, as I could for *you*, were you in my circumstances (and you cannot be better satisfied in your religion, than I am in mine) tell me, by what you *could do*, what I *ought*.

There is no answering a case so strongly put, replied the father. But can a false religion, as

heresy, persuade an ingenuous mind as strongly as the true?

Dear Father Marescotti, you know you have said nothing: it would sound harshly to repeat your own question to you; yet that is all I need to do. But let us continue our prayers, that the desirable work may be perfected: that Lady Clementina may be quite recovered. You have seen, madam, that I have not offered to give myself consequence with her. You see the distance I have observed to her: you see nothing in her, not even in her most afflicting reveries, that can induce you to think she has marriage in view. As I told your ladyship at first, I have but one wish at present; and that is, her perfect recovery.

What, father, can we say? resumed the marchioness. Advise us, chevalier. You know our situation. But do not, do not impute ingratitude to us. Our child's salvation, in our own opinion, is at stake—If she be yours, she will not be long a Catholic—Once more, advise us.

You generously, I know, madam, think you speak in time, both for the young lady's sake and mine. You say she shall be mine upon the terms I formerly offered, if I insist upon it. I have told the general, that I will have the consent of all three brothers, as well as yours, madam, and your good lord's, or I will not hope for the honour of your alliance: and I have declared to you, that I look upon myself as bound; upon you all, as free. If you think that the sense of supposed obligation, as Lady Clementina advances in her health, may engage her further than you wish, let me decline my visits by degrees, in order to leave her as disengaged as possible in her own mind; and that I may not be thought of consequence to her recovery. In the first place, I will make my promised visit to the general. You see

she was not the worse, but, perhaps, the better, for my absence of ten days. I will pass twenty, if you please, at Rome, and at Naples; holding myself in readiness to return post, at the first call. Let us determine nothing in the interim. Depend upon the honour of a man, who once more assures you, that he looks upon himself as bound, and the lady free; and who will act accordingly by her, and all your family.

They were both silent, and looked upon each other.

What *say* you, madam, to this proposal? What say *you*, Father Marescotti? Could I think of a more disinterested one, I would make it.

I say, you are a wonderful man.

I have not words, resumed the lady—She wept. Hard, hard fate! The man, that of all men—

There she stopt. The father was present, or, perhaps, she had said more.

Shall we, said she, acquaint Jeronymo with this conversation?

It may disturb him, replied I. You know, madam, his generous attachment to me. I have promised the general a visit. Signor Jeronymo was as much pleased with the promise, as with the invitation. The performance will add to his pleasure. He may get more strength: Lady Clementina may be still better: and you will, from events so happy, be able to resolve. Still be pleased to remember, that I hold myself bound, yourselves to be free.

Yet I thought at the time, with a concern, that, perhaps, was too visible, When shall I meet with the returns, which my proud heart challenges as its due? But then my pride (shall I call it?) came in to my relief—Great God! I thank thee, thought I, that thou enablest me to do what my conscience, what humanity tells me, is fit and right to be done, with-

out taking my measures of right and wrong from any other standard.

Father Marescotti saw me affected. Tears stood in his eyes. The marchioness was still more concerned. She called me the most generous of men, took a respectful leave, and withdrew to Jeronymo.

As I was intending to return to my lodgings, in order to try to calm there my disturbed mind, the marquis and his brother, and the bishop, sent for me into the marchioness's drawing-room, where were she and Father Marescotti; who had acquainted them with what had passed between her, himself, and me.

The bishop arose, and embraced me—Dear Grandison, said he, how I admire you?—Why, why will you not let me call you brother?—Were a prince your competitor, and you would be a Catholic—

O that you would! said the marchioness; her hands and eyes lifted up.

And will you not? Can you not, my dear chevalier? said the count.

That, my lord, is a question kindly put, as it shews your regard for me—But it is not to be answered now.

The marquis took my hand. He applauded the disinterestedness of my behaviour to his family. He approved of my proposal of absence; but said, that I must myself undertake to manage that part, not only with their Clementina, but with Jeronymo; whose grateful heart would otherwise be uneasy, on a surmise, that the motion came not from myself, but them.

We will not resolve upon any measures, said he. God continue and improve our prospects; and the result we will leave to his Providence.

I went from them directly to Jeronymo; and told him of my intended journey.

He asked me, What would become of Clementina in the mean time? Was there not too great a danger that she would go back again?

I told him I would not go, but with her approbation.

I pleaded my last absence of ten days, in favour of my intention. Her recovery, said I, must be a work of time. If I am of the consequence your friendship for me supposes, her attention will, probably, be more engaged by short absences, and the expectations raised by them, than by daily visits. I remember not, my dear Jeronymo, continued I, a single instance, that could induce any one to imagine, that your Clementina's regard for the man you favour was a personal one. Friendship never lighted up a purer flame in a human heart, than in that of your sister. Was not the future happiness of the man she esteemed the constant, I may say, the *only* object of her cares? In the height of her malady, Did she not declare, that were that great article but probably secured, she would resign her life with pleasure?

True, very true: Clementina is an excellent creature: she ever was. And you only can deserve her. O that she could be now worthy of you! But are my father, mother, brother, willing to part with you? Do they not, for Clementina's sake, make objections?

The last absence sitting so easy on her mind, they doubt not but frequent absences may excite her attention.

Well, well, I acquiesce. The general and his lady will rejoice to see you. I must not be too selfish. God preserve you, wherever you go!—Only

let not the gentle heart of Clementina be wounded by your absence. Don't let her miss you.

To-morrow, replied I, I will consult her. She shall determine for me.

LETTER V.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

June 14-25.

Having the honour of an invitation to a conversation-visit, to the cardinal legate, and to meet there the gonfalonier, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning.

After sitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted to the presence of Lady Clementina. Her parents and the bishop were with her. Clementina, chevalier, said her mother, was enquiring for you. She is desirous to recover her English. Are you willing, Sir, to undertake your pupil again?

Ah, chevalier, said the young lady, those were happy times, and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then.

You have not been very well, madam: and is it not better to defer our lectures for some days, till you are quite established in your health?

Why, that is the thing. I know I have been very ill: I know that I am not yet quite well; and I *want* to be so: and that is the reason that I would recover my English.

You will soon recover it, madam, when you begin. But at present, the thought, the memory, it would require you to exert, would perplex you. I am afraid

the study would rather retard, than forward your recovery.

Why, now, I did not expect this from you, Sir. My mamma has consented.

I did, my dear, because I would deny you nothing that your heart was set upon: but the chevalier has given you such good reasons to suspend his lectures, that I wish you would not be earnest in your request.

But I can't help it, madam. I want to be happy.

Well, madam, let us begin now. What English book have you at hand?

I don't know. But I will fetch one.

She stept out, Camilla after her; and, poor lady, forgetting her purpose, brought down some of her own work, the first thing that came to hand, out of a drawer that she pulled out, in her dressing-room; instead of looking into her book-case. It is an unfinished piece of Noah's ark, and the rising deluge: the execution admirable. And, coming to me, I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of women's works, chevalier?

She went to the table—Come hither, and sit down by me. I did. Madam, to her mother; my lord, to her brother (for the marquis withdrew, in grief, upon this instance of her wandering); come, and sit down by the chevalier and me. They did. She spread it on the table, and, in an attentive posture, her elbow on the table, her head on one hand, pointing with the finger of the other—Now tell me your opinion of this work.

I praised, as it deserved, the admirable finger of the workwoman. Do you know, that's *mine*, Sir? But tell me; every-body can praise; Do you see no fault?—I think *that* is one, said I; and pointed to a disproportion that was pretty obvious—Why so it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer.

Men, who can find faults more gracefully, said the bishop, than others praise, need not flatter. Why that's true, said she. She sighed; I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after—after—I forget the painter—But you think it tolerable—Do you?

I think it, upon the whole, very fine. If you could rectify that one fault, it would be a master-piece.

Well, I think I'll try, since *you* like it. She rolled it up—Camilla, let it be put on my toilette. I am glad the chevalier likes it. But, Sir, if I am not at a loss; for my head is not as it should be—

Poor lady! She lost what she was going to say—She paused as if she would recollect it—Do you know, at last, said she, what is the matter with my head? putting her hand to her forehead—Such a strange confusion just here! And so stupid!—She shut her eyes. She laid her head on her mother's shoulder; who dropt an involuntary tear on her forehead.

The bishop was affected. Can you, chevalier, whispered he, suppose this dear creature's reason in your power, and yet withhold it from her?

Ah, my lord, said I, how cruel!—

She raised her head; and, taking her mother's and Camilla's offered salts, smelt to them in turn—I think I am a little better. Were you, chevalier, ever in such a strange way?—I hope not—God preserve all people from being as I have been!—Why now you are all affected. Why do you all weep? What have I said? God forbid, that I should afflict any-body—Ah! chevalier! and laid her hand upon my arm, God will bless you. I always said, you were a tender-hearted man. God will pity him, that can pity another!—But, brother, my lord, I have

not been at church of a long time: have I? How long is it?—Where is the general? Where is my uncle?—Laurana! poor Laurana! God forgive her; she is gone to answer for all her unkindness!—And she said she was sorry; Did she?

Thus rambled the poor lady! What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can be more affecting than these absences, these reveries, of a mind once so sound and sensible!

She withdrew at her own motion, with Camilla; and we had no thoughts of communicating to her, at that time, my intentional absence. But as I was about taking my leave for the day, Camilla came into Jeronymo's chamber, where I was; and told me, that her young lady was very sedate, and desired to see me, if I were not gone.

She led me into Clementina's dressing-room, where was present the marchioness only; who said, she thought I might apprise her daughter of my proposed journey to Naples; and she herself began the subject.

My dear, said she, the chevalier has been acquainting my lord and me with an engagement he is under to visit your brother Giacomo, and his lady, at Naples.

That is a vast journey, said she.

Not for the chevalier, my dear. He is used to travel.

Only for a visit!—Is it not better, Sir, for you to stay here, where every-body loves you?

The general, my dear, and his lady, love the chevalier.

May be so. But did you promise them, Sir?

I did, madam.

Why then you must perform your promise. But it was not kind in them to engage you.

Why so, my dear? asked her mother.

Why so! Why what will poor Jeronymo do for his friend?

Jeronymo has consented, my dear. He thinks the journey will do the chevalier good.

Nay, then—Will the journey do you good, Sir? If it will, I am sure Jeronymo would not, for the world, detain you.

Are you willing, my dear, that the chevalier should go?

Yes, surely, madam, if it will do him good. I would lay down my life to do him good. Can we ever requite him for his goodness to us?

Grateful heart! said her mother; tears in her eyes.

Gratitude, piety, sincerity, and every duty in the social life, are constitutional virtues in this lady. No disturbance of mind can weaken, much less efface them.

Shall you not want to see him in his absence?

Perhaps I may: But what then? If it be for his good, you know—

Suppose, my dear, we could obtain the favour of Mrs. Beaumont's company, while the chevalier is gone?

I should be glad.

Mrs. Beaumont is all goodness, said I. I will endeavour to engage her. I can go by sea to Naples; and then Florence will be in my way.

Florence! Ay, and then you may see Olivia too, you know.

Olivia is not in Italy, madam. She is on her travels.

Nay, I am not against your seeing Olivia, if it will do you good to see her.

You don't love Olivia, my dear, said her mother.

Why, not much—But *will* you send Mrs. Beaumont to keep me company?

I hope, madam, I may be able to engage her.

And how long shall you be gone?

If I go by sea, I shall return by the way of Rome: and shall make my absence longer or shorter, as I shall hear how my Jeronymo does, or as he will or will not dispense with it.

That is very good of you—But, but—Suppose—(a sweet blush overspread her face)—I don't know what I would say—But, for Jeronymo's sake, don't stay longer than will do you good. No need of *that*, you know..

Sweet creature! said the mother.

Did you call *me* so, madam? wrapping her arms about her, and hiding her faintly-blushing face in her bosom. Then raising it up, her arms still folded about her mother: As long as I have my mamma with me, I am happy. Don't let me be sent away from you again, my mamma. I will do every-thing you bid me do. I never was disobedient—Was I? Fie upon me, if I was!

No, never, never, my dearest life.

So I hoped. For when I knew nothing, this I used to say over my beads; Gracious Father! let me never forget my duty to Thee, and to my parents! I was afraid I *might*, as I remembered nothing—But that was partly owing to Laurana. Poor Laurana! She has now answered for it. I would pray her out of her pains, if I could. Yet she *did* torment me.

She has entertained a notion, that Laurana is dead: and as it has removed that terror which she used to have, at her very name, they intend not to undeceive her. But, Dr. Bartlett, well or ill, did you ever know a more excellent creature!

Well, Sir, and so you *must* go—She quitted her mother, and with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her, she turned to me; and gracefully waving one hand, while she held up the other—God preserve you wherever you go! You *must* go from friend to friend, were it all the world over. You will let Jeronymo hear often from you—Won't you?—Pray do. And I will, in every visit I make to him, enquire when he heard from his friend. Adieu, Sir: adieu.

I had not intended then to take my leave of her; but, as she anticipated me, I thought it right to do so; and, respectfully bowing, kissed her hand, and withdrew, followed by her eyes and her blessings.

I went to Jeronymo. The marchioness came to me there; and was of opinion with me, that I should take this as a farewell visit to her Clementina; and to-morrow (sooner by two days than I intended) I propose to set out for Florence, in hopes to engage for them Mrs. Beaumont's company.

Mr. Lowther will write to me at all opportunities: and, perhaps, you will not, for some weeks, hear further from

Your ever-affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

MISS BYRON TO LADY G.

Thursday, May 11.

I WRITE on purpose to acquaint you, that I have had a visit from Lady Olivia. She dined with us; and is just set out for Northampton. We all joined, in the most cordial manner, to entreat her to favour us

with her company till morning: but she was not to be prevailed upon. Every one of us equally admires and pities her. Indeed she is a finer woman than you, Lady G. would allow her to be, in the debate between us in town, on that subject.

After dinner, she desired a quarter of an hour's discourse with me alone. We retired into the cedar-parlour.

She opened, as she said, her *whole* heart to me. What an hatred has she to the noble Lady Clementina! She sometimes frighted me by her threatenings. Poor unwomanly lady!

I took the liberty to blame her. I told her, she must excuse me; it was ever my way with those I respected.

She would fain have got me to own, that I loved Sir Charles Grandison. I acknowledged gratitude and esteem—But as there are no prospects (*hopes* I had like to have said), I would go no further. But she was sure it was so. I *did* say, and I am in earnest, that I never could be satisfied with a divided heart. She clasped me in her arms upon this.

She told me, that she admired him for his virtue. She knew he had resisted the greatest temptations that ever man was tried with. I hope, poor woman, that none of them were from her!—For her own sake (notwithstanding what Dr. Bartlett once whispered, and, good man as he is) I hope so!—The chevalier, she said, was superior to all attempts that were not grounded on honour and conscience. She had heard of women who had spread their snares for him in his early youth: but women, in her country, of slight fame, she said, had no way to come at *him*: and women of virtue were secure from *his* attempts. Yet would you not have thought, asked she, that beauty might have marked him for its

own? Such an air, such an address, so much personal bravery, accustomed to shine in the upper life; all that a woman can value in a man, is the Chevalier Grandison!

She, at last, declared, that she wished him to be mine, rather than any woman's on earth.

I was very frank, very unreserved. She seemed delighted with me; and went away, professing to every one, as well as to me, that she admired me for my behaviour, my sincerity, my prudence (she was pleased to say) and my artlessness, above all the women she had ever conversed with.

May her future conduct be such, as may do credit to her birth, to her high fortune, to her sex!

In answer to your kind enquiries about my health—I only say, What must be, will—Sometimes better than at others. If I could hear you were good, I should be better, I believe. Adieu, my dear Lady G.: Adieu.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON TO LADY G.

[*On Sir Charles's first letter from Bologna, Vol. IV. Letter XI. p. 293.*

Wednesday, May 31*.

I AM greatly obliged to you, my dear Lady G. for dispatching to me, in so extraordinary a way, the first letter of your brother to Dr. Bartlett. I thank

* Several letters of Miss Byron, Lady G. Lady L. and Miss Jervois, which were written between the date of the preceding letter and the present, are omitted.

God for his safe arrival at the destined place; and for the faint hopes given in it of his friend's life. The Almighty will do his own work, and in his own way. And that must be best.

You ask me for my opinion of the contents of this letter, at large—What can I say?—Thus much I must say—

I admire, more and more, your brother: I pity the family he is gone to comfort and relieve: and I pray for Clementina and Jerónymo; and this as well for your brother's sake as theirs.

He generously rejoices, that he did not pursue his own INCLINATIONS—I am very happy in what he says of your Harriet. Indeed, my dear, I am. Though we may be conscious of not deserving the praises bestowed upon us, yet are we fond of standing high in the opinion of those we love. Two paragraphs I have got by heart. I need not tell you which they are. But, alas! his greatly favoured friend is *not* so free, as he hoped she was. It is a pleasure to me, however, because it is such to him, that it is not his fault, but her own, that she is not.

The countess, whom he so justly praises, writes to me; and I answer—But to what purpose? I am afraid, that a very important observation of his comes not in time to do me service; since if my prudence is proportioned to my trials, I ought to have endeavoured to exert it sooner.

But, it seems, there is an insuperable objection against the poor lady's going into a nunnery. I never heard of that before. It seems right to the marchioness, that the young lady, who is intitled to a great share of this world's goods, should not be dedicated to heaven. This *may* be so in the family eye, for ought I know: but I am persuaded, that if there is any one of it, who would not have pleaded

this obstacle to a divine dedication, it would be Clementina herself. And yet I own, I can allow of their regret, that the cruel Laurana should be a gainer by Clementina's being lost, as I may say, to the world.

Your brother's kind remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, is an honour done to me, as well as to them. I *must* take it so, Lady G. And what he says of me in the paragraph in which he mentions Emily, adds to the pride he had raised in me before.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging, in not offering to withhold any passage in your brother's letters from us. I have let him know, that I think him so; and have begged him not to spare any-thing out of tenderness to me, on a supposition that I may be affected, or made uneasy, by what your brother shall write to him. This is speaking very plainly, my dear: but it is to Dr. Bartlett; and he signified to us, more than once, that he could not be a stranger to the heart of your Harriet.

And now, my dear Lady G. let me ask you, in my turn, What you think of one passage in your brother's letter, of which you have not taken the least notice in yours to me? "Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If she be not, it must be her own fault."

You have honestly owned in your last (yet too roguishly for a true penitent) that it was evidently so in the debate about being presented. *Miss Grandison used* to like the drawing-room well enough. Her brother has owned, in my hearing, as well as in yours, that had he not been so long out of England, and, since his return to it, so seldom in town, he would have made it a part of his duty to pay his attendance there at proper times. But *Lady* G. disdained to appear as the property [reflect but,

my dear, how absurd] of a worthy man, to whom she had vowed love, honour, and obedience.

I should not remind you thus of past flippancies, did not new ones seem to spring up every day.

For heaven's sake, my dear Lady G. let it not be carried from England to Italy, that Lord G. is not so happy with a sister of Sir Charles Grandison, as might be expected; lest it be asked, Whether that sister, and this brother, had the same mother. I have written before all that I could possibly say on this subject. You know yourself to be wrong. It would be impertinence to expostulate further on a duty so known, and acknowledged: no more, therefore, on this head (authorize me to say) for ever!

As to my health—I would fain be well. I am more sorry, that I am not, for the sake of my friends (who are incessantly grieving for me) than for my own. I have not, I *think* I have not, any-thing to reproach myself with; nor yet any-body to reproach me. To whom have I given cause of triumph over me, by my ill usage, or insolence to him? I yield to an event to which I ought to submit: and to a woman, not *less*, but *more* worthy than myself; and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandison have the satisfaction, and the merit with the family, of being the means of restoring to reason (a greater restoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whose soul ought, in that case, to be devoted to God and to him! Methinks I have at present but one wish; it is, that I may live to *see* this lady, if she *is* to be the happy woman. Could I, do you think, Lady G. if I were to have this honour, cordially congratulate her as Lady Grandison? Heaven

only knows! But it would be my glory, if I could; for then I should not scruple to put myself in a rank with Clementina; and to demand her hand, as that of my sister.

But, poor Olivia!—Shall I not pity the unhappy woman, who, I am afraid, is too short-sighted to look forward to that only consolation which can weaken the force of worldly disappointments.

My cousin Reeves, in a joyful letter, just now received, acquaints me with the birth of the fine boy his wife has presented to him: an event that exceedingly rejoices us all. He tells me in it, how good you are. Continue to them, my dear Lady G. your affectionate regards. They ever loved you: even for your very faults, so bewitchingly lively are you. But I have told Mr. Reeves, that his partiality for you shews that he feels not for Lord G. as he would for himself, were *his* wife a Lady G.

I will write to my other friends. Dear creature! Don't let me say, that I love Lord G. better than I do Lady G.: yet, were the aggressor in a quarrel my own sister, endeared to me by a thousand generous offices, I would, I *must* love the sufferer best; at least, while he is a sufferer. Witness,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON TO LADY G.

Thursday, June 1.

THANKS an hundred times repeated, to you, my dear Lady G. and to good Dr. Bartlett, for the favour of Sir Charles's letters, of May 22. 23. 26. and 27. N. S. all following so quick, that which you fa-

voured me with of the 10th-21st, upon which I wrote to you yesterday. I dispatch them to you for the doctor all together.

I cannot, my dear, have much to say to the contents of these.

They *have* met: had more interviews than one.

Why cannot the Count of Belvidere—But no more of that. I don't like this general. The whole family (the two noble sufferers Jeronymo and Clementina excepted) seem to me to have more pride than gratitude—Ay, mother and all, my dear!

But you see Sir Charles has been indisposed. No wonder.—Visited by the marquis and marchioness, you see: not a slight illness, therefore, you may believe. God preserve him, and restore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me—But, my dear, I think the doctor and you must forbear obliging me with any more of his letters—His goodness, his tenderness, his delicacy, his strict honour, but adds —Yet can any new instances add to a character so uniformly good?—But the chief reason of my self-denial, if you were to take me at my word, as to these communications, is, that his affecting descriptions and narratives of Lady Clementina's reveries (poor, poor lady!) will break my heart! Yet you must send them to

Your ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

MY DEAR CREATURE! Monday, June 5.

You must not, you shall not be ill. What signify your *heroics*, child, if they only give you placid looks, and make an hypocrite of the sincerest girl in England? In other words, if they are only a cover for a despairing heart? Be better: be less affected; or I can tell you, the doctor and I, and Lady L. shall all think it but right to take you at your first word, and send you no more of my brother's letters. Yet we are all of us as greatly affected by the contents of them, as our dear Harriet can be. I am sure you will allow us to be so for the poor lady. But to subjects less interesting.

The doctor is with us. Aunt Nell is in love with him. He ordered his matters, and came to town at Lady L.'s request and mine, and Beauchamp's, that we might the sooner come at my brother's letters—Very obliging!—Beauchamp worships the good man. He would have been with him at Grandison-hall, but that Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp knew not how to part with him: and I fancy another slier reason withheld him, half unknown to himself. Love is certainly creeping into his heart. This Emily! a little rogue! has already (yet suspects it not) made a conquest. He deserves her better than any man I know: she him, had she not already a great hole in her heart, through which one may run one's head. But does not Beauchamp love the same person as much as she can do? And does he not know, that the girl is innocent, and the man virtuous, even, as I believe, to chastity?—Dear Harriet! Don't let the ladies around you, nor the

gentlemen neither, hear this grace supposed to be my brother's. Nobody about us shall for *me*. I would not have my brother made the jest of one sex, and the aversion of the other; and be thought so singular a young man.

Beauchamp says nothing to any-body of his regard to Emily: but he lays himself out in so many unaffected assiduities to her, that one cannot but see it. She likes his company and his conversation. But why? because he is always launching out in the praises of his and her beloved friend. He says, there is not, he believes, such another innocent and undesigning heart in the world, except one in Northamptonshire. There's for you, Harriet!—So he praises not *mine*. That is the wickedest thing of these *felons* of men: poverty compels them though—Poverty, of genius!—They cannot praise one woman, but by robbing the rest. Different, however, from all men, is my brother. I will engage he could find attributes for fifty different women, yet do justice to them all: because, though he sees every one with favour, he is above flattering any.

Well, but, Harriet, I expected letters six times as long as those you have sent me. Upon my word, if you are so very heavenly-minded, as you appear to be in the first (for the second is hardly a letter) I will have you to town, and nun you up with aunt Nell. The doctor is one of the most pious men in England: but she will tire him with praying, and *expounding*, as she calls it. Do you know that the good creature was a methodist in Yorkshire? These *overdoers*, my dear, are wicked wretches. What do they, but make religion look unlovely, and put *underdoers* out of heart? My brother is *The man*: you know I must always bring in my brother, though I am a little out of humour with him, at present: and am I not justified by the *many*? Since it is always

the way of those who intend not to amend, to set their hearts against their correctors—My brother professes not the one half of what he practises. He uses the fashion without abusing it, or himself, by following it. Some such words in a sacred book rumble in my mad head; but I know I have not them right.

It is impossible, say what you will, Harriet, to be long upon terms with *this* man—Lord G. I mean. He was once half in the right, to be sure; but you should not have reproached me with *that*. The bride was shewn, the jewels were shewn, the whole family paraded it together; and Emily wrote you all how-and-about it. But never fear for your poor friend. The honest man will put *himself* in the wrong next, to save her credit. He has been long careless, and now he is, at times, *imperious*, as well as careless. Very true! Nay, it was but the other day that he attempted to hum a tune of contempt, upon my warbling an Italian air. An opera couple, we! Is it not charming to sing *at* (I cannot say *to*) each other, when we have a mind to be spiteful? But he has a miserable voice. He cannot sing so fine a song as I can. He should not attempt it. Besides, I can play to my song; that cannot he. Such a foe to melody, that he hates the very sight of my harpsichord. He flies out of the room, if I but move towards it.

He has every-body of his side; Lord and Lady L., Emily, nay, Dr. Bartlett, and aunt Nell. This sets him up. No such thing as managing one's own husband, when so many wise heads join together, to uphold him. *Ut*-ter-ly ruined for a husband, is Lord G.; I once had some hopes of him. But now, every good-natured jest is turned into earnest by these mediators and mediatrices.

A few days ago, in a fond fit, I would have stroked

his cheek; though he was not in a very good humour neither—*So, then! So, then!* said I, as I had seen Beauchamp do an hour before, by his prancing nag; and it was construed as a contempt, and his bristles got up upon it. Bless me, thought I, this man is not so sensible of a favour as Beauchamp's horse; and yet I have known the time, when he has thought it an honour to be admitted to press the same fair hand with his lips, on one knee.

Hark! He is now, at this very instant, complaining to aunt Nell. Little do they think, that I am in her closet. She hears all he has to say, with greedy ears—These antiquated souls are happy, when they can find reasons from the disagreement of honest people in matrimony, to make a virtue of necessity. "Thank the Lord, I am not married! If these be the fruits of matrimony!"—Ah! Lord, my dear! Now these *last* words have slipt me—The man—between you and me, has been a villain to me! Can I forgive him? Could *you* in my circumstances? Yet I hope it is *not* so. If it should, and Lady Gertrude and aunt Nell (spiteful old souls) should find their perpetual curiosity answered as they wish, I will have my own will in every-thing.

And how came I, you will wonder, in aunt Nell's closet?—I will tell you. She had got my pen and ink: and I went to fetch it myself: the scribbling fit was strong upon me; so I sat down in her closet to write: and they both came into her chamber together, to have their own talk—Hark, I say.—They are really talking of me—Complaining!—Abominable! —This wicked aunt of mine—"I tell you, nephew, that you are too ready to make up with her."—Could you have believed this of one's own aunt? No wonder that he is so refractory at times. But, hush!—Why don't he speak louder? He can't be in earnest hurt, if he does not raise his voice. Creep-

ing soul, and whiner!—I can't hear a word he says. I have enough against *her!*—But I want something against *him*—Duce take them both! I can't hear more than the sound of her broken-toothed voice, mumbling; and his plaintive hum-drum, whimpering. I will go out in full majesty. I will lighten upon them with airs imperial. How the poor souls will start at my appearance! How will their consciences fly in their faces! The complainer and adviser both detected in the very fact, as I may say: and yet perhaps you, Harriet, will think them less blameable than their conscience-striker.

Hem!—Three hems in anger!—And now I burst upon them.

* *

O Harriet! what a triumph was mine!

Aunt Nell, who has naturally a good blowzing north-country complexion, turned as pale as ashes. Her chin, nose, and lips, were all in motion. My nimble lord gave a jump, and three leaps, to the other side of the room. He had not the courage to look directly at me. His face, as sharp as a new moon in a frosty night, and his sides *so* gaunt—As if he wanted to shrink into himself. They could not in their hearts but accuse themselves of all they had said, as if I had heard every word of it.

While I (what a charming thing is innocence!) half a foot taller than usual, stalked along between them, casting a look of indignation upon aunt Nell; of haughtiness on Lord G. My withheld breath raised my complexion, and swelled my features; and when I got to the door, I pulled it after me with an air, that I hope made them both tremble.

LETTER X.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

Well, my dear—Aunt Nell and I have made up. I have been pacified by her apologies and promises never again to interfere between man and wife. As I *told* the forlorn soul, You maiden ladies, though you have lived a *great while* in the world, cannot know what strange creatures these husbands are, and how many causes (that cannot be mentioned by the poor wife to her friends) a woman may have to be displeased with her man, in order to keep the creature in some little decorum—Indeed, madam—There I stopt—This excited her prudery; and she made out the rest, and, perhaps, a greal deal more than the rest. She looked down, to shew she was sensible, tried for a blush; and, I verily believe, had she been a young woman, would have succeeded. "Why, truly, niece, I believe you are right. These men are *odious creatures!*"—And then she shuddered, as if she had said, Lord defend me from them! a prayer, that, being a good creature, she need not doubt will be answered.

But for Lord G. there lies no forgiveness. To complain of his wife to her aunt! A married man to submit matrimonial squabbles (and every honest pair has *some*) to others! to an old maid, especially! and to authorize her to sit in judgment on his wife's little whimsies, when the good woman wants to make herself important to him; and thereby endeavour to destroy the wife's significance; there's no bearing of that. He had made Lord L. and Lady L. judges over me before. Nay, this infant Emily has taken her seat on the same bench; and, in her pretty manner, has, by beseeching me to be good,

supposed me bad. And to some one of them (who knows but to the tell-tale himself, though he denies it?) my brother's hint is owing, on which you so sagely expostulate: my reputation, therefore, as an obedient wife, with all those whose good opinion was worth courting, is gone: and is not this enough to make one careless?

* *

Bless me, my dear! This man of errors has committed, if possible, a still worse fault. He regards me not as any-body. The earl and he have been long uneasy, it seems, that we live at the expence of my brother, to whom there is no making returns; and a house offering in Grosvenor Square, he has actually contracted for it, without consulting me. I must own, that I cannot in my heart disapprove either of the motive, or the house, as I have the latter described to me: but his doing it of his own head, is an insolent act of prerogative. Don't you in conscience think so? Does he not, by this step, make me his chattels, a piece of furniture only, to be removed as any other piece of furniture, or picture, or cabinet, at his pleasure?

He came to me—I hope, madam, in a reproaching accent, I have done something now that will please you: Ought his stiff air, and the reflecting word NOW, to have gone unpunished? Hast thou found out any other old maid, to sit in judgment on the behaviour of thy wife? But what hast thou done?

I was astonished when the man told me.

And who is to be thy housekeeper? Is this done, in hope I'll follow thee? Or dost thou intend to exclude from thy habitation the poor woman who met thee at church a few weeks ago?

Just then came in Lady L. I asked her, What she thought of this step?

Had she vindicated him, I never would have re-

garded a word she said between us. But she owned, that she thought I *should* have been consulted. And then he began to see that he had done a wrong thing. I acquainted her with his former fault, unatoned for as it was—Why, as to *that*, she did not know what to say; only, that it became *my* character, and good sense, so to behave, as that Lord G. should have no reason to complain of me to *any*-body. A hard thing, Harriet, to be reflected upon by an own sister!

* *

Lady L. prevailed upon me, unknown to Lord G. to go with her to see this house. 'Tis a handsome house. I have but the one aforesaid objection to it —But let me ask you again: Is not the slight he has put upon me, in taking it without consulting me, an inexcusable thing?—I know you will say it is. But I'll tell you how I think to do—I will make him give up the contract; and when he has done so, unknown to him, take the same house myself. This will be returning the compliment. His excuse is, He was sure I should like the house and the terms. If he is sure of my liking it, and has chosen it himself, the duce is in it, if I may not be sure of his—Would *he* dislike it, because *I* liked it?—Say so, if you dare, Harriet; and suppose *me* blameable.

* *

O my dear! What shall I do with this passionate man? I could not, you know, forgive him for the two unatoned-for steps which he had taken, without *some* contrition: and do you think he would shew any?—Not he!—I said something that set him up; something bordering upon the whimsical—No matter what. He pranced upon it. I, with my usual meekness, calmly rebuked him; and then went to my harpsichord: And, what do you think? How shall I tell it? Yet to you I may—Why then he whisked

his hat from under his arm (he was going out); and silenced, broke, demolished, my poor harpsichord.

I was surprised: but instantly recovering myself; You are a violent wretch, Lord G. said I, quite calmly: How could you do so?—Suppose (and I took the wicked hat) I should throw it into the fire? But I gave it to him, and made him a fine courtesy. There was command of temper! I thought, at the instant, of Epictetus and his snapt leg. Was I not as great a philosopher?

* *

He is gone out. Dinner is ready; and no Lord G. Aunt Nell is upon the fret: but she remembers her late act of delinquency; so is obliged to be silent. I have her under my thumb.

* *

The man came in after we had dined. I went to him, as if nothing had been the matter between us. You look vexed, my lord!—It *was* a very violent action: it vexed *me* at first: but you see how soon I recovered my temper. I wish you would learn patience of me. But, come, I forgive you; I will not be angry with you, for an evil that a little money will repair. I see you are vexed.

So I am, madam, at my very soul! But it is not—

Now to be helped—True, my lord, and I forgive you—

But curse me, if I forgive you, madam—

O fie! that's wickedly said: but I know you *will*, when I ask you.

Aunt Nell sat by the window; her eyes half shut; her mouth as firmly closed, as if her lips were glewed together.

Madam, addressing himself to her, I shall set out to-morrow for Windsor.

Windsor, my lord? said I.—He answered me not.

Ask my good Lord G. madam, said I, in a sweet, humble voice, how long he shall stay at Windsor?

How long, my lord? mumbled out aunt Nell—

From Windsor I shall go to Oxford.

Ask him, madam, how long he shall be before he returns?

How long, my lord, shall you be absent from us?

When I find I can return, and not be the jest of my own wife—I *may*, perhaps—There he stopt, and looked stately.

Tell my lord, that he is too serious, madam. Tell him, that hardly any other man but would see I was at play with him, and would play again.

You hear what my niece says, my lord.

I regard nothing she says.

Ask him, madam, who is to be of his party.

Who, my lord, is to be of your party?

Nobody; turning himself half round, that he might not be thought to answer *me*, but *her*.

Ask him, madam, whether it be business or pleasure, that engages him to take this solitary tour?

She *looked* the question to him.

Neither, madam, to her. I left my pleasure some weeks ago, at St. George's church. I have never found it since.

A strange forgetful man! and as ungrateful as forgetful. And I stept to him, and looked in his face, *so* courteously! and with such a *sweet* smile!

He sullenly turned from me, and to aunt Nell.

Ask my lord, if he takes this journey, thinking to oblige me?

Ask him your own questions, niece.

My lord won't answer *me*.

He strutted, and bit his lip with vexation.

Come, I'll try once more if you think me worth answering—I think, my lord, if you shall be gone a

month or *two*, I may take a little trip to Northamptonshire. Emily shall go with me. The girl is very uneasy to see Miss Byron: and Miss Byron will rejoice to see us both. A visit from us will do her good.

He took it, that I was not desirous of a short absence. And he pouched his mouth, and reared himself up, and swelled; but answered me not.

See, madam, my lord is sullen; he won't answer *me*. I must get *you* to ask my questions. I think it my duty to ask leave to go. My *lord* may go where he pleases, without my leave—Very fit he should. He is a *man*. I once could have done so; high-ho! but I have vowed obedience and vassalage. I will not break my vow. Ask him, If I have his consent for a visit to Miss Byron, of a month or two? Ask him, madam, If he can make himself happy in my absence? I should otherwise be loth to go for so long a time.

I should be as welcome, said he, to Miss Byron, as *her*——

As her! As she! you should say, I believe, if you won't say *As you*, madam, and bow to me—I believe so, my lord. Miss Byron would rejoice to see any of *my* friends. Miss Byron is very good.

Would to God—

That somebody were half as good, interrupted I. Somebody understands you, my lord, and wishes so too—Pray, madam, ask my lord, if I may go?—His *new house* will be putting in order mean time—

I will ask none of your questions for you—*New house*, niece! You harp too much on one string.

I mean not offence. I have done with that subject. My lord, to be sure, has dominion over his bird. He can choose her cage. She has nothing to do, but sit and sing in it—when her instrument is

mended, and in tune—He has but one fault. He is *too good-natured* to his bird. But would he take *your* advice, madam—

Now, though this may sound to you, Harriet, a little recriminating; yet, I do assure you, I spoke it in a very sweet accent: yet up got aunt Nell, in a passion: my lord too was all alive. I put myself between her and the door; and throwing my arms about her, You shan't go, madam—Smiling sweetly in her glowing face. Upon my honour you shan't.

Wicked trifler! she called me, as I led her to a chair. Perverse girl! and two or three other names; —apropos enough: my character is not difficult to hit; that's the beauty of it.

My lord withdrew in wrath; and then the old lady said, she would now tell me a piece of her mind: and she made me sit down by her; and thus she addressed me:

Niece, it is my opinion, that you might be, if you *would*, one of the happiest women in the world.

You don't hear *me* complain, madam.

Well, if Lord G. *did* complain to me; it *was* to *me*: and you should be sorry for the occasion, and not for the complaint.

I may be sorry for both, madam.

Well, but Lord G. is one of the best-natured men in the world—

The man's well enough. Passionate men, they say, *are* good-natured.

Why won't you be happy, niece?

I will. I am not now *un*-happy.

More shame for you then, that you will not make Lord G. happy.

He is captious. I am playful. That's all.

What do you think your brother would say—

He would blame me, as you do.

Dear creature, be good. Dear creature, make Lord G. happy.

I am like a builder, madam. I am digging for a foundation. There is a good deal of rubbishy humours to remove; a little swampiness of soil: and I am only removing it, and digging deeper, to make my foundation sure.

Take care, take care, niece: you may dig too deep. There may be springs: you may open, and never be able to stop them, till they have sapped your foundation. Take care, niece.

Thank you, madam, for your caution. Pity you had not been a builder yourself!

Had such a fellow-labourer as Lord G. offered, I should not have refused a partnership with him, I do assure you.

Fairly answered, aunt Nell! thought I. I was pleased with her.

Don't you think Lord G. loves you dearly?

As to *dearly*, I can't say: but I believe he loves me as well as most husbands love their wives.

Are you not ungrateful then?

No. I am only at play with him. I don't hate him.

Hate him! Dreadful if you did! But he thinks you despise him.

That is one of the rubbishy notions I want to remove. He would have it that I did, when he could have helped himself. But he injures me now, if he thinks so. I can't say I have a very profound reverence for him. *He* and my *brother* should not have been allied. But had I despised him in my heart, I should have thought myself a very bad creature for going to church with him.

That's well said. I love you now. Your brother is, indeed, enough to put all other men down with one. But may I tell Lord G. that you love him?

No, madam.

No! I am sorry for that.

Let him find it out. But he ought to know so much of human nature, and of my sincerity, as to gather from my behaviour to him, that had I either hated or despised him, I would not have been his; and it would have been impossible for me to be so playful with him; to be so domestic, and he so much at home with me. Am I fond of seeking occasions to carry myself from him? What delights, what diversions, what public entertainments, do I hunt after?—None. Is not he, are not all my friends, sure of finding me at home, whenever they visit me?

So far, so good, said aunt Eleanor.

I will open my heart to you, madam. You are my father's sister. You have a right to my sincerity. But you must keep my secret.

Proceed, my dear.

I know my own heart, madam. If I thought I could not trust it (and I wish Lord G. had a good opinion of it) I would not dance thus, as you suppose, on the edge of danger.

Good creature!—I shall call you good creature by-and-by. Let me call Lord G. to us.

I was silent. I contradicted her not. She rang. She bid the servant tell Lord G. that she desired his company. Lord G. was pranced out. She regretted (I was not glad) that he was.

I will tell you what, my dear, said she. I have heard it suggested, by a friend of yours, that you would much rather have had Mr. Beauchamp—

Not a word more of such a suggestion, madam. I should hate myself, were I capable of treating Lord G. meanly, or contemptibly, with a thought of preference to any man breathing, now I am his. I have a great opinion of Mr. Beauchamp. He deserves it. But I never had the shadow of a wish,

that I had been his. I never should have spoken of my brother's excellencies, as outshining those of Lord G. had he not been my *brother*, and therefore could not be *more* to me; and had they not been so conspicuous, that no other man could be disgraced by giving place to him. No, madam, let me assure you, once for all, that I am so far from despising my Lord G. that, were any misfortune to befall him, I should be a miserable woman.

She embraced me. Why then—

I know your inference, madam. It is a just one. I am afraid I think as well of my own understanding as I do of Lord G.'s. I love to jest, to play, to make him look about him. I dislike not even his petulance. You see I bear all the flings and throws, and peevishness, which he returns to my sauciness. I think I *ought*. His complaints of me to you, to Lord and Lady L. which bring upon me their and your grave lecturings, and even anger, I can forgive him for; and this I shew, by making those complaints matter of pleasantry rather than resentment. I know he intended well, in taking the house, though he consulted me not first. It was surely wrong in him; yet I am not mortally offended with him for it. His violence to my poor harpsichord startled me; but I recollected myself; and had he buffeted *me* instead of *that*, as I was afraid he would, I should have thought I *ought* to have borne it, whether I *could* or *not*, and to have returned him his hat with a courtesy. Believe me, madam, I am not a bad, I am only a whimsical creature. I tried my brother once. I set him up. I was afraid of *him*, indeed: but I tried him again. Then he called it constitution, and laughed at me, and run me out of breath in my own way. So I let *him* alone. Lord L. Lady L. had it in turn. Lord G. has a little more than

his turn perhaps: and why? because he is for ever fitting the cap to his head; and because I don't love him less than those I am less free with. Come, madam, let me demand your kind thoughts. I *will* deserve them. Contradiction and opposition, mediators and mediatrices, have carried my playfulness further than it would otherwise have gone. But henceforth *your* precepts, my *brother's*, and Miss *Byron's*, shall not want their weight with me, whether I may shew it or not at the instant. My reign, I am afraid, will be but short. Let the man bear with me a little now-and-then. I am not absolutely ungenerous. If he can but shew his love by his forbearance, I will endeavour to reward his forbearance with my love.

She embraced me, and said, That now she attributed to the gaiety of my spirits, and not to perverseness, my *till*-now unaccountable behaviour. I was sure, said she, that you were more your mother's, than your father's daughter. Let me, when my lord comes in, see an instance of the behaviour you bid me hope for.

I will try, said I, what can be done.

We parted. I went up to my pen; and scribbled down to this place.

This moment my lord is come in. Into my brother's study is he directly gone. Not a question asked about me. Sullen! I warrant. He used to pay his duty to me, and ask blessing the moment he came in, if *admissible* [Is that a word, Harriet?]: but times are altered. Ah, Harriet! when I know I am saucy, I can bear negligence and slight: but when I intend to be good, knowing my own heart to be right, I shall be quite saucy if he is sullen. Is not the duty of wedded people reciprocal?—Aunt Eleanor and he are talking together. She is

endeavouring, I suppose, to make a philosopher of him. "Promise nothing for me, aunt Nell. I will have the whole merit of my own reformation."

LETTER XI.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

PREPARE, Harriet, to hear strange and wonderful things.

My lord sent up his compliments, and desired to know, if he might attend me. I was in my dressing-room. He was not always so polite. I wish, thought I, since displeasure produces respect, that familiarity does not spoil this man. But I'll try him.

I shall be glad to see my lord, was the answer I returned.

Up he came, one leg dragged after the other. Not alert, as he used to be on admission to his Charlotte. The last eight stairs his steps sounded, I, go, up, with, an, hea-vy, heart. He entered; bowed: Were the words yours, You should be glad to see me, madam?

They *were*, my lord.

Would to God you said truth!

I did. I *am* glad to see you. I wanted to talk with you—About this Northamptonshire visit?

Are you in earnest, madam, to make that visit?

I am. Miss Byron is not well. Emily pines to see her as much as I. You have no objection?

He was silent.

Do you set out, to-morrow, Sir, for Windsor and Oxford?

He sighed. I think so, madam.

Shall you visit Lord W.?

I shall.

And complain to him of me, my lord?—He shook his grave head, as if there were wisdom in it—Be quiet, Harriet—Not good all at once—That would not be to hold it.

No, madam, I have done complaining to *any*-body. You will one day see you have not acted generously by the man who loves you as his own soul.

This, and his eyes glistening, moved me—Have we not been *both* wrong, my lord?

Perhaps we have, madam: but here is the difference—I have been wrong, with a *right intention*: you have been wrong, and *studied* to be so.

Prettily said. Repeat it, my lord—How was it? And I took his hand, and looked very graciously.

I cannot bear these airs of contempt.

If you call them so, you are wrong, my lord, though, perhaps, *intending* to be *right*.

He did not see how good I was disposed to be. As I said, a change all at once would have been unnatural.

Very well, madam! and turned from me with an air half-grieved, half-angry.

Only answer me, my lord; Are you willing I should go to Northamptonshire?

If you choose to go, I have no objection. Miss Byron is an angel.

Now, don't be perverse, Lord G. Don't praise Miss Byron at the expence of somebody else.

Would to heaven, madam—

I wish so too—And I put my hand before his mouth—*So* kindly!

He held it there with both his, and kissed it. I was not offended. But do you actually set out for Windsor and Oxford to-morrow, my lord?

Not, madam, if you have any commands for me.

Why, now, that's well said. Has your lordship any-thing to propose to me?

I could not be so welcome to you as your *escorte*, as I am sure I should be to Miss Byron and her friends, as her *guest?*

You *could* not? How can you say so, my lord? You would do me both honour and pleasure.

What would I give, that you mean what you say!

I *do* mean it, my lord—My hand upon it—I held out my hand for his. He snatched it; and I thought would have devoured it.

We will take the coach, my lord, that I may have your company all the way.

You equally astonish and delight me, madam! Is it possible that you are—

Yes, yes, don't, in policy, make it such a wonder that I am disposed to be what I *ought* to be.

I shall be too, too, too happy! sobbed the grateful man.

No, no! I'll take care of that. Married folks, brought up differently, of different humours, inclinations, and so-forth, never can be too happy. Now I intend to put up all our little quarrels in my work-bag [You know I am a worker: not quite so bad, at worst, as some modern wives]: there they shall lie, till we get to Miss Byron's—I revere the character of Mrs. Shirley: Mrs. Selby you have seen: Harriet, and you, and I, and the two sages I have named, will get together in some happy hour. Then I will open my work-bag, and take out our quarrels one by one, and lay them on the table before us; and we will be determined by their judgments.

My dear Lady G. if you think there is any-thing amiss in your behaviour to me, or in mine to you, let us spread the faults on your toilette now; and we shall go down to Northamptonshire all love and harmony, and delight those excellent—

Always prescribing, my lord!—O these men!—Why will you not let me have my own way?—Have not all these good folks heard of our folly? And shall they not be witnesses of our wisdom? If they are not at the agreement, they will wonder how it came about.—I tell you, Sir, that they shall have an opportunity to laugh at us both; at *me*, for my flippancy; at *you* for your petulance. I will be sorry, you shall be ashamed, that quarrels so easily made up, and where the heart of either is not bad, should subsist a quarter of an hour, and be perpetually renewing. I *will* have my own way, I tell you.

Don't make me look like a fool, madam, before such ladies as those, if we do visit them.

I *must* have my jest, my lord. You know (for have you not tried it?) that I can have patience—Let me see—Is that the hat that you pulled off with an air so lately?—Pish! How your countenance falls! I am *not* angry with you. But don't do so again, if you can help it—I *must* have my jest, I say: but assure yourself of the first place in my heart—What more would the man have?

O madam! nothing, nothing more! And he kissed my hand on one knee, with a rapture that he never could have known had we always been quiet, easy, and drowsy, like some married folks, whom the world calls happy.

But then the man came out with his gew-gaw japan-china taste. Why is it the privilege of people of quality now, to be educated in such a way, that their time can hardly ever be worthily filled up; and as if it were a disgrace to be either manly or useful? He began to talk of equipage, and such nonsense; but I cut him short, by telling him, that I must have my whole way on this occasion—Our visit is to be a private one, said I. We will have only the coach. Jenny shall attend on Emily and me. No other fe-

male servant. Two men: we will have no more. I will not have so much as your French-horn. We go to the land of harmony. Kings sometimes travel incog. We will ape kings, when they put off royalty. Will not this thought gratify your pride?—You, my lord, have some foibles to be cured of, as well as I.—We shall be wonderfully amended, both of us, by this excursion.

Poor man! His heart was as light as a *feather.* Upon my word, my dear, I begin to think, that if my lord and master had been a wise man, I should not have known what to do with him. Yet I will not forgive any one but myself, who finds him out to be *other*-wise.

He told me, in raptures of joy, that I should direct every-thing as I pleased. God grant that I might not change my mind, as to the visit! He hoped I was in earnest; and looked now-and-then at me, as if he questioned it.

But what do you think the man did? He retired; came back presently; called me his dearest life; and said, That it was possible I might want to have an opportunity given me to make some presents, or to furnish myself with trinkets of one nature or other, against I set out; and he should be very sorry, if, by his inattention, I were obliged to ask him for the means to shew the natural liberality of my spirit in the way I thought best to exert it; and then he begged me to accept of that note; putting into my hand a bank note of 500l.

I stept to my closet, and *as* instantly returned. This, my lord, said I, is a most cruel reflection upon me. It looks as if I were to be bribed to do my duty—There, my lord! Take back your present. I will endeavour to be good without it—And as a proof that I *will*, you must not only receive back your favour (though I look upon it as such, and from my heart thank you for it) but take, as your

right, this note which Lord W. presented to me on the day you received me as yours.

He held back both hands, gratefully reluctant.

You must, you *shall*, take *both* notes, my lord. I only wanted a fit opportunity to put Lord W.'s note into your hands before. It was owing to my flippant folly, and not to your want of affection, that I had not that opportunity sooner. Bear with me now-and-then, if I should be silly again. Complain of me only to myself. My heart, I re-assure you, is yours, and yours *only*. I was not willing that you should owe to any other person's interposition, my declarations of affection and regard to you, not even to Miss Byron (though I talked of my work-bag) whom I love as my own sister.

The worthy man was in ecstacies. He could not express in words the joy of his heart. He kneeled, and wrapt his arms about my waist; and sobbed his request to me to forgive his petulance, and the offences he had ever given me, by any acts of passion, or words of anger.

You have not offended me, my lord. Forgive my past follies, and my future failures. When you were most angry, I wondered at your patience. Had I been you, I should not have borne what you bore with me.

For God's sake, madam, take back both notes. We *can* have but one interest. You will make me easier, when I know that you have power in your hands to gratify every wish of your heart.

You *must*, you *shall*, my lord, take these notes. I will apply to you whenever I have occasion, and receive your favours, as such. I wish not to be independent of you. I have a handsome sum by me, the moiety of the money that was my mother's, which my brother divided between my sister and me, when he first came over. Is not the settlement made upon me more than my brother asked, or

thought I *should* expect? Did he not oppose so large an annuity for pin-money, as your father, Lady Gertrude, and you, would have me accept of, because he thought that such a large allowance might make a wife independent of her husband, and put it out of his power, with discretion, to oblige her? My brother, in an instance glorious to him, said, That he would not be a richer man than he ought to be. In such instances I will be his sister.

Aunt Nell joined us. My lord, in transports, told her what had passed. The good old soul took the merit of the reformation to herself. She wept over us. She rejoiced to hear of our intended journey to Northamptonshire. My lord proposed to have the house he had taken fitted up to my liking, while we were away. At his desire, I promised to see it in his company, and give my opinion of his designed alterations. But as I know he has judgment in nick-knackatories, and even as much as I wish him in what is called *taste*, I intend to compliment him with leaving all to him; and resolve to be satisfied with whatever he does.

And now is the good man *so* busy, *so* pleased, *so* important! Bless me, my dear! Who would rob the honest man of any part of his merit; or even wish to divide it with him?

And what, Harriet, do you say to me *now?*—In a week's time I shall be with you. Be sure be cheerful, and well; or I shall be ready to question my welcome.

This moment, having let Dr. Bartlett into our intended visit, he has offered to accompany us. Now shall we, I know, be doubly welcome. The doctor, Emily, my Lord G. and your Charlotte, will be happy in one coach. The doctor is prodigiously pleased with me. *What* is the text? *more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just persons, who need it not.*

I long to see you, and every one of the family, so deservedly dear to you! God give you health; and us no worse news from Italy than we have yet had; and how happy shall we be!—Lord and Lady L. wish they could be of the party. They are in love with me now. Emily says, she dotes upon me. I begin to think that there is almost as much pleasure in being good, as in teazing. Yet a little roguery rises now-and-then in the heart of your

June 8. CHARLOTTE G.

The doctor has been so good (I believe because I am good) as to allow me to take a copy of a letter of my brother's to that wretch Everard; but for your perusal only. I inclose it, therefore, under that restriction. Let it speak its own praises.

We are actually preparing to be your guests. You will only have time to forbid us, if we shall not be welcome.

Merciful! what a pacquet!

LETTER XII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO MR. GRANDISON.

Bologna, June 4. N. S.

What can I do for my cousin? Why would he oppress me with so circumstantial an account of the heavy evil that has befallen him, and not point out a way by which I could comfort or relieve him? Don't be afraid of what you call the severity of my virtue. I should be ready to question the rectitude of my own heart, if, on examination, I had not reason to hope, that charity is the principal of those virtues which you attribute to me. You recriminate enough upon yourself. In what way I can extricate or assist you, is now my only question.

You ask my advice, in relation to the payment of

the debts which the world calls debts of honour; and for which you have asked, and are granted three months time. Have you not, Sir, strenghtened your engagement by your request? And have not they intitled themselves to the performance, by their compliance with it? The obligation which rashness, and, perhaps, surprise, laid you under, your deliberation has confirmed.

You say, that your new creditors are men of the town, sharpers, and gamesters. But, my cousin, how came you among such? They came not to you. I say not this to upbraid you: but I must not have you deceive yourself. Who but a man's self is to suffer by his rashness or inconsideration? They are reputed to have been possessed of fortunes, however they came by them, which would have enabled them to answer the stakes they played for, had they been the losers: and would you not have exacted payment from them, had you been the winner? Did you at the *time* suspect loaded dice, or foul play? You are not, Sir, a novice in the ways of the town. If you had good *proof* of what, from the ill success you seem only to *suspect*, I should not account the debts incurred *debts of honour;* and should hardly scruple, had I not indirectly promised payment, by asking time for it, or had they refused to give it, to call in to my aid the laws of my country; and the rather, as the appeal to those laws would be a security to me, against ever again being seen in such company.

Adversity is the trial of principle: without it, a man hardly knows whether he is an honest man. Two things my cousin, in his present difficulties, must guard against; the one, that he do not suffer himself to be prevailed upon, in hopes to retrieve his losses, to *frequent* the tables by which he has suffered; and so become one of the very men he has so much reason to wish he had avoided [Who

would not rather be the sufferer than the defrauder? What must be the nature of that man, who, having himself been ruined, will endeavour to draw in other innocent men to their ruin?]

The other, that he do not permit prior and worthier creditors (creditors for valuable considerations) to suffer by the distresses in which he has involved himself.

It is a hard decision: but were I my cousin, I would divest myself of my whole estate (were it necessary) for the satisfaction of my creditors; and leave it to their generosity, to allow me what pittance they pleased for subsistence; and within that pittance would I live: and this (were my difficulties owing to my own inconsideration) not only for justice sake, but as a proper punishment for not being satisfied with my own ampler fortune, and for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a share in the property of others. Excuse me, my dear Everard; I mean not particular reflection; but only to give you my notion of general justice in cases of this nature.

Acquit yourself worthily of these difficulties. I consider you as my brother: and you shall be welcome to take with me a brother's part of my estate, till you can be restored to a competency.

But with regard to the woman whom the infamous Lord B. would fasten upon you as a wife, that is an imposition to which you must not submit. Had she been the poorest honest girl in Britain, and you had seduced her, by promises of marriage, I must have made it the condition of our continued friendship, that you had married her: but a kept-woman!—Let not *her*, let not the *bad man*, have such a triumph. I know his character well: I know his dependence on the skill of his arm. And I know his litigious spirit, and the use he is capable of making of his privilege. But regard not these: let me advise you, Sir, after

you have secured to your creditors the payment of their just debts, to come over to me: the sooner the better. By this means you will be out of the way of being disturbed by the menaces of this lord, and the machinations of this woman. We will return together. I will make your cause my own. As well the courage, as the quality, of the man who can be unjust, is to be despised. Is not Lord B. an unjust man in *every* article of his dealings with men? Do not you, my dear cousin, be so in *any-one;* and you will ever command the true fraternal love of your

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XIII.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

Selby-house, Friday, June 16.

HERE we are, my Caroline: and the happiest people in the world should we be, if Harriet were but well, my brother in England, and you and Lord L. with us.

Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy, Harriet, met us at Stony-Stratford, escorted by uncle Selby, and his nephew James.

My lord and I were Dear, Love, and Life, all the journey. I was the *sweetest*-tempered creature!—Joyful people are not always wise ones. When the heart is open, silly things will be said; any-thing, in short, that comes uppermost. I kindly allowed for my lord's joy, on twenty occasions. I smiled when he smiled, laughed out when he laughed out, did not talk to any-body else when he directed his discourse to me; so that the honest man crowed all the way. It is a charming thing, thought I, several

times, to be on a foot of good understanding with each other; for now I can call him *honest man*, or any names, that lately would have made him prance and caper; and he takes every-thing kindly: nay, two or three times he called me *honest woman;* but laughed and looked round him at the time, as if he were conscious that he had made a *bold*, as well as *witty* retort.

Let me tell you, Lady L. that I intend to give him signs when he exceeds, and other signs when he is right and clever; and I will accept of signs from him, that he may not be affronted. I am confident that we shall be in time an amazing happy couple.

Emily was rejoiced to see her equally beloved and revered Miss Byron. Miss Byron embraced Emily with the affection of a sister. My honest man kissed Miss Byron's hand on one knee, in the fervour of his love and gratitude; for I had let him know, that he owed much of his present happiness to her. She congratulated him whisperingly, in my hearing, on my being good.

James Selby almost wept for love over Emily; while Emily looked as sleek and as shy as a bird new-caught, for fear of being thought to give him encouragement, after what you may remember passed between them at Dunstable.

We were all in rapture to see each other. We were *mother* and *sisters* the moment we were seated. Uncle Selby began to crack his jokes upon me in the first half-hour. I spared him not: and Lord G. since I must have somebody to play the rogue with, will fare the better for him. Dr. Bartlett was the revered of every heart. By the way, I am in high credit with that good man, for my behaviour to my lord.

Miss Byron received him with open arms, and even, as her father, with an offered cheek: and

the modest man was so much affected by her filial regard for him, that I was obliged, for our own sakes, to whisper her, to rein-in her joy to see him, that we might have the pleasure of hearing him talk.

When we arrived at Selby-house, our joy was renewed, as if we had not seen each other at Stratford.

O, I should have told you, that in our journey from Stratford hither, aunt Selby, Harriet, Emily, and I, were in one coach: and I had, as we went on, a great deal of good instruction insinuated to me, by way of felicitation, on my being so very kind and obliging to Lord G. And, as if I had been a child (corrected for being untoward) they endeavoured to coax me into a perseverance in what they called my duty. Aunt Selby, on this occasion, performed the maternal part with so much good sense, and her praise and her cautions were so delicately insinuated, that I began to think, it was almost as pretty to be good as to be saucy.

Upon the whole, I really believe Lord G. will have reason to rejoice, as long as he lives, that he was ruled by his wife, in changing his Windsor and Oxford journey for this of Northamptonshire. So *right* a thing is it for men to be governable; and, perhaps, you'll add, for women to keep good company.

Lord L. thinks you, my sage sister, so good already, that you need not be better, or I would wish him to send you down to Selby-house.

Well may Harriet revere her grandmother. That venerable woman is good in every sense of the word. She is pious, charitable, benevolent, affectionate, condescending to the very foibles of youth; cheerful, wise, patient under the infirmities of age, having outlived all her wishes but one; which is, to see her Harriet happily married: and then, she says, she

hopes to be soon released. Never could she be so much admired in her blooming youth, though she was then, it seems, deservedly celebrated, both for her mind and person, as she is now in her declining age.

You have seen and admired Mrs. Selby. She rises upon me every hour. It gives one's heart joy, Lady L. to look forward, beyond the age of youth and flutter, when we see by these ladies, that women in their advanced years may, to express myself in the stile of Sir Rowland Meredith, be good for something; or still better, that the matronly time of female life, is by far the most estimable of all the stages of it; if they make good wives, good mistresses, and good mothers: and, let me say, good *aunts;* were it but to keep in countenance aunt Gertrude and aunt Nell; who, good souls! will now hardly ever be *mothers.*

Lucy is an excellent young creature. Nancy, when Lucy is not present, is *as* excellent. Her cousins Kitty and Patty Holles are agreeable young women.

James Selby is a good sort of blundering well-meaning great boy; who, when he has lived a *few years longer*, may make much such a good sort of man, as my Lord G. There's for you, my once catechizing sister! Pray be as ready to praise, as you used to be to blame me. I find duty and love growing fast upon me. I shall get into a custom of bringing in Lord G. on every occasion that will do him credit: and then I shall be like Lady Betty Clemson; who is so perpetually dinning the ears of her guests with her domestic superlatives, that we are apt to suspect the truth of all she says.

But Harriet, our dear Harriet, is not at all well. She visibly falls away; and her fine complexion fades. Mr. Deane was here a week ago; and Lucy

tells me, was so much startled at the alteration in her lovely countenance, that he broke from her, and shed tears to Lucy. This good girl and Nancy lament to each other the too visible change: but when they are with the rest of the family, they all seem afraid to take notice of it to one another. She herself takes generous pains to be lively, cheerful, and unapprehensive, for fear of giving concern to her grandmother and aunt; who will sometimes sit and contemplate the alteration, sigh, and, now-and-then, drop a silent tear, which, however, they endeavour to smile off, to avoid notice. I have already observed, that as these good ladies sit in her company, they watch in silent love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they too well know to what to impute the inward malady, which has approached the best of hearts; and they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the physician. They, as *we* do, admire her voice, and her playing. They ask her for a song, for a lesson on her harpsichord. She plays, she sings, at the very first word. In no one act of cheerfulness does she refuse to join. Her grandmother and her aunt Selby frequently give a private ball. The old lady delights to see young people cheerful and happy. She is always present, and directs the diversion; for she has a fine taste. We are often to have these balls, for our entertainment. Miss Byron, her cousins say, knowing the delight her grandmother takes in these amusements, for the sake of the young people, to whom she considers it as a healthful exercise, as well as diversion, is one of the alertest in them. She excuses not herself, nor encourages that supineness that creeps on, and invades a heart ill at ease. Yet every-one sees, that solitude and retirement are her choice; though she is very careful to have it supposed other-

wise; and, on the first summons, hastens into company, and joins in the conversation. O she is a lovely, and beloved young creature! I think verily, that though she was the admiration of every-body, when she was with us, yet she is, if possible, more amiable at home, and among her own relations. Her uncle Selby raillies her sometimes. But respect as well as love are visible in his countenance, when he does: in her returns sweetness and reverence are mingled. She never forgets that the raillier is her uncle; yet her delicacy is not more apparent, than that she is mistress of fine talents in that way; but often restrains them, because she has far more superior ones to value herself upon. And is not this the case with my brother also?—Not so, I am afraid, with your Charlotte.

All her friends, however, rejoice in our visit to them, for her sake. They compliment me on my lively turn; and hope for a happy effect on Miss Byron from it.

I cannot accuse her of reserve to me. She owns her love for our brother as frankly as she used to do, after we had torn the secret from her bosom at Colnebrook. She acknowledges to me, that she glories in it, and will not try to conquer it; because she is sure the trial will be to no purpose; an excuse, by the way, that if the conquest be necessary, would better become the mouth of your Charlotte than that of our Harriet: and so I have told her.

She prays for the restoration of Lady Clementina, and recovery of Signor Jeronymo. She loves to talk of the whole Italian family; and yet seems fully assured that Clementina will be the happy woman. But, surely, Harriet must be our sister. She values herself upon my brother's so solemnly requesting and claiming her friendship. True friendship, she but this morning argued with me, being disinterested,

and more intellectual than personal regard, is nobler than love. Love, she said, does not always ripen into friendship, as is too frequently seen in wedlock.

But does not the dear creature refine too much when she argues thus? A calm and easy kind of esteem, is all I have to judge from in *my* matrimony. I know not what love is. At the very highest, and when I was most a fool, my motive was *supposed* convenience (in order to be freed from the apprehended tyranny of a father); and that never carried me beyond liking. But you, Lady L. were an adept in the passion. Pray tell me, if there *be* a difference between love and friendship, which is the noblest? Upon my opposing you and Lord L. (so truly one mind) to her argument, she said, That yours is love mellowed into friendship, upon full proof of the merit of each: but, that there *was* a time, that the flame was love only, founded in *hope* of the merit; and the *proof* might have been wanting; as it often is, when the hope has been as strong, and seemingly as well founded, as in your courtship.

Harriet, possibly, may argue from her own situation, in order to make her heart easy; and my brother is so *unquestionably* worthy, that love and friendship may be one thing, in the bosom of a woman admiring him; since he will not enter into any obligation, that he cannot, that he *will* not, religiously perform. And if this refinement will make her heart easier, and enable her to allow his love to be placed elsewhere, because of a prior claim, and of circumstances that call for generous compassion, while she can content herself with the offered friendship, I think we ought to indulge her in her delicate notions.

Selby-house is a large, convenient, well-furnished habitation. To-morrow we are to make a visit, with

Lucy and Nancy, to their branch of the Selby family. James is gone before. Those two girls are orphans: but their grandmother, by their mother's side (a good old lady, mother-in-law to Mr. Selby) lives with them, or, rather, they with her; and loves them.

On our return, we are to have our first private ball, at Shirley-manor; a fine old seat, which, already, the benevolent owner calls her Harriet's; with an estate of about 500l. a year round it.

Adieu, my dear Lady L.—My lord and you, I hope, will own me now. Yet are you not sometimes surprised at the suddenness of my reformation? Shall I tell you how it came about? To own the truth, I began to find the man could be stout. "Charlotte, thought I, what are you about? You mean not to continue for ever your playful folly. You have no malice, no wickedness, in your sauciness; only a little levity: it may grow into habit:—make your retreat while you can with honour; before you harden the man's heart, and find your reformation a matter of indifference to him. You have a few good qualities; are not a modern woman; have neither wings to your shoulders, nor gad-fly in your cap: you love home. At present the honest man loves you. He has no vices. Every one loves you; but all your friends are busy upon your conduct. You will estrange them from you. The man will not be a King Log—Be you a prudent frog, lest you turn him into a stork. A weak man, if you *suppose* him weak, made a tyrant, will be an insupportable thing. I shall make him appear weak in the eyes of every-body else, when I have so much grace left, as would make me rise against any one who should let me know they thought him so. My brother will be reflected upon for his solicitude to carry me to church with a man, whom I shall make

the world think I despise. Harriet will renounce me. My wit will be thought folly. Does not the suckling Emily, does not the stale virgin, aunt Eleanor, think they have a right to blame, entreat, instruct me? I will be good of choice, and make my *duty* received as a *favour*. I have travelled a great way in the road of perverseness. I see briars, thorns, and a pathless track, before me. I may be benighted: the day is far gone. Serpents may be in the brakes. I will get home as fast as I can; and rejoice every one, who now only wonders what is become of me."

These, Lady L. were some of my reasonings. Make your advantage of them against me, if you can. You see that your grave wisdom had some weight with my light folly. Allow a little for constitution now-and-then; and you shall not have cause to be ashamed of your sister.

Let me conclude this subject, half one way, half t'other—that is to say, half serious, half roguish: If my lord would but be cured of his taste for trifles and nick-nacks, I should, possibly, be induced to consider him as a man of better understanding than I once thought him: but who can forbear, sometimes, to think slightly of a man, who, by effeminacies, and a shell and china taste, undervalues himself? I hope I shall cure him of these foibles; and, if I *can*, I shall consider him as a work of my own hands, and be proud of him, in compliment to myself.

Let my aunt Eleanor (no more Nell, if I can help it) know how good I *continue* to be. And now I will relieve you and myself, with the assurance that I am, and ever will be, notwithstanding yours and Lord L.'s past severity to me,

Your truly affectionate sister,

CH. G.

LETTER XIV.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

Selby-house, Monday, July 24*.

Lord bless me, my dear, what shall we do! My brother, in all probability, may, by this time!—— But I cannot tell how to suppose it!—Ah the poor Harriet! The three letters from my brother, which, by the permission of Dr. Bartlett, I inclose, will shew you, that the Italian affair is now at a crisis.

Read them in this place; and return them sealed up, and directed to the doctor.

LETTER XV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Florence, Wednesday, July 5-16.

Three weeks have now past since the date of my last letter to my paternal friend. Nor has it, in the main, been a disagreeable space of time; since within it I have had the pleasure of hearing from you and other of my friends in England; from those at Paris; and good news from Bologna, wherever I moved, as well from the bishop and Father Marescotti as from Mr. Lowther.

The bishop particularly tells me, that they ascribe to the amendment of the brother, the hopes they now have of the sister's recovery.

* Several letters, written in the space between the last date, June 16, and the present, which give an account of their diversions, visits, entertainments, at Selby-house, Shirley-manor, &c. are omitted.

I passed near a fortnight of this time at Naples and Portici. The general, and his lady, who is one of the best of women, made it equally their study to oblige and amuse me.

The general, on my first arrival at Naples, entered into talk with me, on my expectations with regard to his sister. I answered him, as I had done his mother; and he was satisfied with what I said.

When we parted, he embraced me as his brother and friend; and apologized for the animosity he once had to me. If it pleased God to restore his sister, no more from him, he said, should her mind be endangered: but *her* choice should determine *him*. His lady declared her esteem for me, without reserve; and said, That, next to the recovery of Clementina and Jeronymo, her wish was, to be intitled to call me brother.

What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is, at last, to be my destiny! The greatest opposer of the alliance once in view, is overcome: but the bishop, you will observe, by what I have told you, ascribes to another cause the merit which the general gives me; with a view, possibly, to abate my expectation. Be the event as it may, I will go on in the course I am in, and leave to Providence the issue.

Mrs. Beaumont returned from Bologna but yesterday.

She confirms the favourable account I had before received of the great alteration for the better that there is in the health both of brother and sister; and, because of that, in the whole family. Mr. Lowther, she says, is as highly, as deservedly, caressed by every one. Jeronymo is able to sit up two hours in a day. He has tried his pen, and finds it will be again in his power to give his friends pleasure with it.

Mrs. Beaumont tells me, that Clementina gene-

rally twice a day visits her beloved Jeronymo. She has taken once more to her needle, and often sits and works in her brother's room. This amuses her, and delights him.

She converses generally without much rambling; and seems to be very soon sensible of her misfortune, when she begins to talk incoherently: for at such times she immediately stops; not seldom sheds a tear; and either withdraws to her own closet, or is silent.

She several times directed her discourse to Mr. Lowther, when she met him in her brother's chamber. She observed great delicacy when she spoke of me to him; and dwelt not on the subject: but was very inquisitive about England, and the customs and manners of the people; particularly of the women.

Every-body has made it a rule (Jeronymo among the rest, and to which also Camilla strictly conforms) never to lead her to talk of me. She, however, asks often after me; and numbers the days of my absence.

At one time, seeking Mrs. Beaumont in her dressing-room, she thus accosted her: I come, madam, to ask you, Why every-body forbears to mention the Chevalier Grandison; and when *I* do, talks of somebody or something else? Camilla is as perverse in this way as any body: nay, Jeronymo (I have tried him several times) does the very same. Can Jeronymo be ungrateful? Can Jeronymo be indifferent to his friend, who has done so much for him? I hope I am not looked upon as a silly, or as a forward creature, that am not to be trusted with hearing the name of the man mentioned, for whom I profess an high esteem and gratitude. Tell me, madam, have I, at any time, in my unhappy hours, behaved or spoken aught unworthy of my character, of my fa-

mily, of the modesty of woman?—If I *have*, my heart renounces the guilt; I must, indeed, have been unhappy; I could not be Clementina della Porretta.

Mrs. Beaumont set her heart at ease on this subject.

Well, said she, it shall be seen, I hope so, that true modesty, and high gratitude, may properly have a place together in *this* heart, putting her hand to her bosom. Let me but own, that I esteem him; for I really do; and I hope my sincerity shall never mislead or betray me into indecorum: and now, madam, let us talk of him for one quarter of an hour, and no more. Here is my watch; it is an English watch; nobody knows that I bought it for that very reason. Don't *you* tell. She then, suspecting her head, dropt a tear; and withdrew in silence.

Mrs. Beaumont, my dear friend, knows the true state of my heart; and she pities me. She wishes that the lady's reason may be established; she is afraid it should be risked by opposition: but there *is* a man whom she wishes to be Clementina's. There *is* a woman—But—do thou, Providence, direct us both! All that thou orderest must be best.

Mrs. Beaumont thinks Lady Clementina is at times too solemn: and is the more apprehensive when she is so, as there is a greatness in her solemnity, which she is afraid will be too much for her. She has often her silent fits, in which she is regardless of what any-body but her mother says to her.

As she grows better, the fervor of her devotion, which in her highest delirium never went quite off, increases. Nor do they discourage, but indulge her in it, because in her, it seems, by the cheerfulness

with which her ardent zeal is attended, to be owing to true piety, which they justly observe seldom makes a good mind sour, morose, or melancholy.

Mrs. Beaumont says, That for two days before she came away, she had shewn, on several occasions, that she began to expect my return—She broke silence in one of her dumb fits—"Twenty days, did he say, Camilla?" and was silent again.

The day before Mrs. Beaumont set out, as she, the young lady, and marchioness, were sitting at work together, Camilla entered with unusual precipitation, with a message from the bishop, desiring leave to attend them—And the marchioness saying, By all means, pray let him come in, the young lady, on hearing him approach, laid down her work, changed colour, and stood up with an air of dignity. But on the bishop's entrance, sat down with a look of dissatisfaction, as if disappointed.

Adieu, my dear friend! I shall reach Bologna, I hope, to-morrow night. You will soon have another letter from

Your truly-affectionate

GRANDISON.

LETTER XVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, July 7-18.

It was late last night before I arrived at this place. I sent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. He was disposing himself to rise, that he might receive me up, in order to rejoice me on his ability to do so.

I sat down by him, and received the overflowings of his grateful heart. Every-body, he told me, was amended both in health and spirits.

Camilla came in soon after, congratulating me on my arrival in the name of her young lady. She let me know, that in less than a quarter of an hour she would be ready to receive my visit.

O Sir, said the good woman, miracles! miracles! —We are all joy and hope!

At going out, she whispered as she passed (I was then at the window) My young lady is dressing in colours, to receive you. She will no more *appear* to you, she says, in black—Now, Sir, will you soon reap the reward of all your goodness; for the general has signified to my lord his entire acquiescence with his sister's choice, and their determination.

The bishop came in: Chevalier, said he, you are welcome, thrice welcome, to Bologna. You have subdued us all. Clementina commands her own destiny. The man whom she chooses to call hers, be he who he will, will have a treasure in her, in every sense of the word.

The marquis, the count, Father Marescotti, all severally made me the highest compliments. The count particularly taking my hand, said, From *us*, chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make *you* happy: from *you*, there can be but one thing wanting to make *us* so.

The marchioness entering, saved me any other return, than by bowing to each. Before I could speak to her, Welcome, chevalier, said she: but you are not come before you were wished for. You will find, we have kept a more exact account of the days of your absence, than we did before. I hope her joy to see you will not be too much for her. Clementina ever had a grateful heart.

The chevalier's prudence, said Father Marescotti,

may be confided in. He knows how to moderate his own joy on his first address to her, on seeing her so greatly amended: and then Lady Clementina's natural delicacy will not have an *example* to carry her joy above her reason.

The chevalier, madam, said the bishop, smiling, will, at this rate, be *too* secure. We leave him not room for *professions*. But he cannot be ungenerous.

The Chevalier Grandison, said the kind Jeronymo, speaks by *action:* it is his way. His head, his heart, his lips, his hands, are governed by one motion, and directed by one spring. When he leaves no room for doubt, professions would depreciate his service.

He then ascribed an extraordinary merit to me, on my leaving my native country and friends, to attend them in person.

We may, perhaps, my reverend friend, be allowed to repeat the commendations given us by grateful and benevolent spirits, when we cannot *otherwise* so well do justice to the generous warmth of their friendship. The noble Jeronymo, I am confident, were he in my place, and I in his, would put a more moderate value on the like services, done by himself. What is friendship, if, on the like calls, and blessed with power, it is not ready to exert itself in action?

Grandison, replied the bishop, were he *one of us,* might expect canonization. In a better religion, we have but few young men of quality and fortune so good as he; though I think none so bad, as many of the pretended reformed, who travel, as if to copy our vices, and not to imitate our virtues.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude, on a reception so very generous and unreserved. Camilla came in seasonably with a message from the young lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dressing-room,

The marchioness withdrew just before. I followed Camilla. She told me, as we went, that she thought her not quite so sedate as she had been for some days past; which she supposed owing to her hurrying in dressing, and to her expectation of me.

The mother and daughter were together. They were talking, when I entered—Dear fanciful girl! I heard the mother say, disposing otherwise some flowers that she had in her bosom.

Clementina, when her mind was sound, used to be all unaffected elegance. I never saw but one woman who equalled her in that respect. Miss Byron seems conscious, that she may trust to her native charms; yet betrays no pride in her consciousness. Who ever spoke of her jewels, that beheld her face? For mingled dignity, and freedom of air and manner, these two ladies excel amongst women.

Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely. But her fancifulness in the disposition of her ornaments, and the unusual lustre of her eyes, which every one was wont to admire for their *serene* brightness, shewed an imagination more disordered than I hoped to see; and gave me pain at my entrance.

The chevalier, my love! (said the marchioness, turning round to me) Clementina, receive your friend.

She stood up, dignity and sweetness in her air. I approached her: she refused not her hand. The general, madam, and his lady, salute you by me.

They received you, I am sure, as the friend of our family. But tell me, Sir, smiling, have you not exceeded your promised time?

Two or three days only.

Only, Sir!—Well, I upbraid you not. No wonder that a man so greatly valued, cannot always keep his time.

She hesitated, looked at her mother, at me, and on the floor, visibly at a loss. Then, as sensible of her wandering, turned aside her head, and took out her handkerchief.

Mrs. Beaumont, madam, said I, to divert her chagrin, sends you her compliments.

Were you at Florence? Mrs. Beaumont, said you? —Were you at Florence! Then running to her mother, she threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her bosom—O, madam, conceal me! conceal me from myself. I am not well.

Be comforted, my best love, wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kissing her forehead; you will be better presently.

I made a motion to withdraw. The marchioness, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment.

She soon enquired for me, and, on notice from Camilla, I returned.

She sat with her head leaning on her mother's shoulder. She raised it—Excuse me, Sir, said she. I cannot be well, I see—But no matter! I am better, and I am worse, than I was: *worse* because I am sensible of my calamity.

Her eyes had then lost all that lustre which had shewn a too raised imagination: but they were as much in the other extreme, overclouded with mistiness, dimness, vapours; swimming in tears.

I took her hand: Be not disheartened, madam. You will be soon well. These are usual turns of the malady you seem to be so sensible of, when it is changing to perfect health.

God grant it!—O chevalier! what trouble have I given my friends!—my mamma here!—You, Sir!—Every-body! O that naughty Laurana! But for *her!* —But tell me—Is she dead?—Poor cruel creature! Is she no more?

Would you have her to be no more, my love? said her mother.

O no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was she not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I *always* loved her. Say, chevalier, is she living?

I looked at the marchioness, as asking, if I should tell her she was; and receiving her approving nod, She is living, madam, answered I—and I hope will repent.

Is she, is she indeed, my mamma? interrupted she.

She is, my dear.

Thank God! rising from her seat, clasping her hands, and standing more erect than usual; then have I a triumph to come! said the noble creature. Excuse my pride! I will shew her that I can forgive her!—But I will talk of her when I am better. You say, Sir, I *shall* be better! You say that my malady is changing—What comfort you give me!

Then dropping down against her mother's chair, on her knees, her eyes and hands lifted up, Great and good God Almighty, heal, heal, I beseech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to restore to the most indulgent of parents, the happiness I have robbed them of. Join your prayers with mine, Sir! You are a good man—But you, madam, are a Catholic. The chevalier is not—Do *you* pray for me. I shall be restored to *your* prayers. And may I *be* restored, as I shall never more do any-thing, wilfully, to offend or disturb your tender heart.

God restore my child! sobbed the indulgent parent, raising her.

Camilla had not withdrawn. She stood weeping in a corner of the room. Camilla, said the young lady, advancing towards her, lend me your arm.

I will return to you again, Sir—Don't go—Excuse me, madam, for a few moments. I find, putting her hand to her forehead, I am not quite well—I will return presently.

The marchioness and I were extremely affected by her great behaviour: but though we were grieved for the pain her sensibility gave her, yet we could not but console and congratulate ourselves upon it, as affording hopes of her perfect recovery.

She returned soon, attended by Camilla: who having been soothing her, appealed to me, whether I did not think she would soon be quite well.

I answered, That I had no doubt of it.

Look you there now, my dear lady.

I thought you said so, chevalier! but I was not sure. God grant it! My affliction is great, my mamma. I must have been a wicked creature—Pray for me.

Her mother comforted her, praised her, and raised her dejected heart. And then Clementina looking down, a blush overspreading her face, and standing motionless, as if considering of something—What is in my child's thoughts? said the marchioness, taking her hand. What is my love thinking of?

Why, madam, in a low, but audible voice, I should be glad to talk with the chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not desire it. In every-thing I will be governed by you: yet I am ashamed. What can I have to say, that my mother may not hear?—Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, madam, is a part of yours.

My love shall be indulged in every thing. You and I, Camilla, will retire—Clementina was silent; and both withdrew.

She commanded me to sit down by her. I obeyed. It was not, in the situation I was in, for me to speak first. I attended her pleasure in silence.

She seemed at a loss. She looked round her; then at me; then on the floor. I could not then forbear speaking.

The mind of Lady Clementina, said I, seems to have something upon it, that she wishes to communicate. You have not, madam, a more sincere, a more faithful friend, than the man before you. Your happiness, and that of my Jeronymo, engross all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.

I had something to say: I had many questions to ask—But pity me, Sir! my memory is gone: I have lost it all—But this I know, that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return: and I am uneasy under the sense of them.

What, madam, have I done, but answered to the call of friendship, which, in the like situation, not any one of your family but would have obeyed?—

This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, Sir, in what way we can express our gratitude, in what way I, in particular, can, and I shall be easy. Till we have done it, I never shall.

And can you, madam, think, that I am not highly rewarded, in the prospect of that success which opens to all our wishes?

It may be so in your opinion: but this leaves the debt still heavier upon us.

How could I avoid construing the hint in my favour? And yet I did not think the lady, even had she not had *parents* in being, had she been absolutely independent, well enough to determine for herself in a situation so delicate. How then could I in honour (all her friends expecting that I should be entirely governed by her motions, as they were re-

solved to be) take direct advantage of the gratitude which at that instant possessed her noble mind?

If, madam, answered I, you *will* suppose yourselves under obligations to me, and will not be *easy* till you have acknowledged them, the return must be a family act. Let me refer myself to your father, mother, brothers, and to yourself: what you and they determine upon must be right.

After a short silence—Well, Sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing: but *here* is my difficulty—You *cannot* be rewarded. *I* cannot reward you. But, Sir, the subject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions—My duty to God, and to my parents; my gratitude to you—But I have *begun* to write down all that has occurred to me on this important subject. I wish to act greatly! You, Sir, have set me the example. I will *continue* to write down my thoughts: I cannot trust to my memory—No, nor yet to my heart!—But no more on a subject that is at present too affecting to me. I will talk to my mother upon it first; but not just now; though I will ask for the honour of her presence.

She then went from me into the next room; and instantly returned, leading in the marchioness. Don't, dear madam, be angry with me. I had many things to say to the chevalier; which I thought I could best say, when I was alone with him; but I forget what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were such as I could not say before my mother.

My child cannot do any thing that can make me displeased with her. The chevalier's generosity, and my Clementina's goodness of heart, can neither of them be doubted.

O, madam! What a deep sense have I of yours and of my father's indulgence to me! How shall I requite it! How unworthy should I be of that re-

turning reason, which sometimes seems to enliven my hope, if I were not to resolve, that it shall be wholly employed in my duty to God, and to you both! But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart, that never can be removed.

She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the marchioness and me, in silence, looking upon each other, and admiring her. Camilla followed her; and instantly returning—My dear young lady—Don't be frightened, madam—is not well. She seems to have exhausted her spirits by talking.

The marchioness hastened in with Camilla. And while I was hesitating, whether to withdraw to Jeronymo, or to quit the palace, Camilla came to me—My young lady asks for you, Sir.

I followed her to her closet. She was in her mother's arms, on a couch; just come out of a fit; but not a strong one. She held out her hand to me. I pressed it with my lips. I was affected with her nobleness of mind, and weakness of spirit—O chevalier, said she, how unworthy am I of that tenderness which you express for me! O that I could be grateful!—But God will reward you. He *only* can.

She desired her mother and me to leave her to her Camilla. We both withdrew.

What can be done with this dear creature, chevalier? She is going to be bad again!—O, Sir! Her behaviour is now different from what it ever was!

She seems, madam, to have something on her mind, that she has a difficulty to reveal. When she *has* revealed it she will be easier. You will prevail upon her, madam, by your condescending goodness, to communicate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina, when she is a little recovered, will acquaint you with what passed between her and me.

I heard it all, replied she; and you are the most honourable of men. What man would, what man *could*, have acted as you acted, with regard to her, with regard to us; yet not slight the dear creature's manifest meaning; but refer it to us, and to her, to make it a family act? A family act it must, it *shall* be. Only, Sir, let me be assured, that my child's malady will not lessen your love for her: and permit her to be a Catholic!—These are all the terms, I, for *my* part, have to make with you. The rest of us still wish, that *you* would be so, though but in appearance, for the sake of our alliances. But I will not expect an answer to the last. As to the first, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has suffered so much for her love of you.

The marquis and the bishop entering the room, I leave it to you, madam, said I, to acquaint their lordships with what has passed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments.

I went accordingly to his chamber; but being told, that he was disposed to rest, I withdrew with Mr. Lowther into his: and there Camilla coming to me, Mr. Lowther retiring, she told me, that her young lady was pretty well recovered. It was evident to her, she said, that she never would be well till the marriage was solemnized. They are all, said she, in close conference together, I believe upon that subject. My young lady is endeavouring to compose herself in her closet. The marchioness hopes you will stay, and dine here.

I excused myself from dining; and desired her to tell her lady, that I would attend them in the evening.

I am now preparing to do so.

LETTER XVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, July 7-18.

Now, my dear friend, are matters here drawing to a crisis. I was conducted, as soon as I entered this palace, to the presence of the marquis and marchioness. The marquis arose, and took my hand, with great, but solemn kindness, and led me to a chair placed between theirs. The bishop, the count, and Father Marescotti, entered; and took their places.

My dear, said the marquis, referring to his lady.—

After some little hesitation—We have no hope, Sir, said she, of our child's perfect restoration, but from—She stopt—

Our compliance with every wish of her heart, said the bishop.

Ay, do you proceed, said the marchioness to the prelate.

It would be to no purpose, chevalier, questioned the bishop, to urge to you the topic so near to all our hearts?

I bowed my assent to what he said.

I am sorry for it, replied the bishop.

I am *very* sorry for it, said the count.

What security can we ask of you, Sir, said the marquis, that our child shall not be perverted?—O chevalier! It is a hard, hard trial!

Father Marescotti, answered I, shall prescribe the terms.

I cannot, in conscience, said the father, consent to this marriage: yet the merits of the Chevalier Grandison have taken from me the power of opposing it. Permit me to be silent.

Father Marescotti and I, said the bishop, are in

one situation, as to scruples of conscience. But I will forget the prelate for the brother. Dear Grandison, will you permit us to say to enquirers, that we *look* upon you as one of our church; and that prudential reasons, with regard to your country, and friends in it, deter you at present from declaring yourself?

Let not terms be proposed, my good lord, that would lessen your opinion of me, should I comply with them. If I am to be honoured with an admission into this noble family, let me not in my own eyes appear unworthy of the honour. Were I to find myself capable of prevaricating in an article so important as religion, no one could hate me so much as I should hate myself, were even an imperial diadem with your Clementina, the noblest of women, to be the consideration.

You have the example of great princes, chevalier, said Father Marescotti, Henry the Fourth of France, Augustus of Poland—

True, father—But great princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men. *They* might make the less scruple of changing their religion, as they were neither of them strict in the practice of it. They who can allow themselves in *some* deviations, may in *others.* I boast not of my own virtue; but it has been my aim to be uniform. I am too well satisfied with my own religion, to doubt: if I were not, it would be impossible but I must be influenced by the wishes of friends so dear to me; whose motives are the result of their own piety, and of the regard they have for my everlasting welfare.

The chevalier and I, rejoined the bishop, have carried this argument to its full extent before. My honoured lord's question recurs; What security can we have, that my sister shall not be perverted? The

chevalier refers to Father Marescotti to propose it. The father excuses himself. I, as the brother of Clementina, ask you, chevalier, Will you promise never by yourself, or your English divines, to attempt to pervert her?—A confessor you *have* allowed her. Shall Father Marescotti be the man?

And will Father Marescotti—

I will, for the sake of preserving to Lady Clementina her faith; that faith by which only she can be saved; and, perhaps, in hope of converting the man who then will be dear to the whole family.

I not only comply with the proposal, but shall think Father Marescotti will do me a favour, in putting it into my power to shew him the regard I have for him. One request I have only to make; That Father Marescotti will prescribe his own conditions to me. And I assure you all, that they shall be exceeded, as to the consideration, be they ever so high.

You and I, chevalier, replied the father, shall have no difficulty, as to the terms.

None you can have, said the marquis, as to those. Father Marescotti will be still *our* spiritual director.

Only one condition I will beg leave to make with Father Marescotti; that he will confine his pious cares to those only who are already of his own persuasion; and that no disputable points may ever be touched upon to servants, tenants, or neighbours, in a country where a different religion, from that to which he is a credit, is established. I might, perhaps, have safely left this to his own moderation and honour; yet, without such a previous engagement, his conscience might have been embarrassed; and had I not insisted on it, I should have behaved towards my country in a manner for which I could not answer to my own heart.

Your countrymen, chevalier, said the count, complain loudly of persecution from our church: yet

what disqualifications do Catholics lie under in England!

A great deal, my lord, may be said on this subject. I think it sufficient to answer for myself, and my own conduct.

As to our child's servants, said the marchioness, methinks I should hope, that Father Marescotti might have a small congregation about him, to keep their lady in countenance, in a country where her religion will subject her to inconveniencies, perhaps to *more* than inconveniencies.

Her woman, and those servants, replied I, who will immediately attend her person, shall always be chosen by herself. If they behave well, I will consider them as *my* servants for their benefit. If they misbehave, I must be allowed to consider them also as my servants, as well as their lady's. I must not be subject to the dominion of servants; the most intolerable of all dominion. Were they to know that they are independent of me, I should be disobeyed, perhaps insulted; and my resentment of their insolence would be thought a persecution on account of their religion.

This article bore some canvassing. If Camilla, at last, I said, were the woman; on her discretion I should have great dependence.

—And on Father Marescotti's you also may, chevalier, said the bishop. I should hope, that when my sister and you are in England together, you would not *scruple* to consult *him* on the misbehaviour of any of my sister's catholic servants.

Indeed, my lord, I *would*. I will myself be judge in my own house of the conduct and behaviour of all my servants. From the independence of such people upon me, disputes or uneasinesses might arise, that otherwise would never happen between their lady and me. The power of dismission, on any

flagrant misbehaviour, must be in me. My temper is not capricious: my charity is not confined: my consideration for people in a foreign country, and wholly in my power, will, I hope, be even generous. I perhaps may bear with them the more for having them in my power. But my wife's servants, were she a sovereign, must be mine.

Unhappy! said Father Marescotti, that you cannot be of one faith! But, Sir, you will allow, I hope, if the case will bear it, of expostulation from me?

Yes, father: and should *generally*, I believe, be determined by your advice and mediation: but I would not *condition* to make the greatest saint, and the wisest man on earth, a judge in my own family over me.

There is reason in this, rejoined the bishop: you, perhaps, would not scruple, Sir, to consult the marchioness, before you dismissed such a considerable servant as a woman, if my sister did not agree to it?

The marquis and marchioness will be judges of my conduct, when I am in Italy: I should despise myself, were it not to be the same in England as at Bologna. I have in my travels been attended by catholic servants. They never had reason to complain of want of kindness, even to indulgence, from me. We Protestants confine not salvation within the pale of our own church: Catholics do; and have therefore an argument for their zeal in endeavouring to make proselytes, that we have not. Hence, generally speaking, may a catholic servant live more happily with a protestant master, than a protestant servant with a catholic master. Let my servants live but up to their own professions, and they shall be indulged with all reasonable opportunities of pursuing the dictates of their own consciences. A truly religious servant, of whatever persuasion, cannot be a bad one.

Well, as to this article, we must leave it, acquiesced the bishop, to occasions as they may arise. Nine months in the year, I think you propose to reside in Italy—

That, my lord, was on a supposition that Lady Clementina would not oblige me with her company to my native country any part of the year; in that case, I proposed to pass but three months in every year in England: otherwise, I hoped that year and year, in turn, would be allowed me.

We can have no wish to separate man and wife, said the marquis. Clementina will, no doubt, accompany her husband. We will stipulate only for year and year: but let ours be the first year: and we cannot doubt but the dear child will meet with all reasonable indulgence, for the sake of her tender health.

Not one request that you, my lord, and you, madam, shall think reasonable, shall be denied to the dear lady.

Let *me* propose one thing, chevalier, said the marchioness; that in the first year, which is to be ours, you endeavour to prevail upon your sisters, amiable women, as we have heard they are, to come over, and be of our acquaintance; your ward also, who may be looked upon as a little Italian. You love your sisters; and I should be glad (so would Clementina, I make no doubt) to be familiarized to the ladies of your family before she goes to England.

My sisters, madam, are the most obliging of women, as their lords are of men. I have no doubt of prevailing upon them, to attend you and Lady Clementina here. And as it will give them time to prepare for the visit, I believe, if it be made in the latter part of the first year, it will be most acceptable to them, and to you; since then they will not

only have commenced a friendship with Lady Clementina, and obtained the honour of your good opinion; but will attend her in her voyage to England.

They all approved of this. I added, that I hoped, when the second year arrived, I should have the honour of finding in the party some of this noble family, which could not fail of giving delight, as well as affiance, to the tender heart of their beloved Clementina.

My lord and I, said the marchioness, will probably, if well, be of the party. We shall not know how to part with a child so dear to us—But these seas—

Well, well, said the bishop, this is a contingence, and must be left to time, and to the chevalier and my sister, when they are one. As his is the strongest mind, it will, in all reasonable matters, yield to the weaker—Now, as to my sister's fortune—

It is a large one, said the count. We shall all take pleasure in adding to it.

Should there be more sons than one by the marriage, rejoined the bishop, as the estate of her two grandfathers will be an ample provision for one of them, and your English estate for another, I hope we may expect that the education of one of them may be left to us.

Every one said, this was a very reasonable expectation.

I cannot condition for this, my lord. The education of the sons was to be left to me; that of the daughters, to the mother. I will consent, that the Italian estate shall be tied up for daughters portions; and that *they* shall be brought up under your own eyes, Italians. The sons shall have no benefit by the Italian estate—

Except they become Catholics, chevalier, added the bishop.

No, my lord, replied I: that might be a temptation—Though I would leave posterity as free, as I myself am left, in the article of religion; yet would I not lay any snares for them. I am for having them absolutely secluded from any possibility of enjoying that estate, as they will be Englishmen. Cannot this be done by the laws of your country, and the tenure by which these estates are held?

If Clementina marry, said the marquis, whether there be issue or not, Laurana's claim ceases. But, chevalier, can you think it just to deprive children unborn of their natural right?

I have a very good estate: it is improving. I have considerable expectations besides. That is not mine which I do not possess, and shall have no right to, but by marriage; and which, therefore, must and ought to be subject to marriage articles. Riches never made men happy. If my descendants will not be so with a competence, they will not with a redundance. I hope Signor Jeronymo may recover, and marry: let the estate here, from the hour that I shall be honoured with the hand of your dear Clementina, be Jeronymo's, and his posterity's, for ever. If it shall be thought proper for him, on taking possession, to make his sister any brotherly acknowledgment, it shall be to her sole and separate use, and not subject to any controul of mine. If Signor Jeronymo marry not, or if he do, and die without issue, let the estate in question be the general's. He and his lady deserve every-thing. The estate shall not, by my consent, go out of the name.

They looked upon each other—Brother, said the count, I see not, but we may leave every-thing to the generosity of such a young man as this. He quite overcomes me.

A disinterested and generous man, rejoined the bishop, is born a ruler; and he is, at the same time, the greatest of politicians, were policy only to be considered.

The most equitable medium, I think, resumed the marchioness, is what the chevalier hinted at—and most answerable to the intention of the dear child's grandfathers: it is, that the estate in question be secured to the daughters of the marriage. Our sons will be greatly provided for: and it will be rewarding, in some measure, the chevalier for his generosity, that the sons of the marriage shall not have their patrimony lessened, by the provision to be made for daughters.

They all generously applauded the marchioness; and proposing this expedient to me, I bowed my grateful assent—See, chevalier, said Father Marescotti, what a generous family you are likely to be allied with! O that you could be subdued by a goodness so much like your own, and declare yourself a Catholic: his holiness himself (my lord the bishop could engage) would receive you with blessings, at the footstool of his throne. You allow, Sir, that salvation may be obtained in our church: out of it, *we* think it cannot. Rejoice us all. Rejoice Lady Clementina—and let us know no bound in our joy.

What opinion, my dear Father Marescotti, would you all have of the man who could give up his conscience, though for the highest consideration on earth?—Did you, could you, think the better of the two princes mentioned to me, for the change of their religion? One of them was assassinated in the streets of his metropolis, by an ecclesiastic, who questioned the sincerity of his change. Could the matter be of *indifference* to me—But, my dear Father Marescotti, let us leave this to be debated hereafter

between you and me, as father and son. Your piety shall command my reverence: but pain not my heart, by putting me on denial of any-thing that shall be asked of me, by such respectable and generous persons, as those I am before; and when we are talking on a subject so delicate, and so important.

Father Marescotti, we must give up this point, said the bishop. The chevalier and I have discussed it heretofore. He is a determined man. If you hereafter can gain upon him, you will make us all happy. But now, my lord, to the marquis, let the chevalier know, what he will have with my sister, besides the bequests of her grandfathers, from *your* bounty, and from *yours*, madam, to his mother, as a daughter of your house.

I beg, my lord, one word, said I to the marquis, before you speak. Let not a syllable of this be mentioned to me now. Whatever you shall be pleased to do of this nature, let it be done annually, as my behaviour to your daughter may deserve. Do I not know the generosity of every one of this noble family? Let me be in your power. I have enough for her, and for me, or I do not know the noble Clementina. Whatever you do, for the sake of your own magnificence, that do: but let us leave particulars unmentioned.

What would Lady Sforza say, were she present? rejoined the count. Averse as she is to the alliance, she would admire the man.

Are you earnest in your request, chevalier, asked the bishop, that particulars shall not be mentioned?

I *beg* they may not. I *earnestly* beg it.

Pray let the chevalier be obliged, returned the prelate—Sir, said he, and snatched my hand, brother, friend, what shall I call you?—We *will* oblige you; but not in doubt of your kind treatment of Clementina. She must, she *will* deserve it; but that

we may have it in our power to be revenged of you. Sir, we will take great revenge of you. And now let us rejoice Jeronymo's heart with an account of all that has passed. We might have held this conference before him. All that is further necessary to be said, may be said in his presence.

Who, said Father Marescotti, can hold out against the Chevalier Grandison? I will tell every one who shall question me on this alliance, zealous Catholics, with a Protestant so determined, what a man he is; and then they will allow of this one particular exception to a general rule.

All we have now to do, said the marquis, is to gain his holiness's permission. That has not been refused in such cases, where either the sons or daughters of the marriage are to be brought up Catholics.

The count then took the marchioness's hand, and we all entered Jeronymo's chamber together.

I stept into Mr. Lowther's apartment, while they related to him all that had passed. He was impatient to see me. The bishop led me in to him. He embraced me as his brother. Now, my dear Grandison, said he, I am indeed happy. This is the point to which I have long directed all my wishes. God grant that our dear Clementina's malady may be no drawback upon your felicities; and you must both then be happy.

I was sensible of a little abatement, on the bishop's saying to his mother, not knowing I heard him, Ah, madam! the poor Count of Belvedere—How will *he* be affected—But he will go to Madrid; and I hope make himself happy there with some Spanish lady. The poor Count of Belvedere! returned the marchioness, with a sigh—But he will not know how to blame us—

To-morrow morning I am to drink chocolate with

Lady Clementina. We shall be left together, perhaps, or only with her mother or Camilla.

"What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, would I give, to be assured, that the most excellent of Englishwomen could think herself happy with the Earl of D. the only man of all her admirers who is, in any manner, worthy of calling so bright a jewel his? Should Miss Byron be unhappy, and through my means, the remembrance of my own caution and self-restraint could not appease the grief of my heart.

"But so *prudent* a woman as she is, and as the Countess of D. is—What are these suggestions of tenderness—Are they not suggestions of *vanity* and *presumption?* They *are.* They *must* be so. I will banish them from my thoughts, as such. Ever-amiable Miss Byron! friend of my soul! forgive me for them!—Yet if the noble Clementina is to be mine, my heart will be greatly gratified, if, before she receive my vows, I could know, that Miss Byron had given her hand, in compliance with the entreaties of all her friends, to the deserving Earl of D."

Having an opportunity, I dispatch this, and my two former. In you I include remembrances to all my beloved friends—Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett. "In the highest of our pleasures, the sighing heart will remind us of imperfection." It is fit it should be so—Adieu, my dear friend!

CHARLES GRANDISON.

CONTINUATION OF LADY G.'S LETTER TO LADY L.

NO. XIV.

Begun page 82, and dated July 24.

WELL, my dear sister!—And what say you to the contents of the three inclosed letters? I wish I had been with you and Lord L. at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with

years, for the sweet Harriet! Why would my brother dispatch these letters, without staying till, at least, he could have informed us of the result of the next day's meeting with Clementina? *What* was the opportunity that he had to send away these letters, which he must be assured would keep us in strange suspense? *Hang* the opportunity that so officiously offered!—But, perhaps, in the tenderness of his nature, he thought that this dispatch was necessary, to prepare us for what was to follow, lest, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be supported.—We sisters, to go over to attend Lady CLEMENTINA GRANDISON, a twelvemonth hence!—Ah the poor Harriet! And will she give us leave? But it surely must not, cannot be!—And yet—Hush, hush, hush, Charlotte!—And proceed to facts.

Dr. Bartlett, when these letters were brought him post from London, was with us at table. We had but just dined. He arose, and retired to his own apartment with them. We were all impatient to know the contents. When I thought he had withdrawn long enough to read dispatches of a mile long, and yet found that he returned not, my impatience was heightened; and the dear Harriet said, Bad news, I fear! I hope Sir Charles is well! I hope Lady Clementina is not relapsed! The good Jeronymo! I fear for him.

I then stept up to the doctor's room. He was sitting with his back towards the door, in a pensive mood; and when, hearing somebody enter, he turned about, I saw he had been deeply affected—

My dear Dr. Bartlett!—For God's sake!—How is my brother?—

Don't be affrighted, madam! All are well in Italy—In a way to be well—But alas! (tears started afresh) I am grieved for Miss Byron!

How, how, doctor! Is my brother married?—It cannot, it shall not be!—Is my brother married?

O no, not married, by these letters! But all is concluded upon! Sweet, sweet, Miss Byron! Now, indeed, will her magnanimity be put to the test!—Yet Lady Clementina is a most excellent woman!—*You*, madam, may read these letters: Miss Byron, I believe, must not. You will see, by the concluding part of the last, how greatly embarrassed my patron must be between his honour to one lady and his tenderness for the other: whichsoever shall be his, how much will the other be to be pitied!

I ran over, with a weeping eye, as the paragraphs struck me, the passages most affecting. O Dr. Bartlett, said I, when I had done, how shall we break this news to Mrs. Selby, to Mrs. Shirley, to my Harriet!—A trial, indeed, of her magnanimity!—Yet, to have received letters from my brother, and to delay going down, will be as alarming as to tell it. Let us go down.

Do you, madam, take the letters. You have tenderness: your prudence cannot be doubted—I will attend you by-and-by. His eyes were ready to run over.

I went down. I met *my* lord at the stairs foot. How, how, madam, does Sir Charles?—O my lord! we are all undone. My brother, by this time, is the husband of Lady Clementina.

He was struck, as with a thunderbolt; God forbid! were all the words he could speak; and turned as pale as death.

I love him, for his sincere love to my Harriet. I wrung his hand—The letters do not say it. But every-body is consenting; and, if it be not already so, it soon will—Step, my lord, to Mrs. Selby, and tell her, that I wish to see her in the flower-garden.

Miss Byron and Nancy, said he, are gone to walk

in the garden. She was so apprehensive, on your staying above, and the doctor not coming down, that she was forced to walk into the air. I left Mr. Selby, his lady, Emily, and Lucy, in the dining-parlour, to find you, and let you know, how every-body was affected. Tears dropt on his cheeks.

I gave him my hand in love. I was pleased with him. I called him my dear lord.

I think our sweet friend once said, that fear made us loving. Ill-news will oblige us to look around us for consolation.

I found the persons named, just rising from their seats to walk into the garden—O my dear Mrs. Selby, said I, every thing is agreed upon in Italy.

They were all dumb but Emily. *Her* sorrow was audible: she wrung her hands; she was ready to faint; her Anne was called to take care of her; and she retired.

I then told Mr. and Mrs. Selby what were the contents of the last letter of the three. Mr. Selby broke out into passionate grief—I know not what the honour *is*, said he, that could oblige Sir Charles, treated as he had been by the proud Italians, to go over at the first invitation. One might have guessed that it would have come to this—Oh! the poor Harriet! flower of the world! She deserved not to be made a second woman, to the stateliest minx in Italy: but this is my comfort, she is superior to them both. Upon my soul, madam, she is. The man, were he a king, that could prefer another woman to our Harriet, does not deserve her.

He then arose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in anger; and afterwards sitting down, My dear Mrs. Selby, said he, we shall now see what the so often pleaded for dignity of your sex, in the noblest-minded, will enable you to do. But, O the

dear soul! She will find a difference between theory and practice!

Lucy wept. Her grief was silent. Mrs. Selby's the same for some time. My dear Lady G. said she, at last, how shall we break this to Harriet? *You* must do it; and she will apply to me for comfort—Pray, Mr. Selby, be patient. You must not reflect upon Sir Charles Grandison.

Indeed you should not, Sir, said I. He is to be pitied. I will read you the concluding part of his last letter.

I did.

But Mr. Selby would not be pacified. He tried to blame my brother.

After all, my dear, these lords of the creation are more violent, more unreasonable, and, of consequence, more silly and perverse, more babies, if you please, than we women, when they are disappointed in any-thing they set their hearts upon. But in every case, I believe, one extreme borders on another. What a fool has Otway made of Castalio, raving against the whole sex, by a common-place invective, on a mere temporary disappointment; when the fault, and all the dreadful consequences that attended it, were owing to his own baseness of heart, in being ashamed to acquaint his brother, that he meant honourable love to the unhappy orphan, who was intitled to inviolable protection! Whenever I saw this play I pitied the impetuous Polydore, more than I did the blubbering great boy Castalio; though I thought both brothers deserved to be hanged.

As we were meditating how to break this matter to our lovely friend, Mrs. Shirley came to Selby-house in her chariot. We immediately acquainted her with it. No surprises affect her steady soul.

This can't be helped, said she. Our dear girl herself expects it. May *I* read the letter that contains the affecting tidings?

She took it. She run it over slightly, to enable herself to speak to the contents—Excellent man!—How happy should we have been, blessed with the enjoyment of our wishes! but you, Mrs. Selby, and I, have always pitied Lady Clementina. His generous regard for our child is too apparent for his own tranquillity. God comfort him, and our Harriet! O the dear creature! Her fading cheeks have shewn the struggles of her heart, in such an expectation—Where is my child?

I was running out to see for her; and met her just ascending the steps that lead from the garden into the house. Your grandmamma, my love, said I—

I hear she is come, answered she. I am hastening to pay my duty to her.

But how do you, Harriet?

A little better for the air! I sent up to Dr. Bartlett, and he has let me know, that Sir Charles is well, and every-body better: and I am easy.

She hurried in to her grandmother, rejoicing, as she always does to see her. She kneeled; received her tender blessing. And what brings my grandmamma to her girl?

The day is fine; the air, and the sight of my Harriet, I thought would do me good—You have letters, I find, from Italy, my love?

I, madam, have not: Dr. Bartlett has: but I am not to know the contents, I suppose. Something, I doubt not, that will be thought unwelcome to me, by their not being communicated. But as long as every-body there is well, I *can* have patience. Time will reveal all things.

Dr. Bartlett, who admires the old lady, and is as

much admired by her, came down, and paid his respects to her. Mrs. Shirley had returned me the letters. I slid them into the doctor's hand, unperceived by Miss Byron.

I am told, said she, that my Emily is not well; I will just ask how she does—And was going from us—No, don't, my love, said her aunt, taking her hand; Emily shall come down to us.

I see, said she, by the compassionate looks of every-one, that something is the matter. If it be any-thing that most concerns me to know, don't, through a mistaken tenderness, let me be the last to whom it is communicated. But I *guess*—with a forced smile.

What does my Harriet guess? said her aunt.

Dr. Bartlett, replied she, has acquainted me, that Sir Charles Grandison is well; and that his friends are on the recovery: is it not then easy to guess, by every one's silence on the contents of the letters brought to Dr. Bartlett, that Sir Charles is either married, or near being so? What say you, my good Dr. Bartlett?

He was silent; but tears were in his eyes. She turned round, and saw us with our handkerchiefs at ours. Her uncle, rising from his seat, stood with his back to us, at one of the windows.

Well, my dear friends, and you are all *grieved* for me. It is kind, and I can thank you for your *concern* for me, because the man is Sir Charles Grandison—And so, doctor, laying her hand upon his, he is actually married? God Almighty, piously bending one knee, make him and his Clementina happy!—Well, my dearest dear friends, and what is there in this, more than I expected?

Her aunt embraced her.

Her uncle ran to her and clasped his arms about her; Now, now, said he, have you overcome me,

my niece: for the future I never will dispute with you on some of the arguments I have heretofore held against your sex. Were all women like you—

Her grandmother, as she sat, held out her open arms: My own Harriet! child of my heart! let me fold you to it!—She ran to her, and clasped her knees, as the old lady threw her arms about her neck—Pray for me, however, my grandmamma—that I may act up to my judgment, and as your child, and my aunt Selby's!—It *is* a trial—I own it—But permit me to withdraw for a few moments.

She arose, and was hastening out of the room; but her aunt took her hand; My dearest love, said she, Sir Charles Grandison is not married—but—

Why, why, interrupted she, if it *must* be so, is it *not* so?

At that moment in came Emily. She had been trying to suppress her concern; and fancied, it seems, that she had recovered her presence of mind: but the moment she saw her beloved Miss Byron, her fortitude forsook her. She gushed into tears, and, sobbing, would have quitted the room; but Miss Byron, stepping after her, caught her arm; My Emily, my love, my friend, my sister! fly me not: let me give you an example, my dear!—I am not ashamed to own myself affected: but I have fortitude, I hope!—Sir Charles Grandison, when he could not be happy from his own affairs, made himself a partaker in the happiness of others; and shall not you and I, after so great an example, rejoice in *his?*

I am, I am—grieved, replied the sobbing girl, for my Miss Byron. I don't love Italian ladies! Were you, madam, turning to her, Lady Grandison, I should be the happiest creature in the world.

But, Dr. Bartlett, said I, may we not, now that

Miss Byron knows the worst, communicate to her the contents of these letters?

I hope you will, Sir, said Mrs. Shirley. You see that my Harriet is a noble girl.

I rely upon your judgments, ladies, answered the doctor; and put the letters into Mrs. Shirley's hands.

I *have* read them, said I. We will leave Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron, together. We, Lucy, Nancy, Emily, will take a walk in the garden. Shall we have *your* company, Dr. Bartlett? I saw he was *desirous* to withdraw. Lucy *desired* to stay behind. Harriet looked, as if she wished Lucy to stay; and I led the other two into the garden, Dr. Bartlett leaving us at the entrance into it; and I told them the contents of the letters, as we walked.

They were greatly affected, as I thought they would be; which made me lead them out. Lord G. joined us in our walk, as well as in our concern; so that the dear Harriet had none but comforters left about her; who enabled her to support her spirits; for Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby had always applauded the preference their beloved child was so ready to give to Clementina, because of her malady; though it is evident, against their wishes. There never were three nobler women related to each other than Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron. But Mr. Selby is by no means satisfied, that my brother, loving Harriet, as he *evidently* does, should be so ready to leave her, and go to Italy. *His* censure arises from his love to my brother and to his niece: but I need not tell you, that, though a *man*, he has not a soul half so capacious as that of either of the three ladies I have named.

At our return from our little walk, it was lovely to see Harriet take her Emily aside, to comfort her, and to plead with her in favour of my brother's

obligations; as afterwards she did against her uncle. How the generous creature shone in my eyes, and in those of every-one present!

When she and I were alone, she took grateful notice of the concluding part of the third letter; where she is mentioned with so much tenderness, and in a manner so truly worthy of the character of the politest of men, as well respecting herself as her sex, charging himself with vanity and presumption, but to suppose to himself, that Miss Byron wanted his compassion, or had the tender regard for *him*, that he avows for *her*. She pleased herself, that he had not *seen* the very great esteem she had for him, as you and I had done: And how *could* he, you know? said she; for he and I were not often together; and I was under obligation enough to him to make him attribute my regard to gratitude: but it is plain, proceeded she, that he *loves* the poor Harriet —Don't you think so? and perhaps would have given her a preference to all other women, had he not been circumstanced as he was. Well, God bless him, added she; he was my first love; and I never will have any other—Don't blame me for this declaration, my dear Lady G. My grandmamma, as well as you, once chid me for saying so, and called me *romancer*—But is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?

But, alas! with all these appearances, it is easy to see, that this amiable creature's solitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of sighing. She rises with swelled eyes: sleep forsakes her: her appetite fails: and she is very sensible of all this; as she shews, by the pains she takes to conceal the alteration.

And must Harriet Byron, blessed with beauty so unequalled; health so blooming; a temper so even; passions so governable; generous and grateful, even

to heroism!—Superior to every woman in frankness of heart, in true delicacy; and in an understanding and judgment beyond her years—Must *she* be offered up, as a victim on the altar of hopeless love!—I deprecate such a fate;—I cannot allow the other sex such a triumph, though the man be my brother. It is, however, none; on the contrary, it is apparently a grief to his noble and truly manly heart, that so excellent a creature cannot be the sole mistress of it.

Mr. Deane came hither this morning. He is a valuable man. He opened his heart to me about an hour ago. He always, he says, designed Miss Byron for the heiress of the principal part of his possessions; and he let me know his circumstances; which are great. It is, I am convinced, true policy to be good. Young and old, rich and poor, dote upon Miss Byron. You remember what her uncle says in his ludicrous letter to her, covertly praising her, by pretending to find fault with her, that he is more noted for being the uncle of Miss Byron, than she is for being his niece; though of so long standing in the county: and I assure you, he is much respected too. But such beauty, such affability, a character so benevolent, so frank, so pious, yet so cheerful and unaffected, as hers is, must command the veneration and love of every one.

Mr. Deane is extremely apprehensive of her declining health. He believes her in a consumption: and has brought a physician of his intimate acquaintance to visit her: but she, and we all are convinced, that medicine will not reach her case: and she affected to be startled at his supposing she was in so bad a way, on purpose, as she owned, to avoid his kind importunity to take advice in a malady that nothing but time and patience can cure.

A charming correspondence is carried on between

Harriet and the Countess of D. Harriet is all frankness in it; so is Lady D. One day I hope to procure you a sight of their letters. I am allowed to inclose a copy of the countess's last. You will see the force of the reasoning on Harriet's declaration, that she will never think of a *second* lover. Her grandmother is entirely with the countess. So am I—Though the *first* was Sir Charles Grandison.

What will become of Lady Olivia, if the alliance between my brother and the Bologna family take effect?—She has her emissaries, who I suppose will soon apprise her of it. How will she flame out! I suppose you, who correspond with her, will soon be troubled with her invectives on this subject.

All here wish for you and Lord L. For my part, I long to see you both, and to be seen by you. You never could see me more to my advantage than now. We have nothing between us. But—" What your lordship pleases." " My dearest life, you have *no* choice." " You *prevent* me, my lord, in all my wishes."

I have told him, in love, of some of his foibles: and he thanks me for my instruction; and is resolved to be all I wish him to be.

I have made discoveries in his favour—More wit, more humour, more good sense, more learning, than I had ever till now, that I was willing to enquire after those qualities in him, imagined he had. He allows me to have a vast share of good understanding; and so he ought, when I have made such discoveries to *his* advantage.

In short, we so monstrously improve upon each other, that if we go on thus, we shall hardly know ourselves to be the same man and woman, that made such awkward figures in the eyes of all beholders a few months ago at St. George's church; and must be married over again to be sure of each other; for

you must believe, that we would not be the same odd souls we then were, on any account.

What raises him with me, is the good opinion every-body here has of him. *They* also have found him out to be a man of sense, a good-natured man; nay (would you believe it?) a handsome man; and all these people having deservedly the reputation of good sense, penetration, and so-forth, I cannot contradict them with credit to myself. When we married folks have made a silly choice, we should in policy, you know, for the credit of our judgment, try to make the best of it. I could name you half a score people who are continually praising, the man his wife, the woman her husband, who, were they at liberty to choose again, would be hanged before they would renew their bargain.

Let me tell you, that Emily will make an excellent wife, and mistress of a family. Miss Byron is one of the best œconomists, and yet one of the finest ladies in the county. As soon as she came down, she resumed the family direction, in ease of her aunt; which was her province before she came to London. I thought my-*self* a tolerable manager: but she has for ever stopt *my* mouth on this subject. Such a *succession* of *orderliness*, if I may so call it! One right thing is an introduction to another; and all is in such a method, that it seems impossible for the meanest servants to mistake their duty. Such harmony, such observance, yet such plêasure in every countenance!—But she is mistress of so much ease, so much dignity, and so much condescension, that she is worshipped by all the servants; and it is observable, hardly ever was heard to direct twice the same thing to be done, or remembered.

The servants have generally time for themselves, an hour or two in a day. Her orders are given over night; and as the family live in a genteel manner,

they are never surprised, or put out of course, by company. The poor only have the less of the remnants, if visiters or guests come in unexpectedly; and in such case, she says, they shall fare better another day. Emily is taking minutes of all her management: she is resolved to imitate her in every-thing. Hence it is, that I say, the girl will make one of the best wives in England: yet, how the dear Harriet manages it, I cannot tell; for we hardly ever miss her. But early hours, and method, and ease, without hurry, will do every-thing.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lord bless me, my dear Lady L.! I have been frightened out of my wits. This Lord G.—What do we do by marriage, but double our cares?—He was taken very ill two hours ago; a kind of fit. The first reflection that crossed me, when he was at worst, was this—What a wretch was I, to vex this poor man as I have done!—Happy, happy is the wife, in the depth of her affliction, on the loss of a worthy husband; happy the husband, if he *must* be separated from a good wife; who has no material cause for self-reproach to imbitter reflection, as to his or her conduct to the departed. Ah, Caroline, how little do we know of ourselves, till the hour of trial comes! I find I have more love for Lord G. than I thought I had, or could have, for any man!

* *

How have I *exposed* myself!—But they none of them upbraid me with my apprehensions for the honest man. He did fright me!—A wretch!—In his childhood he was troubled with these oddities, it seems!—He is so well, that I had a good mind to quarrel with him for terrifying me as he did. *For better and for worse!*—A cheat!—He should have told me that

he had been subject to such an infirmity—And then, from his apprehended fits, though involuntary, I should have claimed allowance for my real, though wilful ones. In which, however, I cheated not *him*. He saw me in them many and many a good time, before marriage.

I have this moment yours. I thought what would be the case with Olivia. She has certainly heard of the happy turn at Bologna, as they there must think it; or she would not resolve to leave England so soon, when she had determined to stay here till my brother's return. Unhappy woman! Harriet pities her!—But she has pity for every one that wants it.

Repeatedly all here are earnest to get you and your lord with us. Do, come if you can—Were it but one week; and perhaps we will go up together. If you don't come soon, your people will not suffer you to come one while. After all, my dear, these men are, as aunt Nell would say, odious creatures. You are a good forgiving soul; but that am not I. In a few months time I shall be as grave as a cat, I suppose: but the sorry fellow knows nothing of the matter yet. Adieu, Lady L.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF D. TO MISS BYRON.

[*Inclosed in the preceding.*]

July 1.

My dear Harriet has allowed me to write to her with the affectionate freedom of a mother: as such, I may

go on to urge a subject disagreeable to her; when not only the welfare of *both* my children is concerned in it, but when her own honour, her own delicacy of sentiment, is peculiarly interested.

Pure and noble as your heart is, it is misleading you: Oh, my Harriet, into what a labyrinth!—Have you kept a copy, my dear, of your last letter to me? It is all amiable, all yourself—But it is Harriet Byron again, in need of a rescuer—Shall I, my child, save you from being run away with by these tyrannous over-refinements? Yes, you will say, could I do it *disinterestedly*. Well, I will, *if I can*, imagine myself quite disinterested; suppose my son out of the case. And since I have told you, more than once, that I cannot allow the sacredness young people are apt to imagine in a first love; I must, you know, take it for granted, that even *his* to *you* is not absolutely unconquerable.

Let us then consider a little the bright fairy schemes, for so I must call them, which you have formed in the letter that lies before me*. Do not your excellent grandmamma and aunt see them in the same light? I dare say they do: but to one I love so dearly, how can I omit to offer my hand to extricate her out of a maze of bewildering fancy, in which she may else tread many a weary step, that ought to be advancing forward in the paths of happiness and duty?

Think but, what fortitude of soul, what strength even of constitution, you answer for, when you talk of living happy in a friendship with two persons, when they are united by indissoluble ties, the very thought of whose union makes your cheek fade, and your health languish. Ah, my beloved Harriet! is not this a fairy-scheme?

* This letter appears not.

Mistake me not; I do not suspect that your sentiments would want any thing of the purity, the generosity, the true heroism required in the idea of a friendship, like that you talk of. I suspect not in the *noble pair* [Does that phrase hurt you, my Miss Byron? Think then how your heart would suffer in the lasting conflict that must accompany the situation which you have proposed to yourself] I suspect not, in either of them, sentiments or behaviour unsuitable to your excellence: yet let me ask you one thing: Would not the example of such an attachment subsisting between persons known to have once had different views, and tenderer affections, mislead less delicate and less guarded minds into allowances dangerous to them; and subject souls, less great than Clementina, to jealousies, whether warrantable or not, of friendships that should plead yours for a precedent?

Do not be impatient, my dear; I have a great deal more to say. This *friendship*, what is it to be? Not *more* than friendship, disguised under the name of it: for how can that consist with your peace of mind, your submission to the dictates of reason, your resignation to the will of Providence? If then it be *only* friendship, how is it inconsistent with your forming an attachment of a *nearer kind* with a person of merit, who approves of, and will join in it? What think you, my dear, is that love which we vow at the altar? Surely, not adoration: not a preference of that object *absolutely*, as in excellence superior to every other imaginable being. No more, surely, in most cases, than such a *preferable choice* (all circumstances considered) as shall make us with satisfaction of mind, and with an affectionate and faithful heart, unite ourselves for life with a man whom we esteem; who we think is no disagreeable companion, but deserves our grateful regard; that his interest from

henceforth should be our own, and his happiness our study. And is not this very consistent, with admiring and loving the excellence of angels; and even with seeing and pitying, in this partner of our lives, such imperfections as make him evidently their inferior? Inferior even to such human angels, as you and I have in our heads at this moment.

Observe, my dear, I say only that such friendship is very consistent with being more nearly united to one who *knows* and *approves* it: for concealment of any thought, that much affects the heart, is, I think, in such a case (with very few exceptions from very particular circumstances) utterly unallowable, and blameably indelicate.

You are, I will not offend you, by saying to what *degree*, a reasonable and prudent young woman; pious, dutiful, and benevolent. Consider then, how much better you would account for the talents committed to you; how much more joy you would give to the best of friends; how much more good you would do to your fellow creatures, by permitting yourself to be called out into active life, with all its variety of relations, than you can while you continue obstinately in a single state, on purpose to indulge a remediless sorrow. The domestic connexions would engage you in a thousand, not unpleasing, new cares and attentions, that must inevitably wear out, in time, impressions which you would feel it unfit to indulge. All that is generous, grateful, reasonable, in your very just attachment, would remain; every-thing that passion and imagination have added, every unreasonable, every painful emotion, would be banished; and the friendship between the two families become a source of lasting happiness to both.

Adieu, my Harriet! I am afraid of being tedious on an unpleasing subject. If I have omitted any-

thing material in this argument, the excellent parents you are with, can abundantly supply it from their own reason, and experience of the world. Assure them of my unfeigned regard; and believe me, my dear child, with a degree of esteem, that no young creature ever merited half so well,

Your truly-affectionate

M. D.

PINNED ON BY LADY G.

"Don't you think, Lady L. that the contents of this letter ought to have the more weight with Harriet, as, were she to be Lady Grandison, they would suit her own case and Emily's, were Emily to make the same pretensions to a perpetual single life, on the improbability of marrying her first love? I shall freely speak my mind upon this subject, when Harriet can better bear the argument."

LETTER XIX.

FROM THE EARL OF G. TO LADY G.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER, London, July 28.

LET me be excused for asking you a question by pen and ink: When do you think of returning from Northamptonshire? Lady Gertrude and I are out of all patience with you; not with Lord G. We know, that wherever you are, there will he wish to be: his treasure and his heart *must* be together. But to me, who always loved my son; to Lady Gertrude, who always loved her nephew; and who equally rejoiced in the happy event that gave *me* a daughter, and *her* a niece; what can you say in excuse for robbing us of both? It is true, Miss Byron is a lady that

ought to be half the world to you: But must the other half have no manner of regard paid to it? I have enquired of Lord and Lady L. but they say you are so far from setting your time for return, that you are pressing them to go down to you. What can my daughter mean by this? Have you taken a house in Northamptonshire? Have you forgot that you have taken one in Grosvenor Square? Every-thing is done there, that you had ordered to be done; and all are at a stand for further directions. Let me tell you, Lady G. that my sister and I love you *both* too well to bear to be thus slighted. Love us but half as well, and you will tell us the day of your return. You don't consider that we are both in years; and that, in all probability, you may often rejoice in the company you are with, when you cannot have ours. Excuse this serious conclusion. I *am* serious upon the subject, because I love you with a tenderness truly paternal. Pray make mine and my sister's compliments acceptable to the loveliest woman in England, and to every one whom she loves, who are now in Northamptonshire. I am, my dearest daughter,

Your ever-affectionate

G.

LETTER XX.

LADY G. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF G.

July 30.

O MY dear lord! what do you mean? Are you and Lady Gertrude really angry with me? I cannot bear the serious conclusion of your letter. May you

both live long, and be happy! If my affectionate duty to you both will contribute to your felicity, it shall not be wanting. I was so happy here, that I know not when I should have returned to town, had you not, so kindly as to your intention, yet so severely in your expressions, admonished me. I will soon throw myself at your feet; and by the next post will fix the day on which I hope to be forgiven by you both. Let Lord G. answer for himself. Upon my word he is as much to blame as I am; nay, more; for he dotes upon Miss Byron.

Duty I avow: pardon I beg: never more, my dear and honoured lord, shall you have like reason to chide

Your ever-dutiful daughter,
Nor you, my dear Lady Gertrude,
Your most obedient niece,
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

London, Saturday, August 5.

THANK you, my reverend and dear Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Harriet the lovely and beloved. Thank you, my dear Lucy and Nancy Selby, and Kitty and Patty Holles; and good Miss Orme; and you, my dear disputatious uncle Selby, and honest cousin James, and all the rest of you; for your particular graces, favours, civilities, and goodness superabundant, to my bustling lord, and his lively dame. Let the good doctor and Emily thank you for themselves.

And who do you think met us at St. Alban's?—

Why, Beauchamp, Sir Harry and my lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves!

Poor Sir Harry! He is in a very bad way; and Lady Beauchamp and his son (who peradventure had a reason he gave not) prevailed upon him to make this little excursion, in hopes it would divert him. They had not for some weeks past seen him so cheerful as we made him.

Aunt Nell met us, at Barnet, with Cicely Badger, her still older woman, whom she keeps about her to make herself look young, on comparison—But a piece of bad news, Harriet: our aunt Nell has lost two more of her upper fore-teeth. A vile bit of bone (O how she execrates it!) which lurked in a fricasee, did the irreparable mischief: and the good old soul is teaching her upper-lip, when she speaks, to resign all motion to the under one, that it may as little as possible make the defect visible. What poor wretches are we, Harriet, men as *well* as women! We pray for long life; and what is the issue of our prayers, but leave to outlive our teeth and our friends; to stand in the way of our elbowing relations; and to change our swan-skins for skins of buff; which nevertheless will keep out neither cold nor infirmity! But I shall be serious by-and-by. And what is the design of my *pen-prattle*, but to make my sweet Harriet smile?

The earl and Lady Gertrude made up differences with me at first sight. The lady is a little upon the *fallal;* a little aunt *Nellish;* but I protest I love *her*, and reverence her *brother*.

Beauchamp is certainly in love with Emily. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, his hands trembled, his cheeks glowed, his tongue faltered—So young a gipsy to make a conquest of such importance! We women are powerful creatures, Harriet. As they say of horses, If we knew our own strength,

and could have a little more patience than we generally have, we might do what we would with the powerless lords of the creation. In my conscience, Harriet, look all *my* acquaintance through, of both sexes, I think there are three silly fellows to one silly woman: don't you think so in *yours*?—Are your Grevilles, your Fenwicks, your Fowlers, your Pollexfens, your Bagenhalls, and half a score more I could name, to be put in competition with Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady D. our Lucy, Nancy, Miss Orme, the two Miss Holles's?—Let uncle Selby and cousin James determine on the question.

I am half in hopes, that the little rogue Emily will draw herself in. Beauchamp is modest, yet not sheepish; he is prudent, manly, lively; has address: he will certainly draw her in, before she knows where she is: And how? Why by praising sincerely, and loving cordially, the man at *present* most dear to her. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, O Mr. Beauchamp, said she, with an innocent freedom, not regarding his tremblings, his glow, and his falterings, I am glad to see you: I long to have you entertain me with stories of my guardian. But, ah! Sir, speaking lower, and with a fallen countenance, tears ready to start, Whose is he by this time? Yet, if you *know* it, don't tell me: it must not, must not be.

The praises given to those we really love, I believe, are more grateful to us than those conferred on ourselves. I will tell you how I account for this, in general cases, my brother out of the question.—We doubt not our *own* merits; but may be afraid, that the favoured object will not be considered by others as we are willing to consider him: but if he is, we take the praise given him as a compliment to our own judgment. Self-love, self-love, at the bottom of all we say and do: I am convinced it is, notwith-

standing all you have urged to the contrary. *Generally*, you know, I said. Do you think I will allow you to judge of the generality of the world by what you find in one of the best hearts in it?

An instance, in point—I remember a Miss Hurste; a sweet pretty creature, and very sensible: she had from her chamber-window been shot through the heart by the blind archer, who took his stand on the feather of a military man marching at the head of his company through the market-town in which she lived. Yet was her susceptibility her *only* inducement; for the man was neither handsome in his person, nor genteel in his appearance: nor could she be in love with the *sense* of a man, had he been a Solomon, whose mouth she had then never seen opened, and to whose character she was as much a stranger, as *he* was to *hers*, or her person, till she contrived to have him made acquainted with his good fortune. Constant, however, to her first foolish impression, she, in opposition to all advice, and the expostulations of a tender and indulgent mother, married him. A Solomon he was *not*. And when he at any time, by virtue of his relation to her, was introduced into her family, how would she blush, whenever he opened his mouth! And how did her eyes sparkle with gratitude upon any one who took the least respectful notice of him! Compliments to herself were unheeded; but she seemed ready to throw herself at the feet of those who smiled upon, and directed themselves to, her captain. Poor girl! she wanted to give credit to the *motive* by which she had been actuated.

Now, Harriet, I charge you, that you think not that this man's name was Anderson. Somebody met with an escape! Yet now-and-then I blush for Somebody. Yet between this Somebody and Miss Hurste's cases there was this difference—A father's

apprehended—*Tyranny*—(shall I call it?) impressing the one; a tindery fit the other. In the one a timely recovery; in the other, the first folly deliberately confirmed.

Dear, dear Harriet! let me make you smile!—I protest, if you won't, I will talk of Lord D. and then I know you will frown.

The excellent lady of that name has already been to welcome us to town. She absolutely dotes upon you; so, she says, does the young earl. She prays day and night, she tells me, that my brother may soon come to England, his Italian bride in his hand. She expects every post to hear from Sir Arthur Brandon; who has carried a letter from her, and another from the Earl of N. recommending that promising young gentleman to my brother's favour, on his visiting Italy. She hopes my brother will not take amiss her freedom, at so short an acquaintance. If Sir Arthur sends her such news as *she* wishes, and *we* dread, to hear, away drives she to Northamptonshire—And should she, I don't know who will scruple to wish her success; for her young man rises every day in his character. My dear creature, you must, you shall, be in our row; and Lady D.'s last letter to you is unanswerable. Forgive me for touching upon this subject: but we have no hopes. You have nothing to fear; since you *expect* what the next mails will bring. And *who* of us, after all, have our first love? Aunt Nell would not have descended *sola* into her greys, nor Cicely Badger neither, if they might have obtained the men of their choice—Poor aunt Nell! she has been telling me (her taken-off spectacles in her fingers) of a disappointment of this kind in her youth, with such woeful earnestness, that it made me ready to cry for her. She lays it at the door of her brother, my poor father; and now will you wonder, that, to this hour,

she cannot speak of him with patience?—Poor aunt Nell!

Well, but how do you, my love? For Heaven's sake, be well. Could I make you speak out, could I make you complain, I should have some hope of you: but so sorrowful when alone, as we plainly see, yet aiming to be so cheerful in company—O my dear! you must be gluttonous of grief in your solitary hours. But what though the man *be* Sir Charles Grandison; Is not the woman Harriet Byron?

Lady L. tells me, that Olivia behaved like a distracted woman, when she took leave of her on her setting out to return to Italy. She sometimes wept, sometimes raved, and threatened. Wretched woman! Surely she will not attempt the life of the man she so ungovernably loves! *Our* case, Harriet, is not so hard as hers: but she will sooner get over her talkative, than you will your silent love. When a person can rave, the passion is not dangerous. If the head be safe, pride and supposed slight will in time harden the heart of such a one; and her love will be swallowed up by resentment.

You complimented me on my *civility* to my good man, all the time we were with you. Indeed I was *very* civil to him. It is now become a habit, and I verily think that it looks well in man and wife to behave prettily to each other before company. I now-and-then, however, sit down with a full design to make him look about him; but he is so obliging, that I am constrained, against my intention, to let the fit go off, without making him *very* serious.

Am I conceited, Harriet? Which of the two silly folks, do you think, has most (Not wit—Wit is a foolish thing, but) understanding? I *think* the woman has it, all to nothing.—Now don't mortify me. If you pretend to *doubt*, I will be *sure*. Upon my word, my dear, I am an excellent creature, *so* think-

ing, *so* assured, to behave so obligingly as I do to Lord G. Never, unless a woman has as much prudence as your Charlotte, let her wed a man who has less understanding than herself. But women marry not so much now for love, or fitness of tempers, as for the liberty of gadding abroad with less censure, and less controul—And yet, now I think of it, we need only to take a survey of the flocks of single women which crowd to Ranelagh and Vauxhall markets, dressed out to be *cheapened*, not *purchased*, to be convinced that the maids are as much above either shame or controul, as the wives. But were not *fathers* desirous to get the *drugs* off their hands (to express myself in young Danby's saucy stile) these freedoms would not be permitted. As for *mothers*, many of them are for escorting their daughters to public places, because they themselves like racketing.

But how, Charlotte, methinks you ask, do these reflections on your own sex square with what you said above of the preference of women to men?—How! I'll tell you. The men who frequent those places are still more silly than we. Is it their interest to join in this almost universal dissipation? And would the women crowd to market, if there were not men?

We are entered into our new house. It is furnished in taste. Lord G. has wanted but very little of my correction, I do assure you, in the disposition of every-thing: he begins to want employment. Have you, Harriet, any-thing to busy him in?—I am not willing to teach him to knot. Poor man! He has *already* knit one that he cannot untie.

God bless the honest soul! He came to me, just now, so prim, and so pleased—A parrot and paroquet—The parrot is the *finest* talker! He had great difficulty, he said, in getting them. He had ob-

served, that I was much taken with Lady Finlay's parrot. Lady Finlay had a marmouset too. I wonder the poor man did not bring me a monkey. O! but you'll say, That was needless—You are very smart, Harriet, upon my man. I won't allow any-body but myself to abuse him.

Intolerable levity, Charlotte!—And so it is. But to whom? Only to you. I love the man better every day than the former. When I write of him thus saucily, it is in the gaiety of my heart: but if, instead of a smile, I have drawn upon myself your contempt, what a mortification, however deserved, will that be to your

CHARLOTTE G.!

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON TO LADY G.

Selby-house, August 8.

You write, my dear Lady G. with intent to make me smile. I thank you for your intention: it is not wholly lost. My friends and I are one; and my uncle and *cousin James* laughed out at several places in your lively letter. Lucy smiled: But shall I tell you what my grandmamma and aunt said?

I will not. Now will your curiosity be excited.

To say the truth, they spoke not, they only shook their heads. I saw, my dear, greatly as they love and admire you, that if they had smiled, it would have been *at*, not *with*, the poor Charlotte (Let me pity you, my dear!) who, in some places of her letter, could sport with the infirmities of age, to which we are all advancing, and even wish to arrive at; and in others treat lightly a man, to whom she

owes respect, and has vowed duty; and who almost adores her.

You ask, my dear, which of a certain pair has most understanding? And you bid me not mortify you with giving it on the man's side. I will not. Lord G. is far from being wanting in understanding; but Lady G. has undoubtedly more than thousands, even of *sensible* women: but in her treatment of certain subjects, she by no means shews it. There's for you, my dear! I hope you will be displeased with your Harriet. You ought to take *one* of us to task. Methinks I would not have you be angry with yourself.

But, my dear, I am not well: this therefore may make me the less capable of relishing your raillery. These men vex me. Greville's obstinate perseverance, and so near a neighbour, that I cannot avoid seeing him often: poor Mr. Orme's ill health: these things afflict me.—Lady D. urging me, with such strength of reason (I am afraid I must say) and with an affection so truly maternal, that I know not how to answer her: and just now I have received a letter, unknown to that good lady, from the Earl of D.—laying in a claim, on a certain supposition, that—O my dear! how cruel is all this to your Harriet! My grandmamma by her eyes, I see, wishes me to think of marriage, and with Lord D.—as all thoughts—I need not say of what—are over—My aunt Selby's eyes are ready to second my grandmamma's—My uncle speaks out on the same side of the question: so do you: so does Lucy. Nancy is silent; she sees my disturbance when I am looked at, and talked to, on this subject—So ought Lucy, I think.—My soul, my dear, is fretted. I have begged leave to pass a fortnight or three weeks with my good Mr. Deane, who rejoiced at the motion; but my grandmother heard my request

with tears: she could not spare her Harriet, she told me. My aunt also dried *her* eyes—How, my Charlotte, could I think of leaving them?—Yet could they have parted with me, I should surely have been more composed with Mr. Deane than at present I can be any-where else. He is more delicate (Shall I be excused to say?) than my uncle.

Were but the news come that the solemnity is over—I am greatly mistaken in myself, if I should not be more easy than I am at present—But then I should be more teazed, more importuned, than before. You tell me, the Countess of D. would come down: the very thought of that visit hurts me.

I have no doubt but by this time the knot is tied. God Almighty shower on the heads of both, the choicest of his blessings! I should be quite out of humour with myself, if I were not able to offer up this prayer as often as I pray for myself.

I beg of you, my dear, to speed to me the next letters from Italy, be the contents what they will. You know I am armed. Shall the event I wish to be over, either surprise or grieve me?—I hope not.

I will not pity Lady Olivia, because she threatened and raved. True love rages not; threatens not. Yet a disappointment in love is a dreadful thing; and may operate, in different minds, different ways; as I have read somewhere.

I shall write to all my friends in town, and at Colnebrook: I trouble you not, therefore, with particular compliments to them.

How could you mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and say no more of them? I thought you loved them both. They are deserving of your love, and love you.

Never, I believe, did any young creature suffer in her mind by suspense as I have done for some months past. In the present situation of things I know not

what further to write. What *can* I, my Charlotte? —Conjectural topics are reserved for my closet and pillow.

Adieu, and adieu, my beloved friend, my dear Lady G. Be good, and be happy! What a blessing, that *both* are in your power! May they ever be so! And may you make a good use of that power, prays your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, July 8-19.

My heart is unusually sad. How imperfect is that happiness which we cannot enjoy without giving pain to another!

The Count of Belvedere has been made acquainted with the hopeful turn in the mind of Clementina; and that, in all probability, she will be given as a reward to the man to whose friendly cares for her, and her brother, the whole family attribute the happy alteration; and late last night he gave me notice of his arrival in this city, and of his intention to pay me an early visit this morning.

I have just now had a message from Clementina by Camilla, with a request, that I will suspend my intended visit till the afternoon.

I asked Camilla, If she knew the reason of this; and of her being so early dispatched with it? She replied, It was her young lady's own order, without consulting any body. The marchioness, she said, told her yesterday in the afternoon, that every-thing was now absolutely determined upon between them

and me; and she would be mistress of her own wishes; and that I should be allowed to attend her in the morning at breakfast, to know what those were. Her young lady, on this happy communication (so Camilla called it) threw herself at her mother's feet, and in a very graceful manner acknowledged her father's and her indulgence to her; and from that hour her temper took a turn different from what it had been before. For, ever since, she has been silent, solemn, and reserved; yet busy at her pen, transcribing fair from her pocket-book what she had written in it. To-morrow, Camilla!—To-morrow! said she, breaking once her solemn silence, her complexion varying, will be a day indeed! O that it were come! and yet I dread it. How shall I, face to face, converse with this exalted man! What shall I do to appear as great as he? His goodness fires me with emulation!—O that to-morrow were come, and gone!

This was over night. I believe, proceeded Camilla, that the dear lady is drawing up some conditions of her own for you to sign: but, Sir, I dare say, by the hint she has thrown out, they will be generous ones, and what will have more of fancy than hardship in them.

I had much ado to prevail upon her, continued her faithful woman, to go to rest at midnight: yet at four in the morning she arose, and went to her pen and ink; and about six commanded me to call Laura to attend her, while I went to you with the message I have brought. I expostulated with her, and begged she would delay it till the marchioness arose; but she began to be impatient: I have *reason* in my request, Camilla, said she. I must not be contradicted, or expostulated with: my head will not bear opposition, at this time. Is it a slight thing for such a poor creature as I have been, and am, to be put

out of her course? Am I not to have a meeting with the Chevalier Grandison, on the most important act of my life? My mamma tells me, that I am to be now mistress of my own will; don't *you*, Camilla, seek to controul me. I shall not be prepared enough for the subject he will possibly talk to me upon, till the afternoon: and if I know he is in the house with an expectation of seeing me, I shall want the presence of mind I am struggling to obtain.

So, Sir, concluded Camilla, I have performed my duty. The dear lady, I see, will be in too much confusion, if the important subject be not begun with precaution: but who shall instruct you in such delicate points as these? One thing, however, permit me, Sir, to observe: I have often known young ladies go on courageously with a lover, while the end in view has been distant, or there have been difficulties to encounter with; but when these difficulties are overcome, and they have ascended the hill they toiled up, they have turned round, and looked about them, with fear as strong as their hope.

What the conditions may be—

But the Count of Belvedere is come.

Ten o'clock.

The count accosted me, in return for the kindest reception I could give him, with an air of coldness and displeasure. I was surprised at a behaviour so different from his usual politeness, and the kindness he had ever shewn me. I took notice to him of it. He asked me, If I would tell him faithfully what my present situation was with Lady Clementina?

I will, my lord, if I tell you any-thing of it: but the temper of mind you seem to be in, may not perhaps, for your own sake, any more than mine, make it prudent for me to comply with your expectations.

You need not give me any other answer, replied

he. You seem to be sure of the lady; but she must not, she *shall* not, be yours, while I am living.

It is not for me, my lord, who have met with many amazing turns and incidents which I have not either invited or provoked, to be surprised at *any*-thing: but if your lordship has any expectations, any demands to make on this subject, it must be from the family of the Marchese della Porretta, and not from me.

Do you think, Sir, that I feel not the sting of this reference? And yet all the family, but one, are in my interest in their hearts; every consideration is on my side; not one, but the plausibility of your generosity, and the speciousness of your person and manners, on yours.

A man, my lord, should not be reproached for qualities, upon which, whether he has them or not, he values not himself. But, let me ask you, Were my pretensions out of the question, has your lordship any hope of an interest in the affections of Lady Clementina?

While she is unmarried, I *may* hope. Had you not come over to us, I make no doubt but I might, in time, have called her mine. You cannot but know, that her absence of mind was no obstacle with me.

I am wholly satisfied in my own conduct, replied I: that, my lord, is a great point with me: I am not accountable for it to any man on earth. Yet, if you have any doubts about it, propose them. I have a high opinion of the Count of Belvedere, and wish to have him think well of me.

Tell me, chevalier, what your present situation is with Lady Clementina? What is concluded upon between the family and you? And whether Clementina herself has declared for you?

She has not yet declared herself *to me*. I repeat,

that I have a value for the Count of Belvedere, and will therefore acquaint him with more than he has reason to expect from the humour which seems to have governed him in this visit.—I am to attend her this afternoon, by appointment: her family and I understand one another. I have been willing to consider the natural impulses of a spirit so pure, though disturbed, as the finger of Providence. I have hitherto been absolutely passive: in honour I cannot now be so. This afternoon, my lord—

'This afternoon,' trembling; What! this afternoon!—

Will my destiny as to Lady Clementina, be determined.

I am distracted. If her *friends* are determined in your favour, it is from necessity, rather than choice: but if the lady is left to *her own* determination, I am a lost man.

You have given a reason, my lord, for your acquiescence, *should* Lady Clementina determine in my favour—But it cannot be a happy circumstance for me, if, as you hint, I am to enter into the family of Porretta as an unwelcome relation to any of them; and still less, if my good fortune should make a man, justly valued by all who know him, unhappy.

And are you, this afternoon, chevalier, to see Clementina for the purpose you intimate? This *very* afternoon?—And are you then to change your passive conduct towards her? And will you court, will you urge her to consent to be yours? Religion, country—Let me tell you, Sir—I must take resolutions. With infinite regret I tell you, that I must. You will not refuse to meet me. The consent is not *yet* given: you shall not rob Italy of such a prize. Favour me, Sir, this moment, without the city gates.

Unhappy man! How much I pity you! You

know my principles. It is hard, acting as I have done, to be thus invited. Acquaint yourself with my whole conduct in this affair, from the bishop, from Father Marescotti, from the general himself, so much *always* your friend, and *once* so little mine. What has influenced them (so much as you seem to think against their inclinations) cannot want its influence upon a mind so noble as that of the Count of Belvedere. But whatever be your resolutions upon the enquiries I wish you to make, I tell you before-hand, that I never will meet you but as my friend.

He turned from me with emotion: he walked about the room as a man irresolute; and at last, with a wildness in his air, approached me—I will go this instant, said he, to the family: I will see Father Marescotti, and the bishop; and I will let them know my despair. And if I cannot have hope given me—O chevalier! once more I say, that Lady Clementina shall not be yours, while I live.

He looked round him, as if he would not have any-body hear what he was going to say, but me, though no one was near; and whispering, It is better, said he, to die by your hand, than—He stopt; and in disorder hurried from me; and was out of sight when I got down to the door.

The count, when he came up to me, left his valet below; who told Saunders, that Lady Sforza had made his lord a *visit* at Parma; and by something she related to him, had stimulated him to make *this* to me. He added, that he was very apprehensive of the humour he came in, and which he had held ever since he saw Lady Sforza.

How, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do the *rash* escape as they do; when I, who endeavour to *avoid* embarrassments, and am not ready either to give or take offence, am hardly able to extricate myself from one

difficulty, but I find myself involved in another? What cannot a woman do, when she resolves to make mischief among friends? Lady Sforza is a high-spirited and contriving woman. It is not for her interest that Clementina should marry at all: but yet, as the Count of Belvedere is a cool, a dispassionate man, and knows the views of that lady, I cannot but wonder what those arts must be, by which she has been able to excite, in so calm a breast, a flame so vehement.

I am now hastening to the palace of Porretta; my heart not a little affected with the apprehensions given me by Camilla's account of her young lady's solemn, yet active turn, on the expected visit. For does it not indicate an imagination too much raised for the occasion (important as that is); and that her disorder is far from subsiding?

LETTER XXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Saturday evening.

I SIT down, now, my dear and reverend friend, to write to you particulars which will surprise you. There is not on earth a nobler woman than Clementina! What at last—But I find I must have a quieter heart, and fingers too, before I can proceed.

* *

I think I am a little less agitated than I was. The above few lines shall go; for they will express to you the emotions of my mind, when I attempted to write an account of what had then so newly passed.

As soon as I entered the palace, Camilla met me,

and conducted me to the marchioness. The marquis and the bishop were with her. O chevalier! said she, we have been greatly disturbed by a visit from the Count of Belvedere. Poor man!—He says he waited on you at your lodgings.

He did. I then, at the bishop's request, told them all that had passed between us, except his last words, which implied, that it was better to die by the hand of another man, than by his own.

They expressed their concern for him, and their apprehensions for me; but I found that his unexpected visit had not altered their purpose in my favour. They were convinced, they told him, that the restoration of their daughter's tranquillity of mind depended upon giving her entirely her own way; and not one word more of opposition or contradiction should she meet with from them.

I have been hindered, said the marchioness, by this unhappy man's visit, and his vehemence, which moved me to pity him (for I am afraid that he will be in our daughter's unhappy way) from watching in person the humour of my child; which, two hours ago, Camilla told me, was very particular. I was going to her, when you came; but I will send for Camilla.—She did.

As soon as she saw me in the morning, continued the marchioness, she apologized to me for sending Camilla to you, to suspend your visit till the afternoon. She was not, she said, *prepared* to see you. —I asked her, continued she, What preparation was wanted to see a man esteemed by us all, and who had given such instances of his regard to her?

Madam, answered she, and seemed as if gasping for breath, Am I not now to see him in a light, in which hitherto I never beheld him? I have a thousand things to say to him, none of which perhaps I shall be able to say, except he draws them from me. He

hinted once, very lately, that he could only be rewarded by a *family act*. We *cannot* reward him; that is my grief: I must see him with a heart overwhelmed with obligation. He will appear as a prince to me: I must to myself as his vassal. I have been putting down, in writing, what I should say to him; but I cannot please myself. O madam! he is great in my eyes, because I am unable to reward him as he deserves. I told her, that her fortune, her quality, the sacrifice she would make of her country (though never, I hoped, of her religion) ought to give her a higher opinion of herself; though all these were far from cancelling the obligation we all were under to him, on our Jeronymo's account, as well as on hers.

Well, madam, replied she, Heaven only knows how I shall be able to behave to him, now you have left every-thing to myself; and now he will talk to me, by permission, on a subject so new, yet so very interesting. O that this day were over!

I asked her, proceeded the marchioness, if she would yet take further time?—A week, or more?

O no, said she: that must not be. I shall be prepared to see him, I hope, by the afternoon. Pray let him come then. I am very clear now, putting her hand to her forehead: I may not be so a week, nor a day hence.

Camilla then entered the room. Camilla, said the marchioness, In what way is the dear creature now?

Ever since your ladyship left her she has been more reserved, and thoughtful; yet her spirits are high: her mind seems full of the chevalier's next visit; and twice, within this half-hour, she asked, If he were come? She reads over and over, something she has written; lays it down, takes it up; walks about the room; sometimes with an air of dignity, at others hanging down her head. I don't like her

frequent startings. Within this hour she has several times shed tears. She sighs often. She was not to be pleased with her dress. Once she would be in black; then in colours; then her white and silver was taken out: but that, she said, would give her a bridal appearance: she at last chose her plain white lustring. She looks like an angel. But O that her eyes, and her motions, shewed greater composure!

You have a task before you, chevalier, said the bishop. What tokens are these of a disordered, yet a raised mind! We may see, from these extraordinary agitations, on the expectation of a conversation that is to end in her consent to crown your wishes, how much her heart has been in that event: may it be happy to you both!

I fear nothing, said the marchioness, as to the happiness of my child, that lies within the power of the chevalier: I am sure of his tendernes to her.

I think, said the marquis, we will allow the chevalier to carry his bride over to England for the *first* six months, and return with her to us in the *second*: it may give a new turn to the course of her ideas. The same places, the same persons, always in view, may sadden her reflecting heart. And, besides, the mind of the poor Count of Belvedere may be strengthened by his absence.

The bishop applauded this thought. The marchioness said, *Reason* may approve the motion; but can the *mother* so soon part with her child?—Yet for her happiness, I must submit.

Let us, said the marquis, leave this to her choice, as the rest. Camilla, let my daughter know, that the chevalier attends her pleasure. You would have it so, chevalier?

I bowed my assent.

Camilla returned not presently: when she did; I

could not come sooner, said she. My young lady is strangely fluttered. I have been reasoning with her.—Madam, turning to the marchioness, Will you be pleased to walk up to her?

Had this been the *first* interview, said the bishop, I should not have wondered at her discomposure—But this disorder shews itself in a strange variety of shapes.

The marchioness, attended by Camilla, went up. I was soon sent for. The marchioness met me at the entrance of the young lady's dressing-room—and retiring, whispered—I believe she had rather be alone with you. Dear creature! I don't know what to make of her. She has, I fancy, something to propose to you. Camilla, come with me. We will be but in the next room, chevalier.

When I entered the room, the young lady was sitting in a pensive mood, at her toilette; her hand supporting her head. A fine glow overspread her cheeks, as soon as she saw me: she arose, and, courtesying low, advanced a few steps towards me; but trembled, and looked now down, now aside, and now consciously glancing towards me.

I approached her, and, with profound respect, took her hand with both mine, and pressed it with my lips. I address not myself now to Lady Clementina as my pupil: I have leave given me to look upon her in a nearer light; and she will have the goodness to pardon the freedom of this address.

Ah, chevalier! said she, turning her face from me, but not withdrawing her hand—And hesitating, as if not knowing how to speak her mind, sighed, and was silent.

I led her to her chair. She sat down, still trembling. God be praised, said I, bowing my face on both her hands, as I held them in mine, for the amended health of the lady so dear to all who have

the happiness of knowing her! May her recovery, and that of our dear Jeronymo, be perfected!

Happy man! said she, happy in the power given you to oblige as you have done!—But how, how shall I—O, Sir! you know not the conflict that has rent my heart in pieces, ever since—I forget when. —O chevalier! I have not power—She stopt, wept, and remained silent.

It is in your power, madam, to make happy the man to whom you own obligations which are already overpaid.

I took my seat by her, at her silent motion to a chair.

Speak on, Sir: my soul is labouring with great purposes. Tell me, tell me, all you have to say to me. My heart is too big for its prison, putting her hand to it: it wants room, methinks; yet utterance is denied me—Speak, and let me be silent.

Your father, mother, brothers, uncle, are all of one mind. I am permitted to open my heart to their Clementina; and I promise myself a gracious audience. Father Marescotti befriends me.—The terms, madam, are those I offered when I was last in Italy.

She hung down her head, in listening silence—

Every other year I am to be happy with my Clementina in England—

Your Clementina, Sir!—Ah chevalier!—She blushed, and turned away her face—*Your* Clementina, Sir! repeated she—and looked pleased; yet a tear stole down on her glowing cheek.

Yes, madam, I am encouraged to hope you will be mine.—You are to have your confessor, madam. Father Marescotti will do me the honour of attending you in that function. His piety, his zeal; my own charity for all those who differ from me in opinion; my honour, so solemnly engaged to the family who

condescend to entrust me with their dearest pledge, will be your security.

Ah, Sir! interrupted she, And are not you then to be a Catholic?

You *consented*, madam, when I was last in Italy, that I should pursue the dictates of my conscience.

Did I? said she, and sighed!—Well, Sir—

Your father or mother, madam, will acquaint you with every other particular in which you shall want to be satisfied.

Tears stood in her eyes; she seemed in great perplexity. She would twice or thrice have spoken; but speech was denied her: at last, she gave me her hand, and directed her steps, trembling to her closet. She entered it. Leave me, leave me, said she; and putting a paper in my hand, and shutting to the door, instantly, as I saw, fell on her knees; and I, to avoid hearing sobs which pierced my heart, went into the next apartment, where were her mother and Camilla, who had heard part of what had passed between us. The marchioness went to her; but presently returning, The dear creature, said she, is quite sensible, thank God, though in grief. She besought me to leave her to her own struggles. If she could but be assured that you, chevalier, would forgive her, she should be better. She had given you a paper. Let him read it, said she; and let me stay here till he sends for me, if he can bear in his sight, *after* he has read it, a creature unworthy of his goodness.—What, said the marchioness, can be the meaning of all this?

I was as much surprised as she. I had not opened the paper, and offered to read it in her presence; but she desired to hear it read in her lord's, if it were proper; and precipitately withdrew, leaving me in the young lady's dressing-room, Camilla attending in the next apartment, to wait her com-

mands. I was astonished at the contents. These are they *:

O thou whom my heart best loveth, forgive me!—Forgive me, said I, for what?—For acting, if I am enabled to act, greatly? The example is from thee, who, in my eyes, art the greatest of human creatures. My duty calls upon me one way: my heart resists my duty, and tempts me not to perform it: do thou, O God, support me in the arduous struggle! Let it not, as once before, overthrow my reason; my but just-returning reason!—O God! do thou support me, and strengthen my reason. My effort is great! It is worthy of the creature, which thou, Clementina, didst always aspire to be.

My tutor, my brother, my friend! O most beloved and best of men! seek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of thee. Thy SOUL was ever most dear to Clementina: whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy: and how? Why, by meditating the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that SOUL, thought I, to be saved? Dear obstinate, and perverse! And shall I bind my soul to a soul allied to perdition? That so dearly loves that soul, as hardly to wish to be separated from it in its future lot.—O thou most amiable of men! How can I be sure, that, were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee, by love, by sweetness of manners, by condescending goodness? I, who once thought a heretic the worst of beings, have been already led, by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy charity to all thy fellow-creatures, to think more favourably of all heretics, for thy sake? Of what force would be the admonitions of the most

* Translated by Dr. Bartlett.

pious confessor, were thy condescending goodness, and sweet persuasion, to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine? I know that I should not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee: yet, sensible of thy superior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled? My confessor would, in that case, grow uneasy with me. Women love not to be suspected. Opposition arises from suspicion and contradiction; thy love, thy gentleness, thrown in the other scale, should I not be lost?

And what have my father, my mother, my brothers done, that I should shew myself willing to leave them, and a beloved country, for a country but lately hated too, as well as the religion? But now, that that hatred is gone off, and so soon, gives another instance of my weakness, and thy strength, O most amiable of men!—O thou, whom my soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: since wert thou to convince me at the *time*, my doubts would return; and whenever thou wert absent, I should be doubly miserable. For canst thou, can I, be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shewn me, that *thou* canst not? And shall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong religion have a force, an efficacy, upon *thee*, which a right one cannot have upon *me*?—O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy love!

But dost thou *indeed* love me? Or is it owing to thy generosity, thy compassion, thy nobleness, for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, could not sustain the effort? I call upon thee, blessed Virgin, to witness, how I *formerly* struggled with myself! How much I endeavoured to subdue that affection which I ever must bear to him!—*Permit* me, most

generous of men, to subdue it! It is in thy power to hold me fast, or to set me free. I know thou lovest Clementina: it is her pride to think that thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own, that thou lovest her soul, her immortal soul, and her future peace. In *that* wilt thou shew thy love, as she has endeavoured to shew hers. *Thou* art all magnanimity: *thou* canst sustain the effort which *she* was unequal to. Make some other woman happy!—But I cannot bear that it shall be an Italian. If it *must* be an Italian, not Florence, but Bologna, shall give an Italian to thee!

But can I shew thee this paper, which has cost me so many tears, so much study, so much blotting-out, and revising and transcribing, and which yet I drew up with an *intent* to shew thee? I verily think I cannot: nor *will* I, till I can see, by conversing with thee face to face, what I shall be enabled to do, in answer to prayers to Heaven, that it *would* enable me!—O how faint, at times, have been those prayers!

You, my father, my mother, my brothers, and you my spiritual father, pious and good man! have helped to subdue me, by your generous goodness. You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I shall be. But do I not know, that you have complied with me, for *my* sake only?—Shall I not, if it please God to restore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which you, Father Marescotti, in particular, formerly urged against an alliance with this noblest of men, because he was of a religion so contrary to my own, and so pertinacious in it? And will those *recollections* make me happy? O permit, permit me, my dearest friends, still to be God's child, the spouse of my Redeemer only! Let me, let me yet take the veil!—

And let me, in a place consecrated to his glory, pass the remainder of my life (it may not be a long one) in prayers for you all, and in prayers for the conversion and happiness of the man, whose soul my soul loveth, and ever must love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed against this motive, and my soul's everlasting welfare? Let me take a great revenge of my cruel cousin Laurana. Let hers be the estate so truly despised, and so voluntarily forfeited, by the happier Clementina!—Are we not all of us rich and noble? Shall I not have a great revenge, if I can be enabled to take it in this way?

O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen, and not impair, a resolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep: for God only knoweth what this struggle from the first hath cost me; and what it will still further cost me! But, my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And shall I not endeavour to make the *close* of it happy? *Let* me be great, my chevalier! how fondly can I nevertheless call thee *my* chevalier! Thou canst make the unhappy Clementina what thou pleasest.

But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not *his* magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, *almost* divine, philanthropist, canst thou forgive me?—But I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I

have the presumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage so wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the resolution, to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friend's generosity: but do God and thou enable me to say, Not my will, but his and theirs, be done!—Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit) to add what name thou pleasest, to that of

CLEMENTINA ——

Never was man more astonished, perplexed, confounded. For a few moments, I forgot that the angel was in her closet, expecting the issue of my contemplations; and walking out of her dressing-room, I threw myself on a sofa, in the next room, not heeding Camilla, who sat in the window; my mind tortured; how greatly tortured! Yet filled with admiration of the angelic qualities of Clementina, I tried to look again into the paper; but the contents were all in my mind, and filled it.

She rang. Camilla hastened to her. I started as she passed me. I arose; yet trembled; and for a moment sat down to re-assure my feet. But Camilla, coming to me, roused me out of the stupidity that had seized me. Never was I so little present to myself, as on this occasion—A woman so superior to all her own sex, and to all that I had read of, of ours.—O Sir, said Camilla, my lady dreads your anger. She dreads to see you: yet hopes it—Hasten, hasten, and save her from fainting—O how she loves you! How she fears your displeasure!—Hers indeed is *true* love!

She said this as she conducted me in, as I now recollect; for then all my faculties were too much engaged, to attend to her.

I hastened in. The admirable lady met me half-way; and throwing herself at my feet—Forgive me, forgive the creature, who must be miserable, if you are offended with her.

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised, she said, till I had forgiven her.

I kneeled to her, as she kneeled; and clasping her in my arms, Forgive you, madam! Inimitable woman! More than woman!—Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming, to hope to call such an angel mine!

She was ready to faint; and cast her arms about me to support herself. Camilla held to her her salts: —I myself, for the first time, was sensible of benefit from them, as my cheek was joined to hers, and bathed with her tears.

Am I, am I, forgiven—Say that I am!—

Forgiven! madam! You have done nothing that requires forgiveness. I adore your greatness of mind! —What you wish, bid me be, and that I *will* be. Rise, most excellent of human creatures!

I raised her; and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her; holding both her hands in mine as she sat, and looking up to her with eyes that spoke not my heart, if they were not full of love and reverence.

Camilla had run down to the marchioness—O madam! it seems she said—*Such* a scene! Hasten, hasten up. They will faint in each other's arms. Virtuous love! how great is thy glory!

The marchioness hastened after Camilla, and found me in this kneeling posture, her daughter's hands both in mine—Dear chevalier, said she, restrain your *grateful rapture!* For the sake of the sweet child's

head, grateful as I see by her eyes it must be to her—restrain it.

O madam, quitting Clementina's hands and rising, and taking one of hers—Glory in your daughter: you always loved and admired her; but you will now *glory* in her. She is an angel—Give me leave, madam (to Clementina) to present this paper to the marchioness.

I gave it to her—Read it, madam—Let your lord, let the bishop, let Father Marescotti, read it—But read it with compassion for me; and then direct me what to say, what to do! I resign myself wholly to your direction, and theirs; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina.

You say, you forgive me, chevalier:—now shall I forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. This is my direction, chevalier—Love my MIND, as *yours* ever was the principal object of my love!

What, my dear, can be in this paper? said the marchioness, holding it in her hand, trembling, and afraid to open it.

Pardon me, madam, answered Clementina—I could not shew it to you first. I could not reveal my purpose to Camilla neither. How could I, when I knew not whether I could or could not maintain it, or even mention it?—But now, best of men, and, rising, laid her hand on my arm, leave me for a few moments. My heart is disturbed* Be so good as to excuse me, madam.

She again retired to her closet. We heard her sob: and Camilla hastening to her—O these hysterical disorders! said she—They tear her tender constitution in pieces.

The marchioness left her to Camilla; and offered me her hand.

Surprising! said she, as we went. Where will all this end? What can be in this paper?

I was unable to answer. And coming to the passage that led to her drawing-room, where she had left the gentlemen, I bowed; and, the same passage leading to the back-stairs, took that way into the garden, in order to try to recover and compose my spirits.

Who, my dear friend, could have expected such a turn as this?

I had not walked long, before Mr. Lowther came to me—Signor Jeronymo, Sir, said he, is greatly disturbed on reading a paper that has been put into his hands. He begs to see you instantly.

Mr. Lowther left me at Jeronymo's chamber-door.

He was on his couch. O my Grandison, said he, as I approached him with a thoughtful air, how much am I concerned for you! I cannot bear, that such a spirit as yours should be subjected to the petulance of a brain-sick girl!

Hush, my Jeronymo! Let not the friend forget the brother. Clementina is the noblest of women. It is true, I was not prepared for this blow. But I reverence her for her greatness of mind—You have read her paper?

I have; and am astonished at its contents.

The marquis, the count, the bishop, and Father Marescotti, entered. The bishop embraced me. He disclaimed, in the name of every one, the knowledge of her intentions: he expected, he said, that she would have received my address with raptures of joy. But she *must*, she *will*, be yours, chevalier. We are all engaged in honour to you. This is only a start of female delicacy, operating on a raised imagination. She leaves it to you, after all, to call her by what name you please.

May it be so! But ah, my lords! you see not the force of her arguments. With a lady so zealous in her religion, and so justly fond of her relations and country, they *must* have weight—Instruct me, tell me, however, my lords: be pleased, madam [the marchioness joined us just before] to advise me, what to do?—I am yours.—I will withdraw. Consult together; and let me know what I am to be.

I withdrew, and walked again into the garden.

Camilla came to me. O chevalier! What strange things are these? My lady has taken a resolution she never will be able to support. She commanded me to find you out, and to watch your looks, your behaviour, your temper. She cannot live, she says, if you are displeased with her—I see that your mind is greatly disturbed. Must I report it so?

Tell her, Camilla, that I am all resignation to her will: disturbed as she has been, tell her, that her peace of mind is dear to me as my own life: that I *can* have no anger, no resentment; and that I admire her more than I can express.

Camilla left me. Father Marescotti came to me presently after, with a request, that I would attend the family in Jeronymo's chamber.

We went up together. All that the good father said, as we walked in, was, that God knew what was best for us: for *his* part, he could only wonder and adore in silence.

When we were all seated, the bishop said, My dear chevalier, you have intitled yourself to our utmost gratitude. It is confirmed, that Clementina shall be yours. Jeronymo will have it so: we are all of his mind. My mother will enter into conversation with her in your favour.

I am equally obliged and honoured by this goodness. But should she persist, what can I say, when she calls upon me in the most solemn manner, to

support her in her resolution; and not to put her upon taking advantage of the generosity of her friends?

She will be easily persuaded, no doubt, chevalier, answered the bishop. She loves you. Does she not say in this very paper, "that it is in your power to make her break or keep her resolution? and to add what name you please to her christian name?"

Nor can I, said the marquis, bear that flight, in Laurana's favour. If her mind were sound, her duty would not permit her to think of it.

It is our unanimous opinion, resumed the bishop, that she will not be able to support her resolution. You see she is obliged to court your assistance, to enable her to keep it. Father Marescotti, it is true, has laid a stress upon some passages, in which she shews a doubt of her own strength, and dreads yours in a certain article nearest our hearts: but she must be cautioned to leave all arguments of that kind to her confessor and you; and to content herself to be an auditor, not an arguer; and we doubt not your honour. The marriage-articles will bind you, as they shall us—And now allow me to be beforehand with your Jeronymo, and ours, in saluting you our brother.

He took my hand; and, embracing me as such, You deal nobly with me, my lord, said I. I resign myself to your direction.

Jeronymo affectionately held out his arms, and joyfully saluted me as his brother. The marquis, the count, each took my hand: and, the marchioness offering hers, I pressed it with my lips; and, withdrawing, hastened to my lodgings; with a heart, O Dr. Bartlett, how penetrated by a suspense so strange and unexpected!

But when they attribute to flight, and unsoundness of mind, that glorious passage, in which she

proposes to take a revenge so noble on the cruel Laurana, they seem unable to comprehend, as I can easily do, the greatness of mind of this admirable woman.

LETTER XXV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, Monday, July 10-21.

I HAD no call for rest that night. I only reposed myself in a chair for about an hour. I sent early in the morning a note, to enquire, with the tenderest solicitude, after all their healths; and particularly Clementina's and Jeronymo's. A written answer was returned by Jeronymo, that his sister had rested so very ill, that it was thought adviseable to keep her quiet all day; unless she should be particularly earnest to see me; and, in that case, they would send me word.

I was myself very much indisposed; yet could scarce deny myself, though uninvited, to attend them at dinner. My own disorder, however, determined me not to go, unless sent for. It would, I thought, be too visible to them all; and might raise a suspicion, that I wanted to move compassion: a meanness of which I am not capable. Yet, indisposed as I was still more in the afternoon, I hoped to have an invitation for half an hour. But not being sent to, I repeated my enquiries in another billet. No invitation followed. On the contrary, Jeronymo wrote one line, wishing to see me in the morning.

I had as little rest last night, as the night before.

My impatience carried me to the palace of Porretta sooner than usual this morning.

Signor Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. He hoped I did not take amiss, that they invited me not the day before. To say the truth, said he, the day's rest was judged entirely necessary for you both: for my sister particularly: and she was so uneasy and displeased at your going away on Saturday, without taking leave of her, that she was the more easily persuaded not to see you yesterday. But already this morning, I understand, she asks after you with impatience. You are angry at her, she supposes, and will never see her more. You had but just left us, on Saturday night, when Camilla came down, with her request to see you. For my part, proceeded he, my thoughts are so much carried out of myself, by the extraordinary turn she has taken, that, at times, I forget I ail any-thing.

He then asked, if I could forgive his sister; and reflected on the sex, on her account, as never knowing their own minds, but when they meet with obstacles to their wills. But she must, she will, be yours, my Grandison, said he; and, if it please God to restore her, she will make you rich amends.

The bishop and Father Marescotti came in, to make their morning compliments to Jeronymo: the marquis and count entered soon after, to salute me.

The marchioness followed them. Clementina was so uneasy on Saturday night, said she to me, on finding you gone without taking leave of her, and so much discomposed all day yesterday, that I chose not to say any-thing to her on the great article. I am glad you are come.

Somebody just then tapping at the door, Come in, Camilla, said the marchioness.

It is not Camilla; it is I, said Lady Clementina,

entering. I am told the chevalier—O there he is—Favour me, Sir, with a few words—walking to a window at the other end of the room.

I followed her: tears were in her eyes. She looked earnestly at me: then turning her face from me—Why, madam, said I, taking her hand, why this emotion? I have not, I hope, offended you.

O chevalier! I cannot bear to be slighted, and least of all by you; though, I must own, that I deserve it most from you. A slight from you is a charge of ingratitude upon me, that my heart cannot bear.

Slight you, madam!—I revere you, as the most excellent of women. You have, indeed, filled my heart with anguish: but I admire you more for the cause of that anguish, than it is possible for me to express.

Don't, don't say so. You will ruin me by your generosity. I think you *must* be angry with me. I think you *must* treat me ill, or how shall I keep my purpose?

Your purpose, dearest madam!—Your purpose!

My purpose! Yes, Sir! Will it afflict you, if I do?

Is it possible, madam, but it must? What would you think—

Hush, hush, my good chevalier. I am afraid it will: but don't tell me it will. I cannot bear to afflict you.

When I had the honour of every one's consent, madam—

That was in compassion to me, Sir.

My dearest love, said the marquis, coming to us, that was at first our motive: but now an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison, in justice to his merits, is become our choice.

I bowed to the generous nobleman. She kneeled.

Best and most indulgent of fathers! taking his hand, and kissing it; let me thank you for bearing with me as you have done. What trouble have I given you?—All the business of my future life shall be to shew my gratitude, and my obedience to your will.

The marchioness then tenderly raising her, took her to the farther end of the room. They talked low; but we heard all they said. You were so very indifferent all day yesterday, and last night, said the marchioness, that I would not disturb you, love, for fear of breaking your rest; else I would have told you, how desirous now we all are, of an alliance with the Chevalier Grandison. No other way can he be rewarded for his goodness to us all.

Permit me, madam, answered Clementina, to give you the motives of my present conduct; of my *self-denial;* such is my value for the chevalier, I will call it so: if I thought I could make the generous man happy; if I thought I should not rather punish than reward him; if I thought I could be happy in myself, and my soul would not be endangered; if I thought I could make you and my father happy, by giving my hand to him; God knows that my heart would not make the least scruple. But, madam, the Almighty has laid his hand upon me. My head is not *yet* as it should be; and, before I took my resolution, I considered every-thing, as much as my poor shattered reason would permit me to consider it. This was the way I took—I prayed that God would direct me. I put myself in the situation of another person, who, circumstanced as I was, I supposed, came to me for advice. I saw plainly, that I could not deserve the chevalier, because I could not think as he thought, in the most important of all articles; and there was no likelihood of his thinking as I thought. I prayed for fortitude. I doubted

myself. I altered and altered what I had written: but still all my alterations ran one way. It was *against my own wishes*. So this I took for an answer to my prayers. I transcribed it fair; but still I doubted myself. I would not consult you, madam: you had declared for the chevalier. That would not have been to do justice to the question before me, and to the divine impulse by which I was determined to be governed, if my prayers for it should be answered. I let not Camilla know my struggles. I besought the assistance of the blessed Virgin to favour an unhappy maid, whose heart was in her duty, but whose head was disturbed. It was suggested to me what to do: yet I would not send to the chevalier what I had written. I still doubted my heart: and thought I never should be able to give him the paper. At last I resolved. But when he came, my heart recoiled. He could not but see the distress I was in. I am sure I met with his pity. Could I but give him the paper, thought I, my difficulty would be over; for then I am sure, almost sure, that, seeing my scruples, and the rectitude of my purpose, he will himself generously support me in my resolution. At last I gave the paper to him. And now let me say, that I verily think I shall be easier in my mind, if I can be allowed to adhere to the contents, yet not be thought ungrateful. Dear blessed Grandison, turning to me, read once more that paper: and then if you will not, if you cannot, set me free; I will obey my friends, and make you as happy as I can.

She turned from every one, and clasping her hands, Great God, I thank thee, said she, for this serene moment!

Serene as the noble enthusiast thought her mind, I saw it was too high set. From the turn of her eyes I feared a relapse. It was owing to her greatness

of mind, her reason and her love combating with each other, that she *ever* was disordered. I approached her—Admirable lady, said I, be *you* free! Whatever be my destiny, be *you*, for me, what you wish to be. If *you* are well and happy, I will, if possible, make *myself* so.

Dear Grandison, said the bishop, coming up to me, and taking my hand, how do I admire you! But *can* you be thus great?

Shall I not emulate, my lord, such an example set by a woman?—I came over without any interested views. I considered myself, indeed, as *bound* by the conditions to which I had formerly yielded; but Lady Clementina and your family as *free*. When I was encouraged to hope, I *did* hope. I will now, though with deep regret, go back to my former situation. If Lady Clementina persists in her present resolution, I will endeavour to acquiesce with it. If she should change her mind, I will hold myself in readiness to receive her hand, with gratitude and love. Only let me add, that in the first case, the difficulty upon me will be greatly increased, by the exalted contents of the paper she put into my hands on Saturday.

The marchioness taking her daughter's hand and mine—O why, said she, should minds thus paired be sundered?—And will you, chevalier, wait with patience the result of my sweet child's—Caprice—shall I call it?

Detain not my hand, my dear mamma; withdrawing it a little wildly—Let me go up, and pray, that my fortitude of mind, after the pain it has cost me to obtain it, may not forsake me. Adieu! Adieu, chevalier! I will pray for you as well as for myself. Never, never, in my devotions, will we be separated.

Away flew the angel.

She met Camilla in the passage—Dear Camilla! I have had an escape, as far as I know. My hand and the chevalier's hand, each in one of my mamma's! —My resolution was in danger. My mamma might have joined them, you know; and then I must have been his.

Jeronymo in silence, but tears in his eyes, attended to the scene between his sister and me. He embraced me—Dearest of men, let me repeat my mother's question: Can you with patience wait the result of this dear girl's caprice?

I can; I will.

But I will talk to her myself, said he.

So, said the marquis, will we all.

It will be right to do so, added the count, lest she should repent, when it is too late.

But I believe, said Father Marescotti, the chevalier himself would not wish, that Lady Clementina should be *too* vehemently urged. She pleads her soul: a strong plea: a plea that should not be overruled. I myself doubt very much, whether she will be able to adhere to her resolution: if she be, she will merit beatification. But let her not be over-persuaded. Once more I should be glad to read the paper, the contents of which have so much surprised us all.

I had it in my pocket; and he asked permission to read it aloud. Jeronymo opposed his motion: but the bishop approving it, he read it. He laid great emphasis upon *particular* words, and repeated several of the passages in it: you will easily guess, *which*, my dear friend; and all were as much affected, they owned, as when they heard it first read: yet they joined in one doubt, notwithstanding what she had so lately said of the deliberation she had given her purpose, that she would not be *able* to adhere to

her resolution; and made me many compliments on the occasion.

But, my dear friend, if she can continue to interest her glory in the adherence, and they are not *very* urgent with her in my favour, I am inclined to believe, that she has greatness of mind sufficient to enable her to carry her resolution into effect. Where piety, my dear friend, engages the heart to give its first fervors to its superior duties, is it not probable that all temporal impulses should receive abatement, and become but *secondary* ones? And now will not Father Marescotti once more try to revive his influence over her mind?—Is it not his *duty* to do so, zealous Catholic as he is? Can the bishop refuse, good man as he is, and as steady in his principles, to second the father?

But what trials are these, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to an expecting heart!—Will they not serve to convince us of the vanity of all human reliance for happiness? I am in a very serious humour. But what can I say to *you* on such subjects, that you knew not much better before than I? "Let us, I remember you once said, when we are called upon to act a great or manly part, preach by action. Words then will be needless." God only knows, whether the ardent heart would be punished or rewarded, by the completion of its wishes: but this I know, that were Clementina to give me both her hand and her heart, and could not, by reason of religious doubts, be happy with me, I should myself be extremely miserable; especially if I had been earnest to prevail upon her to favour me against her judgment.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

I WAS obliged to lay down my pen. My mind was too much disturbed to write on.

We had a great deal of discourse before we quitted Jeronymo's chamber, on this extraordinary subject. They all, as I told you, expressed their *doubts*, whether the lady would be able to persist in her new resolution. The marquis and marchioness gave their opinion, that she should be left entirely to the workings of her own will: and the count proposed, by way of enforcing their opinions, that neither the bishop and Father Marescotti on one hand (though religion was in the question) nor Jeronymo and myself on the other, should endeavour to prevail upon her either to *alter*, or *persevere* in, her way of thinking. Jeronymo said, he desired only one conversation with his sister alone, before he complied with this proposal.

They put it to me. I said, That several passages in her paper were of too solemn a nature for me to refuse my consent to their proposal: but, however, if I should observe, in future conversations between her and me, that she was inclined to alter her mind, and *seemed* to wish to be encouraged to declare the alteration, they must allow me, for the sake of my own honour, as a *man*, and of her delicacy, as a *woman*, to shew the ardour of my attachment to her, by my *preventing* declaration, and even entreaty.

The marchioness bowed to me, with a grateful smile of approbation.

Father Marescotti hesitated, as if he had something of an objection to make; but he was silenced

by the marquis's saying, On *your* honour, on *your* delicacy, I am sure, chevalier, we may rely.

I am absolutely of opinion that we may, said the count. The chevalier can put himself in every one's situation; and can forget his own interest, when a right and just measure is to be taken.

This is true, said Jeronymo—But, let it be *our* part to shew the chevalier, that he is not the *only* man in the world who can do so.

You must remember, my dear Jeronymo, said the bishop, that religion is a consideration superior to all others. Shall our sister, who follows the example set her by the chevalier, be discouraged in an effort so noble? But I am willing to subscribe to the proposal, as an equal one.

Father Marescotti, said I, you must return me the paper. I must often have recourse to it, to strengthen my own mind, in order to enable myself to answer your expectations.

The father desired leave to take a copy of it in short-hand; and retired for that purpose.

I have no doubt but he will make great use of it with the family, and perhaps with the lady, should there be occasion hereafter. For my own part, if the noble enthusiast, when the heat of her imagination is gone off, shall persist in believing that she has a divine impulse in favour of her resolution, and *that* given in answer to her prayers, I will endeavour to shew her, that her call upon me to support her in it, though against myself, shall be answered, whatever it cost me.

They prevailed on me to stay dinner. She excused herself from being present; but desired to see me, when it was over.

Camilla *then* led me to her. I found her in tears. She was afraid, she said, that I would not forgive

her: yet I *would*, she was sure, if I knew the conflicts with which her soul laboured.

I soothed her disturbed mind. I told her, that I desired her direction, and was resolved to pursue it. Her paper should be one of my constant lessons; and *her* conscience the rule of my conduct, with regard to my expectations of her favour.

O Sir, said she, how good you are! It is from your generosity, next to the divine assistance, that I expect support in my resolution. I but imperfectly remember what I would have done, and what I consented to, when you were last amongst us—But when I *best* knew myself, I was more inclined to support my parents and brothers in their expectations, with regard to the two great articles of religion and residence, than to comply with yours. My fortune, my rank, merited your consideration; and my pride was sometimes piqued. "But it was the regard that I had to the welfare of your immortal soul, that weighed *most* with me. O Sir! could you have been a Catholic!—

She then wrung her clasped hands, and tears trickled down her cheeks. God Almighty convert you, chevalier!—But you must leave me. I am beginning to be again unhappy!—Leave me, Sir. But let me see you to-morrow. I will pray for a composure of mind, in the mean time. Do you pray for me too. "And pray for yourself, chevalier! The welfare of your soul, your immortal soul, was *ever* my principal concern."

She began to ramble. Her looks were a little wild. I took leave of her; and going hastily from her, in order to hide my own emotion, I surprised Father Marescotti, who, as it was at first sight evident to me, from the confusion I found him in, and the attempts he hesitatingly made to excuse himself, had been listening to what passed between

the lady and me. Pity! that a well-intended zeal should make a good man do mean things!

No apologies, my dear father, said I. If you doubted my honour, I can think myself, in some measure, obliged to your *condescension*, for taking this method to prove me. Allow me, my dear Sir, to say (it is to Father Marescotti) that the man, who, in the greater actions of his life, thinks himself under the All-seeing eye, will not be afraid of a fellow-creature's ear.

I beg a thousand pardons, said he, hesitating, and in confusion. But I will confess the truth; I believed it was next to impossible, that a young man, whose love to one of the most excellent of women is not to be questioned, should be able to keep the conditions prescribed to him, and forbear to make use of the power she acknowledges he has over her affections —But forgive me, chevalier.

Forgive *yourself*, my dear father; I do most heartily forgive you.

I led him down to Jeronymo's chamber, begging of him not to say a syllable more of this matter; and not to let me suffer in his esteem by this accident.

I have more than once, Dr. Bartlett, experienced the irreconcileable enmity of a man, whom I have forgiven for a meanness; and who was less able to forgive me my forgiveness, than I was him his fault. But Father Marescotti cannot be such a man. He is capable of generous shame. He could hardly hold up his head all the time I staid.

I related to the family, in the presence of the father, the substance of what passed between the lady and me. They seemed surprised at her stedfastness. The bishop told me, that he had dispatched a messenger post to the general, with a letter, in which he had written a faithful account of their present situation. He would shew me a copy of it, if I

pleased. I was sure, I said, I could depend upon his generosity and honour; and should be glad to know the sentiments of the general and his lady upon it, when they returned an answer.

I promised to attend them in the morning: and going to my lodgings, found there, waiting for me, the Count of Belvedere. Saunders and his gentleman were both together below-stairs, waiting for, yet dreading, as they said, my return. Saunders had told the count, it was uncertain: but he declared that he would wait for me, were it ever so late. They both besought me to take care of my own safety. His gentleman told me, that his master had been very much disturbed in his mind ever since he was with me last; declaring often, that his life was a burden to him. He believed, he said, he had a brace of pistols with him: and then again expressed his care for my safety, as well as his lord's. Fear not, said I: the count is a man of honour: I would not, for the world, hurt *him:* and I dare say he will not hurt *me.*

I hastened up. Why, my lord, said I (taking his unwilling hands, each in mine, for a double reason) did you not let me know you intended me this honour? Or why did not your lordship send for me, as soon as you came?

Send for you! with a melancholy air; What from your Clementina? No!—But tell me what is concluded upon? My soul is impatient to know. Answer me like a man: answer me like a man of honour.

Nothing, my lord, is concluded upon: nothing can be concluded upon till Lady Clementina's mind be fully known.

If *that* be all the obstacle—

Not a slight one. I assure you, that Clementina knows her own worth. She will put a just value

upon herself. In her unhappy delirium, she always preserved a high sense of that delicacy, which distinguishes the woman of true honour. It shines forth now in all her words and actions with redoubled lustre. She will make the more difficulties, as her friends make less. Nothing *can* be done *soon:* and if it will make your lordship easier (for I see you are disturbed) I will acquaint you when any-thing is likely to be carried into effect.

And *is* nothing yet concluded on? And *will* you give me such notice?

I will, my lord.

Upon your honour?

Upon my honour.

Well then, I have some days longer to crawl upon this earth.

What means my lord?

This I mean, withdrawing his hands from mine, and taking out of his pockets two pistols: I came resolved, that you should take one of these, at your choice, had the affair been concluded upon, as I dreaded it would. I am no assassin, Sir, nor ever employed one: nor would I have deprived Clementina of her elected husband. All I intended was, that the hand to which she is to give hers, should have first taken my life. I will not, I cannot live, to see her the wife of any man on earth, though she has refused to be mine—You should have *found* I would not.

What a rashness!—But I see your mind is disturbed. The Count of Belvedere could not otherwise talk in this manner.

It is not *impossible*, surely, my dear Dr. Bartlett (however *improbable*, as I begin to apprehend) that Clementina may change her mind. I could not, therefore, acquaint the count with our present situation; because the hope he would have conceived

from it, would, in case of a change, have added strength to his despair. I contented myself, therefore, to reason with him on his rash intention. And having renewed my assurances, as above, he took leave of me so much recovered, as to thank me for the advice I had given him; and to promise, that he would make it the foundation of his prayers to heaven for a calmer mind than he had known for some days past.

Saunders and his valet seemed overjoyed at seeing us come down together, in an amicable manner; and in the high civility each paid the other.

I should have mentioned, that the count, of his own accord, in passing through my antechamber to the stairs, laid in one of the windows the two pistols. My dear Grandison, said he, let these remain in your keeping. They are pieces of curious workmanship. Whither might one of them, by this time, have sent me!—And in what difficulties might you the survivor, a foreigner, have been involved; which then I considered not; for all my malice was levelled against my unhappy self! I will not trust myself with them—

Here I conclude for this night. I will not dispatch these last-written letters, till I see what to-morrow will produce. My dear friend! How grievous is suspense!—Perhaps I should have thought myself more obliged to bear it, had I been thus entangled, fettered, suspended by my own fault.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

I WENT, according to promise, in the morning, to the palace of Porretta. I found all the family, the marchioness and Lady Clementina excepted, in Jeronymo's chamber. My entrance, I suppose, was solemn; for Jeronymo, as I approached him, snatching my hand, said, This girl, this capricious, this uncommon girl! How can I forgive her for vexing the heart of my Grandison?

Father Marescotti looked so conscious, that I pitied him. I took his hand, and, with an air of kindness, asked him—Are there any hopes, my good father, that I shall have the honour of calling you one of my dearest household friends in England?

I gave him no time to answer, lest he should not be assured enough: and addressing myself to the bishop, My lord, I ask *you* the like question: Is there a likelihood, that I shall have an interest in Father Marescotti's more intimate friendship? We already, I answer *for* myself, and *from* my vanity, love each other.

Dear Grandison! said the marquis; and, taking my hand, he called me by the kindest name—Saying, that it was not *son!* Jeronymo was affected. The count saluted me in a tender accent. The bishop was silent.

I see, thought I, that the admirable Clementina perseveres!—Religion, that can do so much for *her*, will not, I hope, leave *me* unbenefited by its all-cheering influence. I am in the hands of Providence: to that will I resign myself—Yet the greatness of this woman's mind! thought I—Why did they not fall upon indulgent methods with her before? Then,

probably, had there not been a supposed reason for an invitation to me to quit my native country, to which I had been so long a stranger, and to come over to Italy!—Then had she, in all likelihood, recovered her reason, and I had not known how great she could be; and her filial duty would have disengaged me equally from all obligations of honour, and expectations of favour!

The marchioness came in soon after. Her address to me confirmed me in my apprehensions—Dear Grandison, said she, condescendingly laying her hand on mine, how do you? See our dear Jeronymo—How much better he is—What return can we make to you for your goodness to him? I went up to the dear girl last night, after you were gone. She was then indeed a little hysterical. But the disorder went off in prayers for you and for herself. I am just come from her. She has had a quiet night. She is calm, and, I may say, serene. All her cares are in what manner to shew her gratitude to you.

It is impossible, madam, but I must have joy in your joy. Lady Clementina, I apprehend, perseveres in her resolution!

I have talked to her, chevalier, in your favour. If you love her, she says, as we all think you do, she will *yet* be yours.

Dear madam, tell me—

Let me interrupt you, chevalier: I must not mislead you, nor keep you in suspense—She will, she says, beg your acceptance of her vows—if—

If what, madam—

Hear me with patience, chevalier—If you will comply with the conditions, on which we would have permitted her to be yours, when you were last in Italy—This is her *own* proposal—Made at her *own* motion—She is afraid it will be to no purpose (she says *afraid*, Sir): but as you have not denied her to

herself, she begs I will put the question to you in her name, for the sake (if you should refuse her) of her own future tranquillity of mind. The Chevalier Grandison is generous; he is just; he is polite: he cannot but receive this motion of my child by her mother, as the greatest condescension from both.

I bowed. I was going to speak; but they all severally broke in upon me.

On my knees, chevalier, said Father Marescotti, I will entreat you!

O chevalier, said the bishop, how happy is it in your power to make us all!

Surely you *can*, you *will*, you *must*, chevalier! said the count, if you love the dear creature, as we all suppose you do.

You will not, I hope, dear Grandison, said the marquis, *refuse* my daughter. Ask *any* conditions of us—She shall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither; and stay till you shall choose to return with us.

Jeronymo, with sobs, caught my hand as I sat next him—For *God*'s sake, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes, for your *soul*'s sake, my Grandison, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you brother.

If *my* tears, if *my* prayers, have weight, said the marchioness, let me call down my child, and she shall give you her hand in our presence. She thinks, besides the regard she has for your soul, that she ought to insist upon the terms on which we would have *consented* to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wishes.

Dearest Grandison! rejoined the bishop, *refuse not* my sister: *refuse not* the daughter of the Marchese and Marchesa della Porretta: *refuse not* the assenting Clementina.

They were all silent; their eyes were upon me.

It is, answered I, too condescendingly generous to put this task upon me: but, *Refuse* Lady Clementina, said you! How you wound my soul by the supposition! I see your compassion for me, in the light you cannot but *mean* I should. Lady Clementina's generous, and condescendingly-meant, proposal, when I am willing to allow terms to *her*, that she will not to *me*, shews me how important she thinks the difference between the two religions: need I repeat, my lord (to the bishop) what my own thoughts are upon this subject? Would to heaven the terms were no other than those *before agreed to;* or were such as I *could* comply with! I have only to console myself, that the power of *refusal* lies where it ought to lie. Clementina is an angel. I am not worthy of her. Yet, let me add, this company cannot think me too solemn—Were I to live always here; were I convinced that there is no life after this; your commands and *Clementina*'s would be laws to me. But has she not the goodness so say, in her paper, "That I have the same notion she has of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come?"

They looked upon one another. It is hard, very hard, said the bishop, for a man, convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different persuasion, what he expects should be allowed for himself. *You*, chevalier, however, can allow it; and have greatness of mind enough to judge favourably of those who cannot. I do love you; but fain would I love you more.

The marchioness wept. My dear love, said the marquis, taking her hand with the tenderness of a lover, but speaking a little too severely of me for his usual generosity—How many tears has this affair cost you! My heart bleeds to see you weep. Comfort yourself. Let us comfort each other. The

Chevalier Grandison is indeed unworthy of our child; unworthy of the terms we offered to him; unworthy of our joint entreaties—He is an invincible man.

I was greatly affected. After a little hesitation, I ask leave, my lords, said I, to retire for one moment. I will return as soon as I have recovered myself from the concern given me by the—*mis-apprehension* (shall I call it?) of a man, whom from my heart I reverence.

I arose as I spoke, withdrew, and took two or three turns in the saloon.

I staid not till I was sent for: but assuming as cheerful an air as I could, returned; and found them earnest in talk. They all arose at my return, seemingly pleased with it; and the marquis coming to me, Chevalier, said he, I am sorry—

Not one word of apology, my lord, interrupted I. I withdrew not from disrespect, or in resentment; but purely from concern, that, in *your* opinion, I deserved not the honour done me, by one so dear to you. Think me unhappy, my lord, and pity me. Principle, not perverseness, influences me: it does every one present: it does the dear lady above: and shall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the same motive?

O that I could embrace my fourth son! said the marchioness. The bishop threw his arms about me. Generous expansion of *heart!* were the words that fell from his lips. And *must* not, said the count, this young man be one of us?

After chocolate, the marchioness withdrew to the window, making a motion to me to attend her. I hastened to her. She complimented me, speaking low, as a fit person to be consulted in a case where female delicacy was concerned; and then asked me, what I would have her say to Clementina, who had

offered her hand to me on conditions, with which she had hopes I would comply? Must I tell the dear child, she is *rejected?*

Lady Clementina rejected!—Dear madam, how can I bear that she should but suppose it?—Be pleased to tell her, that I have been again sounded on the subject of a change of religion; but that I was so steady in my faith, that there were no hopes of my *conversion*, as you will call it: and be so good as to remind her (it may look like a breach of conditions if *I* do) that I require not a change in *her*; and that therefore the terms proposed are unequal.

Fain, very fain, chevalier, would I—She stopt there—But no more on this subject, resumed she, I will see in what way the dear creature is now.

She left me, and went to her daughter. The subject was changed.

In about half an hour she returned. She told me, that she had followed my advice; but that Clementina seemed dissatisfied and perplexed: and, as she had not *asked* to see me, advised me to suspend my attendance on her till the afternoon, as she would by that means have more time to compose her spirits; and herself further opportunities of talking with her.

Declining their invitation to dinner, I went to my lodgings; and to amuse myself, had recourse to my pen.

Having written thus far, I lay it down till my return from them.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

At my entrance into the palace of Porretta, I was desired to walk into the garden to the bishop. I found with him Father Marescotti.

Dear Grandison, said the bishop, meeting me, and taking my hand, you must decide a point between the father and me, that we are afraid has made us a little accountable to you.

I was silent. He proceeded.

Clementina is very sedate. She sent for me and the father soon after you left us. She asked us several questions in relation to you; and insisted on our advice, as religious men, and as we would answer for it to our own consciences. Her first was, Whether we thought there were any hopes of your conversion?—I answered negatively.

I don't expect, said she, that he would be induced to change his religion for a wife, nor even for a crown, were he not convinced of the falsehood of his own, and the truth of ours: but again I ask, Cannot you and Father Marescotti convince his judgment? I should think it would not be so hard a task, learned and good men, as you both are: good man, and modest, and patient, and unpresuming, as he is; who has been so long among Catholics; who came from England so young; has been left so much to his own direction; and who must see the difference of the two religions to the advantage of ours, were he but to judge by the efficacy of each on the lives and manners of the people professing each; for, surely, the men of name and family, who are sent among us by their parents, from the heretic countries, in order

to observe our manners, and to improve their own, are not the *worst* of the people of those countries.

I told her, proceeded the bishop, that, to be impartial, there were bad and good of all nations; that she was not likely to be approached by any of her *own* but who were good; that you, chevalier, and Mrs. Beaumont, might convince us that there were good people among the Protestants; and that now-and-then a young man of that profession did *actually* appear among us, who was *not* a discredit to his country. But, continued I, I have heretofore debated the subject with the Chevalier Grandison. You know I was in a manner called upon to do it: and have found him a Protestant upon principle; and that he has a great deal to say for himself. You, father, would not allow me this; but you never entered into close argument with him on the subject, as I have done.

My sister then asked, proceeded the bishop, if I thought that her own religious principles would be endangered, if she became yours, and went with you to England?

We both referred her to certain passages in the paper she gave you.

My heart, said she, could never be proof against a generous and kind treatment. The condescending compliances with my weakness, which my father, mother, brothers, and uncle, have made, have effected what opposition, and cruelty, as you see, could not. So compassionate, so humane a man, as I think the Chevalier Grandison, and so steady as he is in his principles, so much, you own, as he has to say for himself, joined with the sense I always had, from my *mother*'s example, of the duties of a good wife, will too probably stagger me in my faith: and if so, I shall be unhappy: I shall make my confessor so. I am *determined*, added she (as

you, brother, have seen) in my own mind: but I ask your opinion, and yours, Father Marescotti. The chevalier now is a favourite with you both. Religion only can now be the question—Is it not too probable that I shall be staggered in my own faith, were I to be his?

We gave her, continued the bishop, our opinions freely, as religious men. *Could* we, chevalier, do otherwise? And yet we are both ready to accuse ourselves of infringing conditions with you. Tell us, if in your opinion we have?

I cannot, my lord, judge from this general account. If you did *more* than answer her questions; if you expatiated *argumentatively* on the subject; I must think you *have:* and your own doubts help to convince me, that you have; though I cannot but respect you greatly for the frankness of your application to me on this subject.

We *were* earnest, chevalier; we *were* warm in what we said—

Well, my lord, called upon as you both were, it would not have become your characters to be cool—For my own part, I have been recollecting the behaviour of your admirable sister throughout every stage of her delirium, respecting myself: and I have not been able to call to mind one instance in it of an attachment *merely* personal. I need not tell you, father, nor you, my lord, what a zealous Catholic she is. She *early* wished me to be one: and had I not thought myself obliged in honour, because of the confidence placed in me by the whole family, to decline the subject, our particular conversations, when she favoured me with the name of tutor, would have generally taken that turn. Her unhappy illness was owing to her zeal for religion, and to her concealing her struggles on that account. She never hinted at marriage in her reveries. She was still solicitous

for the SOUL of the man she wished to be of her religion; and declared herself ready to lay down her life, could she have effected that favourite wish of her heart. At other times, she supposed my marriage with some other woman; and was only generously solicitous, that it should not be with one who might discredit the regard she herself professed for me. At another time she wished to be acquainted with my sisters, and hoped they would come to Italy: she proposed to perfect them in the Italian tongue, as they should her in the English: but as to me, only bespoke a visit from me now-and-then, when they came. I have the vanity to think, that I stand high in her favour: but religion, it is evident, as it ought, stands higher. From all these recollections and observations, I have endeavoured to account for the noble behaviour of your sister; and am the less surprised at it, now she is come to her memory. It is all great; all uniform; and most probably we should have been in a very different situation than what we have been long in, had she had her way given her at the time she was so earnest—For what? *Only* to be allowed a *second* interview, a farewell visit, when she had shewn a little before, on a *first*, that marriage seemed not to be in her thoughts.

And had she not been entrusted to the management of the cruel Laurana, said the bishop—

From which, thank God, said the father, I was the instrument of freeing her.

By all this, proceeded I, I mean not recrimination; but only to observe the consistency of the noble lady's mind, when she was *able* to reflect. And what now remains for me to do, but to reconcile myself, if possible, to a conduct that I must ever admire, however I may, in its consequences, as to my own particular, regret it?—Your lordship, I am

afraid, thinks, that she adheres to the contents of the paper she put into my hands.

Unless you, chevalier—

That, my lord, is out of the question. Let it, however, be remembered, that I have not prescribed to her that hard condition, which is made an indispensable one to me. Yet is Lady Clementina the only woman on earth that I would have *wished* to call mine, on the terms on which I should have been proud to receive her hand: for it is easy to foresee, that, generally, great inconveniences must attend a marriage between persons of a different religion, one of them zealous, the other not indifferent.

But, chevalier, you acquit Father Marescotti and me.

I do, my lord. Be you your own judges. The *condition* was not proposed by me. I consented to it, for the sake of those who prescribed it, and for your sister's sake. I could not wish to prosecute my humble suit, notwithstanding her declared favour for me, against the pleas of conscience which she so earnestly urged. How could I, while religion, and the generosity of her friends to her, required, as she thought, that she should get above all regards for me? I was therefore willing to comply with the proposal, and to wait the issue of her spontaneous determination, and to be governed by it. But now that your lordship and Father Marescotti have dispensed with the condition, I presume that I am not bound by it.

What means my Grandison?

Only this: I could not be thought to bear a love so fervent to the admirable Clementina, as the man ought to bear who aspires to the honour of calling her his, if I made not *one* effort to convince her

that she may be happy with me as to the article she is so solicitous about—From *female delicacy*, she may, perhaps, *expect* to be argued with, and to be persuaded. Allow me to give her assurances of my inviolable honour in that point. It becomes me, as a man, and as her admirer, to remove her scruples, if I *can*, before I yield up my love to the force of them.

Would you *argue* with her on the merits of the two persuasions?

I would not. I never did. I would only assure her of my firm resolution never to attempt to bring her over to mine, nor to traverse the endeavours of her confessor, to keep her steady in hers. But were we to consider only her future ease of mind [you see, my lord, that she herself has a view to that, in the proposal made me, as from herself] in which the happiness of all your family is included, it is right to see, if she builds on a foundation that cannot be shaken; that she may not hereafter regret the steps she has taken, which might possibly—

I understand you, chevalier—It is prudently, it is kindly, put, as well for her sake, as ours.

I shall be glad, my lord, that you should be within hearing of every word that shall pass between us on this occasion. *One* effort I *ought* to make. If she is determined, I will not urge her further. For all the world, and the dear Clementina in it, I would not have her act against her conscience: nor will I take advantage of the declaration she has repeatedly made, that it is in my power to hold her fast, or to set her free. I will not so much as urge it to her, lest, if she should alter her purpose, it should be from the consciousness of a kind of promise implied in that declaration, and not from her heart. No, my lord, she shall be *wholly* free. I will not, excellent as she is, accept of her hand against her con-

science: neither my conscience, nor, let me say, my pride, will permit me to do so. But the world, as well as my own heart, would blame me, if I made not one effort. If it fail, I shall be easier in my own mind; and so will she in hers. Be you, my lord, within hearing of our next conversation.

I would not, Dr. Bartlett, propose to Father Marescotti, that *he* should, for fear of making him uneasy, on his listening to what passed between the lady and me.

I can absolutely depend upon your honour, chevalier, replied the bishop. We have brought ourselves to be *sincere* favourers of this alliance with you. But I own to you, that both Father Marescotti and myself, on the unexpected turn my sister has voluntarily taken, are of opinion that you will *both* be happier, if it take not place. The difference in religion; her malady—

No more, my lord, of this subject. If I cannot succeed, I must endeavour to draw consolation to myself from reason and reflection. Mean time, all I ask is, that you will both acquit me of any supposed breach of condition, as well in your own minds, as to the rest of the family, if I make this *one* effort: after which, if it succeed not, I will, whatever I suffer, divest myself of self, and join with you, and Father Marescotti, to secure the ground gained in the restoration of the noblest of female minds.

They looked upon each other, as if they were afraid of the event. The father whispered the bishop. I believe, by a word or two that I could not but hear, it was to induce him to place himself so as to hear (as I had proposed) the conversation that was next to pass between the lady and me.

Turning round on their whispering, Don't I see Camilla, my lord, said I, at a distance, watching

our motions, as if she wanted an opportunity to speak to one of us?

She has been walking for some time within sight, said Father Marescotti.

The bishop made signs to her to advance. She did: and told me, that her young lady was desirous to see me.

I followed her. Clementina was alone. Camilla introduced me to her, and withdrew.

She was in great confusion on my approach. Her complexion frequently varied. She looked at me often, and as often turned away her eyes; and sighed. Two or three times she hemm'd, as if she would have cleared her voice; but could not find words to express her labouring mind. It was easy to see, that her perplexity was not favourable to me. I thought it would be cruel, not to break the way for her to speak.

Let not my dear Clementina forbear to say all that is in her heart, to the man who greatly prefers her peace of mind to his own.

I had, I had, said she, a great deal to say before I *saw* you: but now you are *present*—She stopt.

Take time to recollect yourself, madam—I have been talking in the garden to my lord the bishop, and to Father Marescotti. I greatly revere them both. You have consulted them on the contents of the paper you were pleased to put into my hands. I have hopes from *thence*, that you may be made easy in your mind. I will never, dearest madam, urge you on the article of religion. You shall be absolute mistress of your own will. You shall prescribe to me what conditions you please, with regard to your way of life, your amusements, your company, your gratuities to your servants, and others. Father Marescotti and your Camilla with you, you will

be as safe from innovation, as you can be in your father's house.

Ah, chevalier!

We may, perhaps, prevail upon your father and mother to honour us with their company, in your first journey to England. They have not been of late so well as it were to be wished: we have baths there of sovereign efficacy, in many disorders. By using them, and change of climate, they will very probably receive benefit in their healths. Jeronymo—

Ah, chevalier!—She arose from her seat, and re-seated herself several times, with great emotion. I proceeded.

Jeronymo, our dear Jeronymo, I hope will accompany us, and his skilful Lowther. Those baths are restorative.

O chevalier! what a man you are!—

She stopt, with an air of attention, as if she wished me to proceed.

—And when your honoured and beloved friends shall see their Clementina happy, as I am determined she shall be, if all the tenderness of affection I am able to shew, can make her so, how happy will they *all* be!—Your chapel, madam! Your confessor!—Your own servants!—

Ah, Sir! Sir!—Ought I to listen to such temptations, after what I have given you, upon deliberation, in writing? Good Heaven, and the whole heavenly host, direct me!

She had recourse to her beads; and her lips, as a word now-and-then half-pronounced informed me, moved to a Pater-noster. Again she assumed an attentive air.

My sisters, madam, will revere you. You will have pleasure in calling them *yours*. Their lords are men of the first figure in their country. I ask not

for fortune. I ask only for *you*, and you I ask of yourself. My estate is considerable, and improving. The pride I take in being independent, and in the power of obliging, suffers me not to be imprudent with regard to œconomy. My capital mansion (I value it for not being a house of yesterday) though not so magnificent as your palace in Bologna, is genteel, spacious, convenient. The paper you gave me, shews me that the grandeur of your soul is equal to that of your birth. I revere you for the pious and noble sentiments contained in it. What obligations will you lay me under to your goodness, if you can prevail upon yourself to rely upon my assurances, that I will *never* seek to make you unhappy on a religious account; and if you can be satisfied with the enjoyment of your own religion, and leave to me the exercise of mine! Dear madam, *why* may not this be? *Why* will you not leave me as free as I am ready to leave you? Justice, generosity, are my pleas to a lady, who surely cannot *but* be just and generous. Think, madam; dear Lady Clementina, think; if you cannot, by making me happy, be yourself so.

I took her unresisting hand, and kissed it. She sighed. She wept. She was silent.

With what pleasure, proceeded I, will you every other year visit and revisit England, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new, in turn! Never revisiting England without some of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another; and who will be of our family. Your Grandison, madam, *allow* me to say *your* Grandison, has not, he presumes to aver, a *narrow* heart. You see, how well he can live with the most zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but, when called upon, fears not to avow his own—My dearest Clementina! [again I pressed

her hand with my lips] say, you think you *can* be happy, and yet bless me with your love.

O Sir! God is my witness—But leave me, leave me, for a few moments. I dare not trust myself *with* myself.

Command me not to leave you, madam, till you resolve in my favour—Say, cannot you be happy in the free exercise of your own religion?—Father Marescotti, Camilla, with you—In England but one year at a time—In Italy, under the re-assuring eye of your father, mother, brothers, the next.

Ah, Sir! you must retire—*Indeed* you must. You leave me not at liberty—You must let me consider—On this crisis of time, as far as I know, depends an eternity of happiness or misery.

Command me not from you: bid me not leave you. Obey the tender impulse that, I flatter myself, I discover in my favour. I seek *your* happiness, in pursuing *my own*. Your eternal welfare *cannot* be endangered. *My* conscience will oblige me to strengthen *yours*, when I see it *is* yours—Bid me not leave you—Excellent Clementina, bid me not leave you!

You must, you must—How can I trust myself against a voice, that is the voice of love, and claims my kindness, my justice, my generosity—Was I ever ungenerous, unjust, unkind?—And if thus staggered now, what, were I to be yours, would the superadded sense of my duty do!—O leave me, Sir, a few moments, leave me.

Be propitious, madam, be propitious, to my humble hope; that is all I will at present say; and now I obey you—Profoundly bowing, I withdrew into the next apartment: she to her closet.

I went out slowly; and heard the hasty motion of somebody going out of the apartment, as I entered it. It was, it seems, the bishop, who had placed

himself within hearing of what passed between his sister and me, as I had desired he would.

It was a full quarter of an hour before I heard her move; and then it was to seek for me.

I was sitting in a pensive mood, revolving the embarrassments I had met with from some of the best of women; and, as you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, know, in different countries; and particularly the unexpected turn which this excellent creature had taken. She approached me with an air of majesty, yet mixed with tenderness. I met her, and with a bent knee, taking her hand—My fate hangs upon these lips, said I; and was proceeding; when interrupting me—O Sir! I hear not, it is not *safe* for me to hear, *that* voice, accompanying *this* manner—Let me bend to you: I have been craving the divine direction. An irresistible impulse (surely it is *that* direction) bids me say—Yet what can I say?—If I attempt to argue, I am lost!—Does not this shew me, that were I to be yours, I must be all you wish me to be? And then my everlasting peace, my everlasting happiness—O Sir! I doubt not *your* justice, *your* generosity—But I fear *myself!*—Seek not, let me repeat, looking a little wildly, seek not, kindest of men, to entangle me with your love.

She bent her knee, and I was afraid would have fainted. I clasped my supporting arms about her.

Let me, let me cut short all I intended to say, said she, by referring to my paper. The contents of that *are not, cannot* be, answered to my satisfaction. Be my advocate to yourself, to your own heart, and seek not to entangle me with your love.

Whatever it cost me (taking both her hands in mine, and bowing upon them) I will yield to your pleasure. I never will urge you again on this subject, unless your brother the bishop give me hope of your welcome change of mind.

Best of men, said she, withdrawing her hands, and clasping them together—But this is not enough—You must promise me your future friendship. You must let me call you *brother*: you must be my *tutor*, I your *pupil*, once more—Happy days were those; the happiest of my life! And encourage and confirm in me the resolution I have taken, or I shall not be happy!

Look upon me, madam, as your brother, as your friend: but this latter task requires more magnanimity than I am master of. To your brother the bishop, and to Father Marescotti, I must leave that task. They will be in earnest in it. I cannot; because I am convinced, in my own mind, that we might have been happy—Could you—But I forbear, though with difficulty—I have *promised* not to urge you further.

Indeed I have consulted them both, resumed she; but not before I gave you my written determination:—even had they given their opinions *different* from what they did, I never could have got over the apprehensions I have of your strength, and my own weakness. I only consulted them, in hopes they would (as they did, or they had not been good Catholics) confirm and strengthen my mind. And why, why, should I punish the man, I must for ever esteem as my best friend, with a wife, that her unhappy malady has made unworthy of him? Dear chevalier, I find myself at times not recovered. I may never be quite well. *You* and *yours* deserve not to be punished, but rewarded. Believe me, Sir, this has been a *second* consideration with me. God enable me to adhere to my resolution! for his sake, for your sake, and for the sake of my own peace of mind!

Must it not be difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, more difficult than when I came over to Bologna, to give up all hopes of so exalted a woman?

But say, chevalier, you are not angry with me. Say, that you do not, that you will not, think me ungrateful. To obviate such a charge as that of ingratitude, to a man who has laid us all under such obligations—What is it that I would not do?

I *cannot* be displeased with you, madam. You *cannot* be ungrateful. I must not speak: yet hardly know how to be silent. I will take a walk in the garden. I have a new lesson to learn.

With profound reverence I withdrew. She rang. Camilla came in.

I hastened into the garden, greatly dissatisfied with myself, yet hardly knowing why. I thought I wanted somebody to accuse, somebody to blame—Yet how could it be Clementina? But the words *Narrow zeal!—Sweet enthusiast!*—as if I would find fault with her *religion*, involuntarily slipt from me to myself.

It is difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, at the instant in which the heart finds itself disappointed of some darling hope, to avoid reflections that, however, can only be justified by self-partiality. What must I be, if, led as I have been, by all her friends to hope, I had not been *earnest* in my hope!

The bishop joined me in the garden—Excuse me, Grandison, said he, for breaking in upon your contemplations: but I was desirous to apologize to you, for taking the liberty, though you allowed it to me, of attending to what passed between you and my sister.

I should, my lord, have said every thing I did say to your sister, the occasion the same, before your whole assembled family. Your lordship has therefore no apologies to make to me. Heard you all that passed?

I believe I did. Those apartments were always the womens. Camilla placed me in a closet that I

knew not of, where I heard every word you both said of the last part of your conversation. I must ask you, chevalier—*Is* not Clementina—

Clementina, my lord, is all that is great and good in woman. You will imagine, that it would have been much more easy for me to support myself under the resolution she has taken, had I not had such testimonies of her magnanimity. Permit me, my lord, to say, that I have one good quality: I can admire goodness or greatness wherever I meet with it; and that whether it makes for me, or against me. Clementina has all my reverence.

He made me compliments, and withdrew.

The marquis, the count, and the marchioness, afterwards joined me in the garden. The bishop and Father Marescotti not coming with them, or presently after them, I doubted not but they went to Clementina, in order to applaud her for, and confirm her in, a resolution, which must be agreeable to them.

I was right in my conjecture.

The marquis and count each took my hand, and first expressed their surprise at the young lady's adherence to her resolution; and next their high value of me. The marchioness observed, "that her daughter, with all her excellencies, was ever difficult of persuasion, when she had deliberately resolved upon any point."

It was easy, I said, to see, that they all now were of one opinion; which was, that Lady Clementina was not to be moved from her present purpose.

They owned they were: but said, that if it were not *mine*, they thought themselves bound in honour to consent, that I should try, by generous means (and they were sure I would not think of any other) to prevail upon her in my favour.

I presume, said I, that the bishop has already

acquainted you with the substance of what passed just now, between Lady Clementina and me.

They were silent.

Has not your ladyship seen Lady Clementina since?

I have: and she is extremely uneasy. She wishes you could be of our religion. Could it have been so, I, for my part, should rather have called the Chevalier Grandison my son, than any man in the world. Clementina told me, added she (I cannot but say with more composure than I could have expected, though not without tears) that you promised to urge her no more on this subject. She owns, that more than once, as you talked to her, she could hardly forbear giving you her hand, on your own terms. But she says, that you were the most generous of men, when you saw she made a point of conscience of her adherence to her newly taken resolution. And now, chevalier, having made my lord and the count acquainted with all these things, we are come to advise with you what is to be done.

Dear Grandison, said the marquis, advise us. We want an opportunity to shew you, in more than words, our gratitude for all your goodness to us: we want to appease our Jeronymo; who is ready to suspect, that his brother and Father Marescotti have contributed to this turn in our daughter's mind: and we want you to declare freely your own sentiments, with regard to Clementina; and whether you would advise us, as well for her own sake, as for yours, to endeavour to prevail on her to change her mind. Dear creature! a relapse would now be fatal to her, and to her mother and me.

I have no difficulty, my lord, to answer to these points. As to the first, I am greatly rewarded by the pleasure I have, in the more than could be hoped-for happy effects of Mr. Lowther's skill; and

in the prospects that open to us of Lady Clementina's restored health of mind. On this subject I have but one request to make: it is that you will not mortify me so much, as to *suppose*, that I am not sufficiently rewarded.

As to appeasing the generous mind of Signor Jeronymo, let that task be Lady Clementina's. She can plead conscience with more force for herself, than any second person can do for her; and if she does, it will be a demonstration to us all, of her being likely to be happy in her perseverance!—The admirable lady who has silenced, on this head, a man so deeply interested to contest this point with her, will certainly be able to appease a brother by the same pleas; and the sooner as, being of the same religion with the lovely pleader, her arguments will have greater force with *him*, than they could be supposed to have on *me*. For, let me say, my lord, that I could not so much as *seem* to give way to them had I not been accustomed, when I was to judge of another's actions, to suppose myself that very person: hence have I often thought myself obliged to give judgment against my own wishes; though, on resuming MYSELF, I have not found reason to disapprove of my first expectation.

As to the third point, what can I say?—And yet, as your lordship has put it, does it not *call* upon me, as I may say, to give a *proof* of the disinterestedness I have mentioned? I answer then, as supposing myself in *your* situation—I cannot expect that you will urge an interest, which I, by having put myself into that of Lady Clementina, have promised *not* to urge, unless she change her mind. What plea can a parent make use of, but that of *filial duty?* And where the child can plead *conscience* in answer, ought it to be insisted on?

And now, resuming MYSELF, let me presume to

advise you to give the dear lady full time to consider and *re*-consider the case. Her imagination may be heated: in other words, her malady may have a share in the heroism she has no nobly exerted: and yet I am afraid she will persevere. Permit me, my lords, to say *afraid*: I cannot wholly divest myself of self, in this very affecting case. We will not therefore take her at her word: I will absent myself for some time from Bologna; but (as she has the goodness to acknowledge an esteem for me) with *her* leave. I will return at my time. I will *repeat* my absences, if we have the least shadow of doubt. But if she hold her purpose, and shall not be visibly worse in her health or mind, we may conclude her resolution unalterable. In this case, I shall have one or two requests to lay before you; and, if granted, will endeavour to make myself as happy as a man in such a situation can be.

They applauded my advice. They declared themselves unwilling to think of giving up the pleasure they had brought themselves to have, in considering me as one of their family; and assured me, that it would have been impossible, that any the least difficulty should have arisen from them, after they had brought themselves to dispense with the most material one.

They were earnest with me to pass the evening with them. But I excused myself. I wanted to be at my own lodgings, in order to revolve all that had passed. But having not taken leave of Lady Clementina, I imagined she might think I went away in ill humour, if I forbore it. My whole study, I told them, should be to make Lady Clementina easy: and if the marchioness would be so good as to permit me to take leave of her for the evening, in her presence, I would depart; only making my compliments to Signor Jeronymo, by Mr. Lowther; know-

ing that he would be grieved for my disappointment; and my mind not being at present easy enough, to contend with his concern for me.

The marchioness said, she would see in what way her Clementina then was; and acquaint me, by Camilla, with her wishes.

Before we could renew our discourse, the bishop and Father Marescotti joined us; both in high spirits. They were excessively complaisant to me. It was easy to guess at the occasion of their good humour. I could not be greatly delighted with it. But when the count told them what had passed, before they joined us, the bishop embraced me; the father unawares snatched my hand, and kissed it.

I was glad to be relieved from their compliments, by the expected message from the marchioness and Clementina.

The young lady met me, as I entered, at the door of her apartment. She held out her hand to me. I respectfully took it. I saw she had been in tears: but she looked with a serenity, that I was glad to see, though I doubted not but it was partly owing to the conversation she had had, since I left her, with her brother and her confessor, as well as to what might have passed between her mother and her.

She led me to a chair between them both. She withdrew not her hand; and aimed at a more cheerful countenance than I had a heart. I congratulated her on her serenity. It is in your power, Sir, said she, to make me still more serene—Can you, of a truth, and from your heart, approve of my present way of thinking? *Can* you, chevalier?—

I can admire you for it, madam. You have exalted yourself, in my opinion. But I *must* regret it—Because—But I have promised not to urge you. Your conscience, madam, is concerned—To endeavour but to *persuade* against conscience, if you have

no doubt of your motive, is not warranted, even in a parent.

I am, I *think* I am, returned she, absolutely sure of my motive. But, my dear mamma, be pleased to put the questions I wished you to put to the chevalier.

She still suffered me to withhold her hand; and with the other took out her handkerchief; not to wipe away her tears, but to hide her blushes. She wept not: her bosom heaved with the grandeur of her sentiments.

The question, my dear Grandison, said the marchioness, is this—We have all of us told my Clementina, that you are invincible on the article of religion. She believes *us:* she doubts it not from your *behaviour* and *words:* but as she would not omit any means to convince you of her high regard for you, she is desirous to hear from your own lips, that you are *not* to be convinced: she is not afraid, the article so important, to hear you declare, that you will not be a Catholic. It will make her more easy, upon reflection, to be told, by you *yourself*, that you *cannot* comply, even were she to consent to be yours, at a very short day, if you *could*—

The exalted lady stood up, still not withdrawing her hand—False shame, I despise thee, said she: yet covered with blushes, she turned her face from me.—*That* hand, as *this* heart, putting her other hand to her throbbing bosom, is yours, on that one condition—I am convinced of your affection for me—But fear not to tell me (it is for my own future peace of mind, that I ask it) that you cannot accept it on the terms.

She then withdrew her hand, and would have gone from me: but again I snatched it with both mine.

Do *you*, most excellent Lady Clementina, let me

ask you, do *you* consider the inequality in the case between us, as you are pleased to put it? I presume not to require a change of principles in you. You are only *afraid* of your perseverance, though you are to be left to your freedom; and your confessor to strengthen and confirm you. Of me, is not an actual change required against *conviction?*—Dearest Lady Clementina! Can you, can you (your mind great and generous in every other case) insist upon a condition so unequal?—Be great throughout; and I kneeled to her—Be uniformly noble—Withdraw not your hand.

She struggled it, however, from me; and, hastening to her closet—Once more, chevalier, said she, read my paper.

I left her, and approaching the marchioness, who was in tears, Judge me, madam, said I, as I, in your opinion, deserve—What shall I say?—I can urge my hopes no farther: my promise is against me: Clementina is despotic—Forgive me!—But indeed Clementina is *not* impartial—

Dear chevalier, said the marchioness, giving me her hand, what can I say?—I admire *you!* I glory in my *child!* I could not, myself in her place, have withstood your plea. When her imagination is cool. I still question if *she* will hold her purpose—Propose to her, if you can engage her to descend from these heights, your intended absences—*You* must calm her. You *only* can. Her soul is wrought up to too high a pitch.

O madam! But I must first try to quiet my own.

I withdrew into the room adjoining; and in a few minutes returning, found the lovely daughter incircled by the arms of the indulgent mother, both in tears. Clementina was speaking. These were the words I heard her say.

Indeed, my dearest mamma, I am *not* angry with

the chevalier. Why should I? But he can allow for me. I cannot be so great as he. Don't I say, that I should be undone by his goodness?

She turned her head, and seeing me, disengaged herself from her mother's arms, and met me. Allow for me, Sir, I beseech you, said she. I *may* be partial. I believe I *am:* but you can forgive me: I will *hope* you can—*Read my paper*, said I, and went from you: but it was not in anger. *Read it*, I again say. I can give no other answer. I never can be happy with a man whom I think a heretic; and the moment I should, in tenderness, in duty, think him *not* one, I shall cease myself to be a Catholic. A *husband*, Sir, allied to perdition, what wife can bear the reflection?

The chevalier, my dear, urges you not. He adheres to his promise. You were willing to put a question to him yourself. I consented that he should answer it in your presence, for the sake of your future peace of mind. He has spoken to it like himself: he has shewn you, how much he admires you, at the same time that he signifies his inviolable adherence to his own religion. My dearest love, he has conceded to terms in our favour, that we have not conceded to in his. Glorious and unexceptionable is his adherence, were it to a *right* religion. He *believes* it is. He might urge much to his own advantage from your adherence to yours: but he has only hinted at that to *us*, not to *you*. He is willing to wait the event of your will. He will leave us, as he did more than once before, and return; and if you persevere, he will endeavour to make himself easy—

And leave us; and return to England, I suppose?

No doubt of it, my dear—

While the Florentine is there—

I never, madam, can be any-thing but a well-wisher to the Florentine—

God give *you*, Sir, and *me* too, ease of mind. But I find my head overstrained. It is bound round as with a cord, I think, putting her hands to each side of it, for a moment—You must leave me, Sir. But if you will see me to-morrow morning, and tell me, whither you intend to go, and what you intend to do, I shall be obliged to you. Cannot we talk together, Sir, as brother and sister? Or as tutor and pupil?—Those were happy days! Let us try to recover them.

She put her hand to her forehead, as apprehensive of disorder; and looked discomposed. I bowed to both ladies, in silence; retired; and, without endeavouring to see any-body else, went to my lodgings.

LETTER XXIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Bologna, Thursday, July 13-24.

I HAD a visit early this morning from the Count of Belvedere. He found me very much indisposed. He had heard that I met with some difficulties, and attributed my indisposition to them.

I owned that it might be so. My life, my lord, said I, has not been so happy as might have been hoped for, by a man, who has made it his study to avoid giving offence, either to man or woman; and has endeavoured to restrain passions, that otherwise might have been as unruly as those of other young men, in my circumstances. But, I bless God, I have resolution. I may bend beneath a weight, when it is *first* laid upon me: but if I find I cannot shake it off, I will endeavour to collect my strength, and

make myself easy under it. Pardon me, my lord: I do not often allow my mind to break out thus into words: but I hold the Count of Belvedere for my friend.

You do me honour, said he: and I came with a heart disposed to cultivate your friendship. I thank you for your last goodness to me. Your advice and gentle behaviour, when I was not fit to be trusted with myself, have saved me, as far as I know, from final destruction. To the last day of my life, I shall confess obligation to you. But, dear chevalier, if some account of the difficulties you meet with will not be a renewal of grief, now you are not very well—

It will *not* be so, my lord, interrupted I, since at present I can think of nothing else. Yet putting myself in the place of every one of the family of Porretta, I have nobody to blame; but the contrary. And I must admire Lady Clementina as one of the noblest of women.

He was all impatience for further particulars.

What may yet be the event, I cannot tell, proceeded I; therefore will only say, that difference in religion is the difficulty with the lady. I am willing to allow her the full and free exercise of hers. She insists upon a change of mine. For the rest, you, my lord, want not friends among the principals of the family; let *them* give you what account they think fit. I would not scruple to gratify your curiosity, could I give you a conclusive one.

I *am* curious, chevalier, said he. I loved Clementina above all women, *before* her illness. I loved her not the less *for* her illness; for then my pity joined with my love, and added a tenderness to it, of which I had not, in equal degree, been before sensible. The treatment she met with, and the self-interested

cruelty of Lady Laurana, heightened her illness, and that (I did not think it possible) my love. In order to free her from that treatment; and in hopes that a different one (my hopes you see were not ill founded) would restore her reason; and that the happy result might be the defeating of the cruel Laurana's expectations; I tendered myself in marriage to her, notwithstanding her illness. But I must say, that I never knew how much I loved her, till I was apprehensive that, not only I, but Italy, and her religion, were likely to lose her for ever. And will you not allow of my curiosity now? God give you, chevalier, health and happiness here and hereafter! But may you never be the husband of Clementina, but of some woman of your own country, if there be one in it that can deserve you!

The count left me with this wish, pronounced with earnestness: and I suppose will visit the bishop and Father Marescotti, in order to gratify his curiosity.

My indisposition requiring indulgence, I sent a billet to the marchioness, excusing my attendance till the afternoon; on the score of an unexpected engagement. I was loth to mention that I was not very well, lest it should be thought a lover-like artifice, to move compassion. I will not owe my success, even with a Clementina, to mean contrivances. You know I have pride, my dear friend—Pride which your example has not been able to subdue, though it has sometimes made me ashamed of it.

One o'clock.

Camilla, by direction of her two ladies, made me a visit about two hours ago. They were alarmed at my postponing my attendance on Lady Clementina till the afternoon; suspecting that the Count of Bel-

vedere had unwelcomely engaged me; and therefore sent the worthy woman to know the true cause. Camilla observing that I looked ill, I desired her to take no notice of it to any-body: but she could not help acquainting the marchioness with it; who, ordering her to forbear mentioning it to Clementina and Jeronymo, was so good, attended by Father Marescotti, to make me a visit in person.

Never was mother more tender to her own son, than she was to me. The father expressed a paternal affection for me. I made light of the illness, being resolved, if possible, to attend them in the afternoon. My mind, my dear friend, is disturbed. I want to be at a certainty: yet, from what the marchioness hinted, I believe I have no reason to doubt. The father and the bishop have spared no pains, I dare say, to strengthen the lady's scruples. Their whole study (the marchioness intimated) is now, in what manner to acknowledge their obligations to me.

They owe me none.

My dear chevalier, said she, at parting, take care of your health: she put her hand on mine—Your *precious* health. Don't think of coming out. We will in turn attend you here.

* *

Notwithstanding the advice of the marchioness, I went to the palace of Porretta, as soon as I thought their dinner-time was over. Signor Jeronymo desired to be alone with me for a few minutes; and when he was, began upon the subject of the unexpected turn which his sister had taken. I found, that he had been acquainted with the truth of every-thing: not a single circumstance was omitted, that might enable him to judge fairly of the whole.

And will you, Grandison, *can* you, my dear friend, said he, have the goodness to attend with patience

the event of this dear girl's heroism, or what shall I call it?

I assured him, that the restoration of his sister's health of mind was the dearest to me of all considerations; and that I came over at first with no other hopes than *his* recovery and *hers*; resolved to leave to Providence all the rest.

The marchioness came in soon after, and taking me aside, chid me with tenderness even maternal, for coming abroad. The rest of the family soon joined us; and then they all, as with one voice, offered to use their interest with Clementina in my favour, if either my peace of mind, or my health, were likely to be affected by her present resolution.

While there was *conscience* in it, I answered, I would not, for the world, that she should be urged to change it. Nothing now, as I believed, remained to be done, but to try the firmness of her resolution, by first short, and then longer absences: and those I would propose to herself, if they thought fit, when I was next admitted to her presence.

Jeronymo, and all the family, I saw were of one mind. Tell me, *say*, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is it excusable in a man, who has been so long favoured by your conversation, and *should* have been benefited by your example, who have behaved so greatly in disappointments, and even persecutions, to find in himself a pride that, at the instant, had almost carried him into petulance, when he saw every one of this family appear to be more pleased than displeased, that he was not likely to be allied to them?—Who yet, when he coolly considers, and puts himself in the case of each individual of it, must acknowledge, that they might well be allowed to rejoice (the great article religion *out* of the question) in the hope of keeping her among them in her native country: and the more, because of the unhappy disorder of her

mind; and out of a distant one, obnoxious to them all, as England is? Would not my own father and mother, would not I myself, have equally rejoiced in such a turn in the affections of a sister of my own; especially if we had complied with her principally from motives of compassion, and contrary to the interests of our family?

The marchioness conducted me to the young lady. She received me with a blush, as a person would do another whom she was sensible she had causelessly disappointed. She took notice, after the first emotion, that I seemed not to be well, and cast an eye of compassion on me. A slight indisposition, I said, that might, perhaps, be owing to my late inactivity, and want of exercise. I had thoughts of once more making the tour of Italy, in order to visit the many kind friends at different courts, who had honoured me with their notice during my former abode there.

How long do you propose to be absent, Sir?

Perhaps a month, madam.

A month, Sir!—She sighed, and looked down.

Signor Jeronymo, I hope, said I, will correspond with me.

I could almost wish, said she—Pardon me, madam, to her mother—and looked bashfully down.

What would my child wish?

That *I* might correspond with the chevalier in his absence—As his *sister*, as his *pupil*, I think I might—

You will do me, madam, the highest honour—Dear madam, to the marchioness, may I not have *your* interest with Lady Clementina, to engage her to pursue her kind hint?

By all means. My dearest love, it will not misbecome you in *any* character, whether as pupil, as sister, or friend, to write to such a man as the Chevalier Grandison.

Perhaps then I may, said she. You, madam, shall see all that passes in this correspondence.

That shall be as you please, my love. I can absolutely depend upon the chevalier's generosity, and your prudence.

I should *choose*, madam, said I, that you should see all that passes. As amusement is principally my view in this tour, I can be punctual to place and time.

But shall you be gone a month, Sir?

As much less, madam, as you shall command.

Nay, as things are circumstanced, it is not for me—She stopt, sighed, and looked down.

You, madam, are above unnecessary reserve. I never yet abused a confidence. I am proud of your good opinion. I never will do any thing to forfeit it. Whatever shall be your pleasure, *that* signify to me in the letters you will favour me with. I will be all grateful obedience.

Whither, Sir, do you intend to go first?

To Florence, madam—

To Florence, Sir?—But Lady Olivia, I think, is *not* there—To Mrs. Beaumont, I suppose?

I will send you, madam, from Florence, the beginning letter of the hoped-for correspondence. I will be careful to be within distance of receiving your favour in a very short space, by means of a servant, whom I will leave at Florence, to attend to our correspondence.

And when, Sir, do you leave Bologna?

I will now take leave of my new correspondent, and my dear friends here; and dispose myself for my little route.

She looked at her mother; then at me—again sighed, blushed, and looked down—*Well, Sir,* was all she said.

Will you not drink chocolate with us to-morrow? said the marchioness.

I excused myself. As I was not well, I thought I *might* be obliged to keep my chamber for two or three days; and that therefore it was better to take leave of her then, that I might not give them anxiety, for their own sakes, on a supposal, that I owed my indisposition to my disappointment. And yet, Dr. Bartlett—But you know my heart, and all its imperfections: and will you not, on this extraordinary occasion, allow me to give way to my native pride, for my own sake? Who but must admire the exalted mind of this young lady? What man would not wish her to be his?—But to covet a relation to a family, however illustrious, however worthy, every one of which wishes, and with *reason* on his side, that it may not take place—I must, if possible—But a few weeks will now determine my fate—I will not leave *them* or *myself*, if I can help it, any cause of regret.

I took a solemn leave of Clementina. She wept at parting; and dropping down on one knee, prayed for a blessing to attend me wherever I went.

Had *not* my indisposition lowered my spirits, I should have been affected at the solemnity and grace of her manner. The marchioness was.

I went from her to Jeronymo. I left it to his mother to tell him all that had passed; and took almost as ardent a leave of him. I desired a visit from Mr. Lowther: and left my compliments for all the rest of a family that I ever must highly respect.

Friday, July 14-25.

I took, by advice, a medicine over-night, that composed me. I had wanted rest. I am much better, and preparing for my journey to Florence. I have returned answer that I *am*, to enquiries made after my health by the whole family. The bishop excused

his personal attendance, on the count's sudden resolution to set out for Urbino; and insisting on his and Father Marescotti's accompanying him thither for a few days.

Camilla came to me from her two ladies, and the marquis. All three, she told me, were indisposed. Their enquiries after my health were very tender: the marquis bid her tell me, that he hoped to be well enough to make me a visit before I set out. Jeronymo wished to see me first, if I had opportunity. But, as I probably must, if I go, see Lady Clementina, and another solemn parting will follow, I think it will be best for *both* our sakes, as well as for Jeronymo's, not to obey him; and so I hinted by Camilla.

The Count of Belvedere has made me a visit. He is setting out for Parma. Not one word passed his lips about Lady Clementina, or her family. He was very earnest with me, to promise him a visit at his palace. I gave him room to expect me. By his silence on a subject so near his heart, as well as by the very great respect he paid me, I have no reason to doubt but he knows the situation I am in with Clementina: *she* will have *his* prayers, I dare say, for perseverance in her present way of thinking. Indeed now, *every-body*'s of her family—for who can doubt the general's? She would have had *mine* the more sincerely, had not they all joined to indulge my hopes; and had she not given such instances of the noblest of female minds.

But, how great soever may be the occasion given me for fortitude, by a resolution so unexpected by every-body from Lady Clementina, I cannot be deprived of all pleasure; since the contents of my last pacquets, as well those from Paris as from England, afford me a great deal.

Every-thing is done at Paris, that I could have wished, in relation to Mr. Danby's legacy.

Lord W. lets me know, that he thinks himself every day happier than in the past with his lady; who also subscribes to the same acknowledgment.

Our Beauchamp tells me, that he wants only my company to make him the happiest of men. He requests me to write a letter of thanks, in my own name, to Lady Beauchamp, on his dutiful acknowledgment to me of her kindness to him. I will with pleasure comply; and the sooner, as I am sure that gratitude for past benefits, and not expectation of new ones, is his motive.

He laments in postscript, that his father is taken with a threatening disorder. I am sorry for it. Methinks I am interested in the life and health of Sir Harry Beauchamp. I hope he will long enjoy the happiness, of which his son says he is extremely sensible. Should he die, the lady will be a great deal in my Beauchamp's power, large as her jointure is. If, on such an event, he be not as obliging to her, as he now is, and forget not all past disobligations, I shall not have the opinion of his heart that I now have. Our Beauchamp wants but the trial of prosperity (a much more arduous one than that of adversity) to be upon full proof an excellent man.

Lady Mansfield, with equal joy and gratitude, acquaints me, that only my presence in England is wanting to bring to a decision every point that now remains in debate with her adversaries, the Keelings; they having shewn themselves inclinable, by the mediation of Sir John Lambton, to compromise on the terms I had advised she should get proposed, as from me; and the wicked Bolton having also made proposals, that perhaps ought to be accepted, if he cannot be brought to amend them.

Two of Emily's letters of distant date are come

together. I will write to the dear girl by the next mail, and let her know how much absence endears to me my friends.

You give me joy, my dear Dr. Bartlett, in acquainting me with the happiness of Lord and Lady G. I will write to my Charlotte upon it, and thank her for the credit she does me by her affectionate behaviour to that worthy and obliging man.

How happy are you, my dear friend, and Lord and Lady G. and Emily, at Miss Byron's! I am charmed with the characters you give me of her family.

But I have letters brought by the same mail, that are not so agreeable as those I have taken notice of. They are from Lady Olivia, and my poor cousin Grandison.

That unhappy woman *is* to be my disturbance! She is preparing, she says, to come back to Italy. She execrates: she threatens. Poor woman!—But no more of her at present.

My cousin is by this time, I suppose, at Paris. He writes, that he was on the point of setting out, in pursuance of my advice; and will wait there for my direction to proceed to Italy, or not. I shall write to him to continue at Paris till he hears further from me; and, at the same time, to some of my friends there, to make France agreeable to him.

I shall not perhaps write again very soon. Letters from England will, however, find an easy access, directed to me, under cover, to Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, as you know how.

I shall be pretty much in motion, if health permit. I shall take a view of the works projecting by the Duke of Modena, in order to render his little signory considerable. I shall visit the Count of Belvedere at Parma. Mrs. Beaumont and her friends will have more of my company than any other persons.

Perhaps I may make a long-requested visit to the Altieri family, at Urbino. If I do, I must not put a slight on the Conte della Porretta, who pressingly invited me thither. I think to pass a few days at Rome. If I go from thence to Naples, I shall perhaps once more, in the general's company, visit Portici, in order to make more accurate observations than I have hitherto done, on those treasures of antiquity which have been discovered in the ancient Herculaneum.

I have a private intimation from Milan, that a visit there would be a welcome one to Lady Sforza. I may possibly take that city in my way, when I quit Italy. But how can I, without indignation, see the cruel Laurana?

Thus, my dear and reverend friend, have I given you an imperfect sketch of my present intentions, as to passing the month that I think of absenting myself from Bologna.

It is a long time since I have been able to tell you aforehand, with regard to some of the most material articles of my life, what I *will* or will *not* do. Yet, knowing my own motives, I cannot say, that were the last three or four years of it to come over again, I should have acted otherwise than I have done. Do you, my reverend friend, with that freedom which has been of inexpressible use to me, remind me, if I am too ready to acquit myself. You know (I repeat) all the secrets of my heart. Be not partial to your sincere friend. I write not to be praised, but corrected. Don't flatter my vanity; I am yet but a young man. You have not blamed me a great while: I am for this reason a little diffident of the ground I stand upon: but if you have no *material* fault to recollect, spare yourself the trouble of telling me so: having thus renewed my call upon

you, for your friendly admonition, I will look upon your silence as an acquittal, so far as I have gone; and we will begin, from the date of your next, a new account. In the mean time, be not concerned for my health. I am much better than I was. My mind was weakened by suspense. I long since thought the crisis near. If it be not already over-past, a few weeks must surely determine it.

I am not in haste to send this pacquet. A week hence Sir Alexander Nesbitt will set out directly for England. He has a great desire of being acquainted with my dear Dr. Bartlett, and requests me to give him a commission, that may introduce him to you. I would not, however, have delayed sending you these letters by a speedier conveyance, had my destiny in this country been absolutely determined.

Sir Alexander is a worthy man: as such, wants not a recommendation to my dear and reverend friend, from his

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

[*With the preceding seven letters of Sir Charles.*]

Grosvenor Square, Monday, August 7.

Good God, my dear!—I dispatch a pacquet to you; received, a few hours ago, from Dr. Bartlett, with desire of forwarding it to you. My sister was with me. We read the letters together. I dispatch them by an express messenger; What shall we say? Tell me, Harriet. More suspense still. Dear crea-

ture, tell me all you think of the contents of this pacquet. If I enter into the particulars, I shall never have done scribbling. Adieu, my love!

CHARLOTTE G.

Return the letters, when perused. I want to study them before the doctor has them back.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON TO LADY G.

Selby-house, Friday, August 11.

Tell you, my dear Lady G. all I think of the contents of the pacquet you so kindly sent me by an express messenger!—What will you say to me, if I do? I can much better tell you, what all my *friends* here say of them. They are for congratulating me upon those contents. But can I congratulate *myself?* Can I *receive* their congratulations?—A woman! an angel!—So much more worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, than the poor Harriet Byron *can* be!—O how great is Clementina, how little am I, in my own eyes! The lady will still be his. She must. She shall. She will change her mind. So earnest he! So fervently in love with him, she!—Who will presume to hope a place in his affections after her? My pride, my dear, is all up. Can I? How mean will any one now appear in his eyes, when he thinks of his Clementina? And who can be contented with half a heart? Nay, *not* half a one, if he does justice to this wonder of a woman? It was always my consolation, when I looked upon him as lost to myself, that it was to a person of superior merit.

But who can forbear pitying the glorious man! O my dear, I am lost in the subject! I know not what to say. Were I to tell you what I thought, what were my emotions, as I read now his generous

pity for the Count of Belvedere—Now his affectionate and respectful address to the noble lady—Her agitations of mind, previous to the delivery of her paper to him—That paper, the contents so greatly surpassing all that I had read of woman! Yet so much of a piece with the conduct she shewed, when the struggle between her religion and her love cost her her reason. His equal steadiness in his religion so nobly firm—yet towards her so delicate—In short, the whole of his conduct and hers, in the various lights in which they appeared in the different conversations with her, with her family—Were I to tell you, I say, what I thought, and what were my emotions, as I read, a volume would not be sufficient; nor know I what measure would contain my tears. Suffice it to say, that I was not able to rise in two days and nights; and it has been with the greatest difficulty, that I obtained pen and ink, and leave to write; and the physician talks of confining me to my chamber for a week to come.

Sir Charles cries out upon suspense—Indeed it is a grievous thing.

You will observe, that in these last letters he mentions *me* but once; and that is, in making me a compliment on the favour which the beloved *four* conferred upon me, and all of us, in the visit you were so good as to make us. And why do you think I take notice of this?—Not from petulance, I assure you: but for the praise of his justice as well as delicacy: for, could Sir Charles Grandison excusably (if, on *other* occasions, he remembered the poor girl whom he rescued; could he excusably, I say) while his soul was agitated by his own suspense, occasioned by the uncommon greatness of Clementina's behaviour, think of any other woman in the world?

But you see, my Charlotte, that the excellent man

has been, perhaps *is* greatly indisposed. Can we wonder at it? Such a prize in view, so many difficulties as he had to struggle with, overcome; yet, at last, a seemingly insuperable one arising from the lady herself, and from motives that increased his admiration of her? But a woman may be eloquent, from grief and disappointment; when a man, though his nobler heart is torn in pieces, must hardly complain.—How do I pity the distresses of a manly heart!

But should this noble lady, on his return to Bologna, after a month's absence, hold her purpose, unless he changes his religion, I will tell you my thoughts of what will probably be the result. He will not marry at all. If he cannot love another woman, as well as he does Clementina, *ought* he? And who can equally deserve his love? Have we not heard from himself, as well as from Dr. Bartlett, that all the troubles he has had, have proceeded from our sex? It is true, that men and women can hardly ever have any *great* troubles, but what must arise from each other. And *his* have arisen from good women too (I hope Lady Olivia is not deliberately bad). And why should so good a man continue to subject himself to the petulance, to the foibles, of us wayward women, who hardly know our own minds, as Signor Jeronymo told his friend, when our wishes are in our power?

But, sick or well, you see Sir Charles Grandison loses not his spirit. His enlarged heart can rejoice in the happiness of his friends. I *will* have joy, said he once to me. And must he not have it in the hopes of recovery of his friend Jeronymo? In the restoration of the admirable Clementina? And in the happiness those recoveries must give to a worthy and illustrious family? Let me enumerate, from him, the pleasure he enjoys, in the felicity he has given to

many; though he cannot be, in himself, the happy person he makes others. Is he not delighted with the happiness of Lord and Lady W.? Of his Beauchamp, and his Beauchamp's father and mother?—Of Lady Mansfield, and her family? With yours and Lord G.'s happiness? Does it not rejoice you, my dear, to have it in your power to contribute to the pleasure of such a brother? And how great, how honourable, how considerate, how delicate, is his behaviour to the noble Clementina; how patient, how disinterested, with her family! How ready to enter into their sentiments, and to allow for them, though against himself! But he is prudent: he sees before him at a great distance: he is resolved to have nothing to reproach himself with, in future, that he can obviate at present. But is not his conduct such, as would make a considerate person, who has any connexions with him, tremble? Since if there be a fault *between* them, it must be *all* that person's; and he will not, if it be possible for him to avoid it, be a sharer in it? Do you think, my dear, that had he been the first man, he would have been so complaisant to his Eve as *Milton makes Adam* [so contrary to that part of his character, which made him accuse the woman to the Almighty*]—To taste the forbidden fruit, because he would not be separated from her, in her punishment, though all *posterity* were to suffer by it?—No: it is my opinion, that your brother would have had gallantry enough to his fallen spouse, to have made him extremely regret her lapse; but that he would have done *his own duty*, and left it to the Almighty, if such had been his pleasure, to have annihilated his first Eve, and given him a second—But, my dear, do I not write strangely? I would be cheerful, if I could, because

* The woman that thou gavest me, tempted me, and I did eat.

you are so kind as to take pains to make me so: but, on re-perusing what I have written, I am afraid that you have taught me to think oddly. Tell me truth, Charlotte: Is not what has last slipt from my pen, more in Lady G.'s manner, than in that of her

HARRIET BYRON?

One line more; and no more, my dear, my indulgent aunt Selby!—They won't let me write on, Charlotte, when I had a thousand things further to say, on the contents of this important pacquet; or I should not have concluded so uncharacteristically.

LETTER XXXII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

Florence, July 18-29.

I BEGIN, dear and admirable Lady Clementina, the permitted correspondence, with a due sense of the favour done me in it: yet, *can* I say, that it is not a painful favour? Was ever man before circumstanced as I am?—Permitted to admire one of the noblest and most amiable of women, and even generously allowed to look upon himself as a man esteemed, perhaps *more* than esteemed, by her, and her illustrious family; yet in honour forbidden to solicit for a blessing that once was designed for him; and which he is not accused of demeriting by misbehaviour, or by assuming an appearance that he made not good—Excellent lady! Am I other than you ever had reason to think me, in my manners, in my

principles? Did I ever endeavour to unsettle you in your attachments to the religion of your country? No, madam: invincibly attached as I knew you were to that religion, I contented myself with avowing my own; and indeed should have thought it an ill requital for the protection I enjoyed from the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and a breach of the laws of hospitality, had I attempted to unsettle the beloved daughter of a house so firmly likewise attached, as they always were, to their principles. From *such* a conduct, could this beloved daughter doubt the free exercise of her religion, had she—

But, hushed be the complainings, that my expostulating heart will hardly be denied to dictate to my pen! Have I not said, that I *will be* all you wish me to be—All *hope*, or all *acquiescence*—Forgive me, madam, forgive me, dear and ever-to-be respected family, that yet I use the word *hope*. Such a prize almost in possession—can I *forbear* to say hope?—Yet do I not at the same time promise acquiescence?—Painful as it is to me, and impossible as it would be, were not all-commanding conscience pleaded, most excellent of women! I will, I *do*, acquiesce. If you persevere, dear to my soul as you ever *must* be, I resign to your will.

The disappointed heart, not given up to unmanly despair, in a world so subject to disappointments, will catch at the next good to that it has lost—Shall I not hope, madam, that a correspondence so allowably begun, whatever be the issue in the greater event, will for ever last? That a friendship so pure will ever be allowed? That the disappointed man may be considered as the son, the brother, of a family, which must, in all the branches of it, be ever dear to him? —I *will* hope it. I will even demand the continuance of its esteem; why should I not say, of its *affection?* But so long only, as my own impartial

heart, and my zeal for the glory and happiness of your whole house, shall tell me I deserve this; and so long as I can make out my pretensions, to the satisfaction of every one of it. It cannot be on my side, nor will I allow it on yours, that the man who once, by the favour of your whole family, was likely to be happy in a near alliance to it, should, and perhaps for *that* reason, as it often happens in like instances, be looked upon as the most remote from its friendly love.

Never, madam, could the heart of man boast a more disinterested passion for an object, whose mind was dearer to it than even her person; or a more sincere affection to every one of her family, than mine does. I am unhappily called upon to the proof. The proof is unquestionable. And—To the last hour of my life, you and they, madam, *will be* dear to me.

Adieu, most excellent of women!—Circumstanced as I am, what *more* can I say?—Adieu, most excellent of women!—May every good, temporal and eternal, be yours, and every one's of your beloved family, prays

Your and their most grateful, most affectionate,
and most obedient,
GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

LADY CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Tuesday, August 5. N. S.

I WAS the more willing, Sir, to become your correspondent, as I thought I could write to you with

greater freedom, than I could speak. And indeed I will be very free, and very sincere. I will suppose, when I address myself to you, that I am writing to my brother, and best friend. And indeed to which of my *other* brothers can I write, with equal freedom?—You, in imitation of the God of us all, require only the heart. My heart shall be as open to you, as if, like Him, you could look into every secret recess of it.

I thank you, Sir, for the kind and generous contents of the letter, by which you have opened this desirable correspondence. Such a regard have you paid in it to the weakness of my mind, and to its late unhappy state, without mentioning that unhappy state—O Sir, you are the most delicate of men—What tenderness have you always shewn me, for my attachment to the religion of my fathers—Surely, you are the most pious of Protestants!—Protestants *can* be pious; you and Mrs. Beaumont have convinced me that they can. Little did I think I should ever be brought to acknowledge so much in favour of the people of your religion, as you and she, by your goodness, have brought me to acknowledge. O Sir! What might you not have brought me to, by your love, by your kind treatment of me, and by your irresistible address, were I to have been yours, and residing in a protestant nation, every one of your friends of that religion, and all amiable, and perhaps *exemplarily* good? I was *afraid* of you, chevalier. But no more of this subject. *You* are invincible; and I hope *I* should not have been overcome, had I been yours—But do we not pray against running into temptation?—Again, I say, no more of this subject at present, yet hardly know how to forbear—

Nothing but the due consideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, in which we are but probationers, and of the eternity of the next, could have

influenced me to act against my heart. Dear chevalier, how happy should I have been, could I have given my hand as that heart would have directed, and on such terms, as I could have thought my soul secure?—How shall I quit this entangling subject? I am in the midst of briars and thorns—Lend me, lend me, your extricating hand; and conduct me into the smooth and pleasant path, in which you at first found me walking with undoubting feet. Never, never, for my sake, let an unexperienced virgin trust herself with her own imagination, when she begins to meditate, with pleasure, the great qualities of an object, with whom she has frequent opportunities of conversing.

Again am I recurring to a subject I wish to quit. But since I cannot, I will give my pen its course—Pen, take thy course. Mind, equally perverse and disturbed, I will give way to thee; I see there is no withstanding thee—

Tell me, then, my brother, my friend, my faithful, my *disinterested* friend, what I shall do, what method take, to be indifferent to you, in *another* character? What I shall do, to be able to look upon you, *only* as my brother and friend?—Can you not tell me?—Will you not? Will not your love of Clementina *permit* you to tell her?—I will help you to words—Say, "you are the friend of her *soul*." If you cannot be a Catholic *always*, be a Catholic when you *advise* her. And then, from your love of her soul, you will be able to say, "Persevere, Clementina! and I will not account you ungrateful."—

O chevalier! I fear nothing so much as being thought capable of ingratitude, by those I love. And *am* I not, can you think that I am *not*, ungrateful? Once you told me so. Why, if you mean me *more* than a compliment, do you not tell me how to be

grateful? Are *you* the only man on earth, who have it in your will, and in your power, to confer obligations, yet can be above receiving returns? What services did you endeavour to do to the soul of a misguided youth, at your first acquaintance with him!—Unhappy youth! And how did he at the time requite you for them! He has let us know (generous self-accuser!) what heroic patience you had with him; and how bravely you disdained his ungrateful defiance. Well may he love you as he does. After many, many months discontinuance of friendship, you were called upon to snatch him from the jaws of death, by your bravery. You were not requited, as you might have expected, from some of our family—What regret has the recollection cost us *all!*—You were obliged to quit our Italy; yet, *called upon*, as I may say, by your wounded friend; incurably wounded, as it was apprehended; you hastened to him: you hastened to his sister, wounded in her head, in her heart: you hastened to her father, mother, brothers, wounded in their minds, by the sufferings of that son and daughter. And whence did you hasten to us? From your native country. Quitting your relations, all proud of your love, and proud of loving you; on the wings of friendly zeal did you hasten to us, in a distant region. You encountered with, you overcame, a thousand obstacles. The genius of healing, in the form of a skilful operator, accompanying you; all the art of the physicians of your country did you collect, to assist your noble purpose. Success attended your generous wishes. We see one another, a whole family see one another, with that delight, which was wont to irradiate our countenances, before disaster overclouded them.

And now, what return shall we make for your goodness to us? You say, you are already rewarded

in the success with which God has blessed your generous endeavours to serve us. Hence it is that I call you proud, and, at the same time, happy. Well do I know, that it is not in the power of a wife to reward you. For what could a wife do by such a man more than her duty? And were it possible for Clementina to be yours, *would* you that your kindness, your love to her, should be rewarded at the price of her everlasting happiness?—No, you answer—You would leave to her the full and free exercise of her religion—And *can* you promise, can you, the Chevalier Grandison, undertake, if you think your wife in an error, that you never will endeavour to cure her of that error? You who, as the husband, ought to be the regulator of her conscience; the strengthener of her mind—Can you, believing your own religion a right one, hers a wrong one, be contented that she shall persevere in it? Or can she avoid, on the same, and even still stricter principles, entering into debate with you? And will not then her faith, from your superior understanding, be endangered?—Of what force will be my confessor's arguments, against yours, strengthened by your love, your kindness, your sweetness of manners? And how will all my family grieve, were Clementina to become indifferent to *them*, to her *country*, and *more* than indifferent to her religion?

Say, Grandison, my tutor, my friend, my brother, can you be indifferent on these weighty matters?—O no, you cannot. My brother, the bishop, has told me (but be not angry with my brother for telling me) that you did declare to my elder brother and him, that you would not, in a *beginning* address, have granted to a *princess* the terms you were willing to grant *me*; and that you offered them to me as a compromise!—Compassion and love were equally perhaps your inducements. Poor Clementina!—

Yet, were there not a *greater* obstacle in the way, I would have accepted of your compassion; because you are great and good; and there can be no insult, but true godlike pity, in your compassion—Well, Sir, and do not my father, my mother, the best and most indulgent of fathers and mothers; and do not my uncle, and brothers, and my other kindred; comply with their Clementina, upon the same affectionate, the same pitying motive; otherwise religion, country, the one so different, the other so remote, *would* they have consented?—They would not. Will you not then, my dear chevalier, think that I do but right (knowing *your* motive, knowing *theirs*, knowing that to rely upon my own strength is presumption, and a tempting of the Almighty) to act as I act, to resolve as I have resolved—O do you, my tutor, be again my tutor—You never taught me a lesson that either of us might be ashamed to own—Do you, as I have begged of you in my paper, strengthen my mind. I own to you, that I have struggled much with myself: and now I am got—above myself, or beneath myself, I know not whether—For my letter is not such as I designed it. *You* are too much the subject: I designed only a few lines; and those to express the grateful sense I have of your goodness to me, and our Jeronymo; indeed to every-body; and to beg of you, for the sake of my peace of mind, to point out some way, by which I, and all of us may demonstrate our attachment to our superior duties, and our gratitude to you—

What a quantity have I written!

Excuse my wandering head; and believe me to be, as much the wellwisher of your glory, as of my own.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

Rome, August 11. N. S.

"Nothing," says the most generous and pious of her sex, "but the due consideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, and on the duration of the next, could have influenced me to act against my *heart*."—Condescending goodness! What acknowledgments do you make in my favour? But, *favour*—can I say?—No, *not* in my favour; but, on the contrary, to the extinction of all my hopes; for what pleas remain to be urged, when you doubt not my affection, my gratitude, my tenderness, my good faith, and think that from *them* will arise your danger?

My "extricating hand," at your command, "is held out;" and it shall not be my fault, if you recover not the "smooth and pleasant path, in which you were accustomed to walk with undoubting feet."

You bid me "tell you what you shall do to be indifferent to me"—What pain does the gracious manner of your rejection give me? Exalted goodness!—"Your brother, your friend, your faithful, your *disinterested* friend," will "tell you," against himself, to the forfeiture of all his hopes; "he will tell you," that you ought *not* "to give your hand as your heart" (condescending excellence!) "would have directed," if you cannot do it, "and think your soul secure."

You "will help me to words," you say—I repeat them after you. "Persevere, Clementina—I will "not," I cannot, "account you ungrateful."

How much does the dear, the generous Clemen-

tina, over-rate the services, which Heaven, for my consolation (so I will flatter myself) in a very heavy disappointment that was to follow, made me an humble instrument of rendering to the worthiest of families! To that Heaven be all the glory! By ascribing so much to the agent, fear you not that you depreciate the First Cause? Give to the Supreme *His* due, and what will be left for me to claim? What but a common service, which any one of your family would, in the like circumstances, have done for *me?*

It is generous, it is noble, in you, madam, to declare your regard for the man you refuse: but what a restraint must I act under, who value, and must for ever value, the fair refuser; yet think myself bound in honour to acquiesce with the refusal; and to prefer your peace of mind to my own? To lay open my heart before you, would give you pain. I will *not* give you pain: yet let me say, that the honour once designed me, had it been conferred, would have laid me under unreturnable obligations to as many persons as are of your family. It was, at one time, an honour too great even for my ambition; and yet that is one of the constitutional faults that I have found it most difficult to restrain. But I will glory in their intended goodness; and that I lost not their or your favour from any act of unworthiness—Continue to me, most excellent Clementina; continue to me, lords and ladies of your illustrious house, y ur friendship; and I will endeavour to be satisfied.

Your "tutor," as you are pleased to call him; your friend, your "BROTHER" (too clearly do I see the *exclusive* force of that last recognition!) owns, that "he cannot be indifferent to those motives, that have so great weight with you." He sees your stedfastness, and that your conscience is engaged: he submits therefore, whatever the submission may cost

him, to your reasoning; and repeats your words—"Persevere, Clementina."

I did tell your elder brother, and I am ready to tell all the world, "that I would not, in a *beginning* address, though to a princess, have signed to the articles I yielded to by way of compromise." Allow me, madam, to repeat his question, to which my declaration was an answer—"What would the *daughters* have done, that they should have been consigned to perdition*?"—I had in my thoughts this further plea, that our church admits of a possibility of salvation out of its own pale.—God forbid but it should—The church of God, we hold, will be collected from the sincerely pious of all communions. Yet, I own, that had the intended honour been done me, I should have rejoiced that none but sons had blessed our nuptials.

But how do your next words affect me—"Compassion, and love, say you, were equally, perhaps, your inducements—Poor Clementina!" add you. Inimitably great as what follows this is, I should have thought myself concerned, as well for my own honour, as for your delicacy, to have expatiated on the self-pitying reflection conveyed in these words, had we been otherwise circumstanced than we are: but to write but one half of what, in happier circumstances, I would have written, must, as I have hinted, give pain to your noble heart. The excellent Clementina, I am sure, would not wish me to say much on this subject. If *she* would, I *must* not; I *cannot*.

The best of fathers, mothers, brothers, and of spiritual directors in your own way, are yours. They, madam, will strengthen your mind. Their advices, and their indulgent love, will be your support in the

* Vol. III. p. 297.

resolution you have takeu. You call upon me again to approve of that resolution. I *do*, I *must* approve of it. "The lover of your soul" concludes with the repetition of the words you prescribe to his pen—If cooler reflection, if reconsideration of those arguments which persuaded me to hope, that you would have been in no way unhappy or unsafe, had you condescended to be mine—If mature and dispassionate thought, cannot alter your present persuasion on this head—"Persevere, Clementina," in the rejection of a man as steady in his own faith as you are in yours. If your conscience is concerned—If your peace of mind is engaged—you ought to refuse. "You cannot be thought ungrateful"—So, against himself, decides your called-upon, and generously acknowledged,

"Tutor, friend, brother,"

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY CLEMENTINA TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, August 19. N. S.

AND do you, best of men, consent to be governed by my wishes? But are you *convinced* (you do not say you are) by my reasonings?—Alas! my reasoning powers are weakened: my head has received an incurable wound: my memory, indeed, seems returned; but its return only serves to make me more sensible of my past unhappiness; and to dread a relapse.

But what is it I hear? Olivia is come back to Florence; and *you* are at Florence! Fly from Florence, and from Olivia—But whither will you go, to avoid

a woman who could follow you to England?—Whither, but to England?—We are all of us apprehensive for the safety of your person, if you refuse to be the husband of that violent woman. Yet cannot I bear the thoughts of her being yours. But *that*, you have told me, she never can be—Yet, if you could be happy with her, why should I be an enemy to her happiness?—But to your own magnanimity I will leave this subject.

Let me advise with my tutor, my friend, my brother, on a point that is now much more my concern than Olivia, and her hopes—Fain, very fain, would I take the veil. My heart is in it. My friends, my dearest friends, urge against my plea, the dying request, as well as the wishes, while living, of my grandfathers on both sides. I am distressed; I am *greatly* distressed; for well do I know what were the views of the two good men, now with God, in wishing me *not* to assume the veil. But could they foresee the calamity that was to befal their Clementina? They could *not*. I need not dwell upon the subject, and upon the force of their pleas and mine, to a man whose mind is capacious enough to take in the whole strength of both at once. But you will add an obligation to the many you have already conferred upon me, if you can join your weight to my pleas; and make it your request, that I may be obliged in this momentous article. Let me expect that you can, that you will. They all languish for opportunities to oblige the man, who has laid them under obligations not to be returned. Need I to suggest a plea to you, the force of which must be allowed from you, if you ever with fervor loved Clementina?

If I know my own heart, and I have given it a strict examination, two things granted me would make me as happy as I now can be in this life: the

one, that my request to be allowed to sequester myself from the world, and to dedicate myself to God, be complied with: the other, to be assured of your happiness in marriage with an English, at least not an Italian woman. I am obliged to own, though I am sensible that I expose to you my weakness, by the acknowledgment, that the last is but too necessary to the tranquillity of my mind, in the situation in which the grant of my first wish will place me. Let me know, chevalier, when I have set my hand to the plough, that there is no looking back; and that the *only* man I ever thought of with tenderness is another's, and, were I *not* professed, never could be mine. Answer, as I wish; and I shall be able to follow you, Sir, with my prayers, to the country that has the honour of producing such an ornament to human nature.

It must not be known, you will readily suppose, that I have sought to interest you in my plea. For this reason, I have not shewn this letter to any-body. Father Marescotti, I have hopes, as a religious, will declare himself in my favour, if *you* do. My brother, the bishop, surely will strengthen your hand and his, though he appears as the *brother*, not as the prelate, in support of the family reasons.

I am not ashamed to say, I long to see you, Sir. I can the more readily allow myself to tell you so, as I can declare that I am unalterably determined in my adherence to my written resolution, never to trust to my own strength in an article in which my everlasting welfare is concerned. O, Sir, what struggles, what conflicts, did this resolution cost me, before I could make it!—But *once* made, and upon *such* deliberation, and after I had begged of God his direction, which I imagine he has graciously given me, I have never wished to alter it. Forgive me, Sir.

You will; you are a good man—My God only have I preferred to you.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

Florence, August 23. N. S.

My dear correspondent asks, If I am convinced by her reasonings—I repeat, That I resign to your will every hope, every wish, respecting myself. In a case where conscience can be pleaded, no other reasonings are necessary.

But what, madam, can I say, to the request you make, that I will support you in your solicitude to take the veil? I hope you only propose this to me, by way of asking my advice—"Let me, say you, *advise* with my tutor, my friend, my brother"—I have given the highest instance that man could give, of my disinterestedness; and I will now, as you require, suppose myself a Catholic in the humble advice I shall offer to my sisterly friend; and this will the rather appear since, as a Protestant, I should argue against *any one*'s binding him or herself, by vows of perpetual celibacy.

"Need I, asks my dear correspondent, suggest a plea for you to make, the force of which must be allowed, if ever you fervently loved Clementina?" At what plea does the excellent Clementina hint? Is it not at an *Herodian* one*? Why, if ever she ho-

* Herod directed, that his Mariamne should be put to death, that she might not be the wife of any other man if he returned not alive from the court of Augustus Cæsar, before

noured her Grandison with her esteem, does she not enforce the same plea with regard to him? Can she, avowing that esteem, be so generous as to wish him to enter into the married state, and even to insist upon it, as a step that would contribute to her future peace of mind, yet hope to prevail upon him to make it his request, that she may be secluded from a possibility of ever enjoying the same liberty? Were I *married*, and capable of wishing to fetter and restrain thus my *wife*, in case of her surviving me, I should think she ought to despise me for the narrowness of my heart. What then is the plea that a young lady, in the bloom of beauty, would put me upon making? —And to whom?—To her own relations, who all *languish*, as she expresses herself, for *opportunities to oblige him;* and who are extremely earnest to *dissuade* her from entering upon the measure she wishes him to promote? Can he, madam, to use your own words in the solemn paper you gave me, think of *taking such advantage of their generosity* to him?

But can Clementina della Porretta, who is blest with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents, and who has always justly gloried in her duty to them; whose brothers love her with a disinterestedness that hardly any brothers before them have been able to shew; can she, in opposition to the will of her grandfathers, wish to enter into a measure, that must frustrate all their hopes from her for ever?—Dear lady, consider.

You, my beloved correspondent, who hold marriage as a sacrament, surely cannot doubt but you may serve God in it with much greater efficacy, than were you to sequester yourself from a world that

whom he was cited to answer for his conduct, which had been obnoxious to that prince, in the contest between him and Antony for the empire of the world.

wants such an example as you are able to give it. But, madam, your parents propose not marriage to you: they only, at present, beseech, not command you (they know the generosity of your heart) not to take a step that must entirely frustrate all their hopes, and put an option out of *your own* power, should you change your mind. Let me advise you, madam, disclaiming all interested views, and from motives of a love merely fraternal (for such is your expectation from the man you honour with your correspondence) to set the hearts of relations, so justly dear to you, at ease; and to leave to Providence the issue. They never, madam, will compel you. And give me leave to say, that piety requires this of you. Does not the Almighty, every-where in his word, sanctify the *reasonable* commands of parents? Does he not interest himself, if I may so express myself, in the performance of the filial duty? May it not be justly said, that to obey your parents, is to serve God? Would the generous, the noble-minded Clementina della Porretta, *narrow*, as I may say, her piety, by limiting it (I speak now as if I were a Catholic, and as if I thought there were some *merit* in secluding one's self from the world) when she could, at least, *equally* serve God, and benefit her own soul, by obeying her parents, by fulfilling the will of her deceased grandfathers, and by obliging all her other near and dear relations? Lady Clementina cannot resolve all the world into herself. Shall I say, there is often cowardice, there is selfishness, and perhaps, in the world's eye, a too strong confession of disappointment, in such seclusions?

There are about you persons who can give this argument its full force—I *cannot* do it. O my Clementina, my sister, my friend, I cannot be so great, so disinterested, in this instance, as you can be!—But I can be just: I presume to say, I cannot be un-

generous. I tell you not what I hope to be enabled by your noble example, in time, to do, because of the present *tenderness* of your *health*. But you must not, madam, expect from *me* a conduct, that you think it would become *you* to disavow. Delicate as the *female* mind is, and as is most particularly my dear correspondent's, that of the man, on such an occasion as this, should shew at least an *equal* delicacy: for has he not *her* honour to protect, no less than his *own*, as a man, to regard?

Distress me not, my dear Clementina; *add* not, I should *rather* say, to my distress, by the declaration of *yours*. I repeat, that your parents will not compel you. Put it not out of your *power* to be prevailed upon to do an act of *duty*. God requires not that you should be dead to your friends, in order to live to Him. Their hope is laudable. Will Lady Clementina della Porretta put it out even of the *Almighty*'s power, to bless their hope? Will she think herself unhappy, if she cannot punish them, instead of rewarding them, for all their tender and indulgent goodness to her?—It cannot be. God Almighty perfect his own work, so happily begun, in the full restoration of your health! This blessing, I have no doubt, will attend your filial obedience. But can you, my dear correspondent, expect it, if you make yourself uneasy, and keep your mind in suspense, as to your duty, and indulge yourself in supposing, that the will of God, and the will of your parents, are opposite? A great deal now depends upon yourself. O madam, will you not in a *smaller* instance, were your heart ever so much engaged to the cloistered life, practise that self denial, which in the *highest* you enforce upon me? All your temporal duties, against you; and your spiritual not favouring, much less impelling, you?

But once more, I quit a subject, that may, and,

no doubt, will, be enforced in a much stronger manner, than I *can* enforce it. I will soon, very soon, pay my duty to you, and all yours. You own your wishes to see me, because you are fortified by your invincible adherence to your resolution. I will acknowledge anguish of heart. I cannot, as I told you above, be so great as you. But if you will permit your sisterly love to have its full operation, and if you wish me peace of mind, and a cordial resignation to your will, let me see you, madam, on the next visit I shall have the honour to make you, cheerful, serene, and determined to acquiesce in the reasonable will of parents, who, I am confident, I again repeat it, will never compel you to marry—Have they not already given you a very strong instance, that they will not?—In a word, let me hear you declare, that you will resign yourself to their will, in this article of the veil; and I shall then, with the more cheerfulness, endeavour to resign to yours, so strongly and repeatedly declared, in the letter before me, to, dear lady,

Your fraternal friend, and ever-obliged servant,

GRANDISON.

Lady Olivia, madam, arrived this day at her own palace. It is impossible that any-thing but civility can pass between her and your greatly favoured correspondent.

LETTER XXXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Thursday, August 17-28.

I SHALL hereafter have a pretty large supplement to give you to my literary journal; having found it necessary, as much as possible, in the past month, to amuse myself with subjects without myself. And I shall send you now the copies of three letters of mine, written in Italian to Lady Clementina; and two of hers, in answer to the first and second of them*.

I arrived here yesterday. But before I proceed to acquaint you with my reception, I should mention, that Lady Olivia arrived at her own palace at Florence, on Friday last. I was then in that city, but newly returned from Naples and Rome. She sent one of her gentlemen to me the night of her arrival, to acquaint me with it, and to desire me to attend her next morning. I went.

Her first reception of me was polite and agreeable. But the moment her aunt Maffei withdrew, and we were alone, her eyes darting a fiercer ray, Wretch, said she, what disturbance, what anxieties, hast thou given me!—But it is well, that thy ingratitude to the creature who has risqued so much for thee, has been rewarded, as it ought to be, by a repulse from a still prouder heart, if possible, than thy own!

You, Lady Olivia, answered I, have *reason* to impute pride to me. You have given me many opportunities to shew you, that I, a man, can keep my temper; when you, a woman, have not been able to keep yours; yet, in me, never met with an aggressor.

Not an aggressor, Sir!—To say nothing of the

* See the five preceding letters.

contempts you cast upon me here in my own Italy, what was your treatment of me in your England—Paltry island! I despise it!—To resolve to leave me there! To refuse to compliment me with a day, an hour! [O my detested weakness! What a figure did I make among your friends!] And declaredly to attend the motions of the haughtiest woman in Europe!—Thank God, for your own sake; yes, Sir, I have the charity to say, for *your own* sake; that you are disappointed!

I pity you, Lady Olivia: from my soul I pity you! And should abhor myself, were I capable of mingling insult with my pity. But I leave you.

Forgive me, chevalier, catching my arm as I was going. I am more displeased with myself than with you. A creature, that has rendered herself so cheap to you (but, Sir, it is *only* to you) cannot but be uneasy to herself; and when she is, she must misbehave to every-body else. Say you forgive me—

She held out her hand to me. But immediately, on Lady Maffei's coming in, followed by servants, withdrew it.

Her behaviour afterwards was that of the true passionate woman; now ready to rave, now in tears. I *cannot*, Dr. Bartlett, *descend to particulars*. A man, who loves the sex; who has more compassion than vanity in his nature; who can value even generally faulty persons for the qualities that are laudable in them, must be desirous to *draw a veil* over the weaknesses of such. I left her distressed. There *may* be cases in which sincerity cannot be separated from unpoliteness. I was obliged to be *unpolite*, or I could not have been *sincere;* and must have given such answers, as would, perhaps, in some measure, have intitled the lady to think herself *amused*. Poor woman! She threatened to have me overtaken by her vengeance. But now, on the disappointment I had

met with at Bologna, it became absolutely necessary for me to encourage, or to discourage, this unhappy lady—I could not have been just to *her*, had I not been just to *myself*.

A very extraordinary attempt was made, next day, on my person; I believe, from this quarter. It succeeded not: and as I was on the Tuesday to set out for Bologna, I let it pass off without complaint or enquiry.

I paid the Count of Belvedere a visit, as I had promised. The general at Naples, and the count at Parma, received me with the highest civilities; and both from the same motive. The count *will* hope.

The general accompanied me, with his lady, part of my way to Florence. The motive of his journey is to rejoice personally with his friends at Urbino and Bologna, on the resolution his sister has taken; and to congratulate her upon it; as he has already done by letter; the copy of which he shewed me. There were high compliments made me in it. We *may* speak handsomely of the man whom we neither envy nor fear. He would have loaded me with presents; but I declined accepting any; in such a manner, however, as he could not be dissatisfied with me for my refusal.

I paid also my respects at Urbino to the Altieri family, and the Conte della Porretta, in my way to Rome and Naples, and met with a very polite reception from both. For the rest of the time of my absence from Bologna, my literary journal will account.

On Wednesday afternoon I went to the palace of Porretta. I hastened up to my Jeronymo, with whom, as also with Mr. Lowther, I had held a correspondence, in my absence, and received favourable intelligences from them.

Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. I was inexpressibly

delighted to find him so much recovered. His appetite, he told me, was restored. His rest was balmy and refreshing. He sat up several hours in the day; and his sister and he gave joy to each other, and to all their friends. But he hinted to me his wishes still, to call me brother; and begged of God, in a very earnest manner, snatching my hand, that it still might be so.

The marquis and marchioness joined to thank me for my part of the correspondence with their beloved daughter; for, on my declining to support her in her wishes to be allowed to take the veil, she had shewed them the copy of her second letter, as well as my reply to it. The blessings which they poured out upon me, were mingled with their tears; and Father Marescotti and the bishop declared, that they would, in every prayer they put up to Heaven for themselves and the family, remember me, and beg of God to supply to me, by another, and even, they said, a *better* Clementina, the disappointment I had so unexpectedly met with from *theirs*. The general and his lady, and the count, arrived the day before: but they were not present.

While they were all complimenting and applauding the almost *silent* man (for in so critical a situation what could I say?) Camilla came in, and whispering the marchioness, Clementina, said the marchioness, is impatient to see her friend. Chevalier, I will introduce you. I followed her.

The young lady, the moment she beheld me, flew to me with open arms, as to her brother, her *fourth brother*, as she called me; and thanked me, she said, a thousand thousand times, for my letters to her. My mamma, said she, has seen them all. But, ah, Sir, your third!—I did not think you would have refused me your interest with my friends. I cannot, cannot give up that point. It was always my wish, madam,

(turning to her mother) to be God's child; that will not make me less yours and my father's. O, chevalier, you have not quieted, you have not convinced, my heart!

I promise myself, that I could have left you without a plea, my dear correspondent, returned I, had my heart been at ease, and the argument less affecting to myself. And surely, if Lady Clementina had been convinced, she would have acted up to her conviction.

O, Sir, you are a dangerous man. I see, if a certain event had taken place, I should have been a lost creature!—Are not you, Sir, convinced, that, in my notions of a lost creature, I should? If you are, I hope *you* will act up to your conviction.

Was this necessary to be said to me? I think, on recollection, she half-smiled when she said it.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, you see Clementina could be pleasant on an occasion so solemn!—But perhaps she saw me only *affectedly* cheerful. Little, as she, at present, imagines it, I think it not impossible that she may in time be brought to yield to the sense of her duty, laid down by such powerful advocates as she has in her own family. Whatever happens, may it be happy to her and this family, and then I cannot be wholly joyless. What is there in this life, worth—But let me not be too abstracted. This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent cheerfulness, and be serviceable to our fellow-creatures, is not to be despised, even by a philosopher.

I hope, madam, said I to her, that at least you suspend your wishes after the sequestered life. She allowed the force of one or two of my arguments; but I could perceive, that she gave not up her hope of being complied with in her wishes to assume the veil.

The general, and his lady, and the count, being

come in, hastened up to pay their compliments to me. How profuse were the two gentlemen in theirs!

At the marchioness's motion, we went to Jeronymo, and found the marquis, the bishop, and Father Marescotti, coming to us. And then, every one joining, in their acknowledgments of obligation to me, and wishing it in their power to make me as happy as they declared I had made them, I said, It *was* in their power, I hoped, to do me an unspeakable pleasure.

They called upon me, as with one voice; It is, answered I, that my dear friend Jeronymo may be prevailed upon to accompany me to England. Mr. Lowther would think himself very happy in his attendance on him there, rather than to stay here; and yet, if my request should not be granted, he is determined not to leave him till he is supposed to be out of danger.

They looked upon one another with eyes of pleasure and surprise. Jeronymo wept. I cannot, cannot bear, said he, such a weight of obligation. Grandison, we can do nothing for *you:* and you have brought me your Lowther to heal me, that you might have the killing of me yourself.

Clementina's eyes were filled with tears. She went from us with some little precipitation.

O chevalier, said the marchioness, my Clementina's heart is too susceptible for its own ease, to impressions of gratitude. You will quite kill the poor child—or make her repent her resolution.

What is there but favour to me, replied I, if my request can be complied with? I hope my dear Jeronymo will not be unattended by others of his friends: I have had the promises of the two young lords. Our baths are restorative. I will attend you to them, my dear Jeronymo. The difference of air, of climate,

may, probably, be tried with advantage. Let me have the honour of entertaining you in England, looking round me; and *that* I will consider as a full return of the obligations you think so highly of, and are so solicitous to discharge.

They looked upon one another, in silence.

Would to heaven, proceeded I, that you, my lord, and you, madam (directing myself to the father and mother) would honour me, as my guests, for one season—You once had thoughts of it, had a certain happy event taken place—I dare promise you both, after the fatigues you have undergone, a renewal of health, from our salutary springs. I should be but too happy, if, in such company, a sister might be allowed to visit a brother!—But if this be thought too great a favour, that sister, in your absence, cannot but give and receive pleasure, sometimes in visiting Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; sometimes her brother and his lady at Naples. And I will engage my two sisters and their lords to accompany me in my attendance on you back to Bologna. My sisters will be delighted with the opportunity of visiting Italy and of paying their respects to a young lady whose character they revere, and to whom once their brother had hoped to give them the honour of a relation.

They still continuing silent, but none of them seeming displeased; You will, by such a favour, my dear lords, and you, madam, to the marchioness, do me credit with *myself*, as I may say. I shall return to my native country, if I go alone, after the hopes you had all given me, like a disappointed and rejected man. My pride, as well as my pleasure, is concerned on this occasion. My house in the country, my house in London, shall be yours. I will be either inmate or visiter, at your pleasure. No man loves his country better than I do: but you will induce

me to love it still better, if, by your compliance with my earnest request, you shall be able to obtain either health or pleasure from a twelvemonth's residence in it. Oblige me, my dear lords; oblige me, madam; were it but to give yourselves a new relish to your own country and palace on your return. Our summers have not your fervid sun: our commerce gives us all your justly-boasted autumnal fruits: nor are our winters so cold as yours. Oblige me, for the approaching winter only; and stay longer, as you shall find inclination.

Dearest Grandison, said Jeronymo, I will accept of your invitation the moment I am told that I may undertake the journey—

The journey, my lord! interrupted I—Your cabin shall be made near as convenient to you as your chamber. You shall be set ashore within half a league of my house in London. God give us a pleasant voyage; and in a few days time, you will not know, except by amended health and spirits, that you are not in this your own chamber.

Surely, said the general, my sister was right in her apprehensions, that she would not be able to continue a Catholic, had she been this man's. I wish *you*, my lord, said he, *you*, madam, and Jeronymo, would go. You have had a long course of fatigues and troubles. You love the chevalier. *Winter* with him, however. I have heard much of the efficacy of the English baths. Clementina must not go. My wife and I will make her as happy as possible in your absence: and take Grandison at his word. Bring him, and his sisters, back with you. Their lords, I understand, *have been* among us. They will not be sorry to visit Italy a second time, as, no doubt, they are men of taste—But when, chevalier, do you think of going?

The sooner the better, were it but to take advan-

tage of the fine season: it will be but what mariners call a *trip* to England. You will make me very happy. You can have no other way of discharging the obligations you are so solicitous about. I will return with you: the health of Lady Clementina, I flatter myself, will be quite confirmed by that time. Signor Jeronymo, I hope, will be restored likewise: What joy shall we be enabled to give one another!—

They took only till the morning to consult, and give me an answer.

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Mr. Lowther and his colleagues, having been consulted, gave it as their opinion, that Jeronymo might be removed by litter to the nearest sea-port, and there embark for England; but that it is most eligible to stay till the next spring, by which time they hope the two old wounds may be safely cicatrized, and the new one only kept open.

But they all engaged, that then not only Jeronymo, and the two young lords, but some others of the family, will be my guests in England; and, in the mean time, that the bishop and Father Marescotti will in turn correspond with me, and acquaint me with all that passes here.

Clementina drank chocolate with us. She had been made acquainted with their determination, and approved of the promises of a visit to be made me next year, by some of the principals of the family. What a hard circumstance is it, whispered she, as she sat next me, that the person who would be *most*

willing to go, and, I flatter myself, would not be the *least* welcome, must not be of the company! I should have been glad to have made one visit to the country where the Chevalier Grandison was born.

And what a perverseness, thought I, is there in custom; that would not permit this kind explicitness in Lady Clementina, were she not determined to consider the *brother*, in the man before her, rather than a still nearer relation! By how many ways, my dear Dr. Bartlett, may delicate minds express a denial!—Negatives need not to be frowningly given, nor affirmatives blushingly pronounced.

Jeronymo and I being left alone, he challenged me on the visible concern which he, and every one, as he said, saw in my countenance, on the turn his sister had taken: had it not been in my heart, he was sure it would not have been *there*.

Can you wonder at it, my dear friend? said I: when I came over, greatly as I thought of your sister, I did not think she had been *so* great, as she has shewn herself. I admired her ever; but I now *more* than admire her. Taught to hope, as I was, and so unexpectedly disappointed, as I have been, I must have been more than man, were I not very much affected.

No doubt but you must; and I am cordially concerned for you. But, my dear Grandison, it is God alone that she prefers to you. She suffers more than you can do. She has no other way, she assures me, to comfort herself, but by indulging her hopes, that she shall not live long—Dear creature! She flatters herself, that her reason is restored, in answer to her fervent supplications, which, she says, she put up to Heaven, in all her lucid intervals, that for the sake of her parents and brothers, it might be restored, and that then she might be taken to the

arms of mercy. But if your heart be *deeply* affected, my Grandison—

It is, Jeronymo. I am not an insensible man. But should now our dear Clementina be prevailed upon to descend from the height to which she has soared, however my wishes might be gratified by the condescension, yet, while she believed her conscience would be wounded by it, I could not but think it would be some diminution to her glory. And how, as she has hinted in one of her letters to me, would it be possible, were I to see my beloved wife unhappy with her scruples, to forbear endeavouring to quiet her mind by removing them? And could *this* be effected, without giving her an opinion of the religion I profess, in opposition to hers? And would not that subject me to a breach of articles? O my dear Jeronymo! Matters must stand just as they do, except she could think more favourably of my religion, and less favourably of her own.

He began to talk of their obligations to me. I declared that they could no other way give me pain. Do not, said I, let this subject ever be again mentioned, by you, or any of the family. Every one, my dear Jeronymo, is not called upon by the occasion, as I have had the happiness to be. Would my friend envy me this happiness?

I wish, Dr. Bartlett, with all my heart, that I could think of any-thing that I could accept of, to make such grateful spirits easy. It pains me, to be placed by them in such a superior light, as must give *them* pain. What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can I do, consistent with my notions of friendship, to make their hearts easy?

He was afraid, he said, that I should now soon think of leaving them.

I told him, that having no doubt of Lady Cle-

mentina's perseverance in her resolution, and of her leave to return to my native country, I should be glad, for my own sake, as well as the lady's, to be allowed to depart in a few days. Mr. Lowther, as it would make Jeronymo, as he had declared, more easy, would stay behind me. But dismiss him, my friend, said I, as soon as you can. He had obtained abroad a happy competency, and was returned to England, when I first knew him, with intent to enjoy it. He is as rich as he wants to be; and can gratify only the natural benevolence of his heart, by attending my dear friend. I hope to get him to accept of apartments with me, in my London house; and to fix his retirement, if not with me in my paternal seat, in its neighbourhood at least. He has merit that is not confined to his profession: but for what he has done for my Jeronymo, he will always hold a prime place in my heart.

It is *true*, Dr. Bartlett; and I please myself, that he will be found as worthy of your friendly love, and my Beauchamp's, as of mine. If I can at last be indulged in my long, long hoped-for wish, of settling in my native country, with some tolerable tranquillity of mind, I shall endeavour to draw round me such a collection of valuable persons, as shall make my neighbourhood one of the happiest spots in Britain.

The marchioness came up to us. Clementina, said she, is apprehensive that you will soon leave us. Her father and brothers are walking with her in the garden: they will, I dare say, be glad of your company.

I left Jeronymo and his mother together; and joined the marquis and his other sons, and Clementina. The general's lady and Father Marescotti were in another alley, in earnest conversation.

After a few turns, the prelate led off his father

and brother, and left Clementina and me alone together.

Were you not cruel, chevalier, said she, in your last letter to me, not only to deny me your weight in the request my heart was, and is still, set upon; but to strengthen their arguments against me? Great use have some of my friends made of what you wrote. O Sir, you have won the heart of Giacomo; but you have contributed to oppress that of his sister. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be easy, if I am denied the veil.

Dear Lady Clementina, remember that the full establishment of your health depends, under God, upon the quiet of your own mind. Give not way, I beseech you, to uneasy apprehensions. What daughter may rely upon the indulgence of a father and mother, what sister upon the affection of brothers, if you may not upon yours? You have seen how much their happiness depends upon your health. Would you doubt the efficacy of that piety, while you are in the world, of which you have already (shall I say to *my* cost?) given an instance so glorious to yourself, that the sufferer by it cannot help applauding you for it?

O chevalier! Say not *at your cost*, if you wish me to be easy.

With the utmost difficulty *have* I restrained, and *do* I restrain, myself on these occasions. I must, however, add, on this, a few words: you have obliged me, madam, to give one of the greatest instances of self-denial, that ever was given by man: let me beseech you, dearest Lady Clementina, for your own sake, for the sake of your duty, as well to the departed, as to the living (and, may I add, for *my* sake?) that you would decline this now favourite wish of your heart.

She paused: and at last said, Well, Sir, I see I

must not expect any favour from you, on this subject. Let us turn into that shaded alley. And now, Sir, as to the other part of my request to you, in my last letter—It was not a request made on undeliberate motives.

What is that, madam?

How shall I say it?—Yet I will—If, chevalier, you would banish from my heart—Again she stopt. I thought not, at that moment, of what she meant.

If you would make me easy—

Madam—

You must marry!—Then, Sir, shall I not doubt of my adhering to my resolution. But, say not a word till I have told you, that the lady must be an English woman. She must not be an Italian. Olivia would not scruple to change her religion for you. But Olivia must *not* be yours. You could not be happy, I persuade myself, with Olivia. Do you think you could?

I bowed, in confirmation of her opinion.

I *thought* you could not. Let not Clementina be disgraced in your choice of a wife. I have a proud heart. Let it not be said, that the man of whom Clementina della Porretta thought with distinction undervalued himself in marriage.

This, Dr. Bartlett, was a request of the same generous import, that she mentioned in her reveries before I left Italy. How consistently delicate! She had tears in her eyes, as she spoke. I was too much affected with her generosity, to interrupt her.

If you marry, Sir, I shall, perhaps, be allowed to be one in the party, that will make you a visit in England: my sister-in-law has, within this hour, wished to be one. She will endeavour to prevail upon her lord (he can deny her nothing) to accompany her. You will be able to induce Mrs. Beaumont once more to visit her native country. You

and your lady, and perhaps your sisters and their lords, will return with *us*. Thus shall we be as one family. If I am not to be obliged in *another* wish, I must in *this*: and this *must* be in your power. And will you not make me easy?

Admirable Clementina! Who can be so great as you? Such tenderness as I read in your eyes, such magnanimity, never before met in woman! You can do every thing that is noble—But that very greatness of soul attaches me to you; and makes it, at least while I am an admiring witness of your excellence—

Hush, chevalier. Not a word more on this subject. It affects me more than I wish it did. I am afraid I am chargeable with affectation—But you must, however, marry. I shall not be easy, while you are unmarried—When I know it is not possible to be—But no more of this subject now—How long is it, that we are to have you among us?

If I have no hopes, madam—

Dear chevalier, speak not in this strain—She turned her face from me.

The sooner, the better—But your pleasure, madam—

I thank you, Sir—But did I not tell you, that I have pride, chevalier?—Ah, Sir, you have long ago found it out! *Pride* will do greater things for women, than *reason* can—Let us walk to that seat, and I will tell you more of my pride.

She sat down; and making me sit by her—I will talk to these myrtles, fancifully said she, turning her head from me. "Shall the Chevalier Grandison be acquainted with the weakness of thy heart, Clementina?—Shall he, in compassion to thy weakness, leave his native country, and come over to thee?—Shall the success that has attended his generous effort, shew *his* power to the confirmation of *thy* weakness?—Shalt thou, enabled by the divine goodness to take a resolution becoming thy character,

be doubtful whether thou canst adhere to it; and give him room to *think* thee doubtful? Shall he, in consequence of this doubtfulness, make *officious* absences, to try thy strength of mind?—And shalt thou fail in the trial his compassionate generosity puts thee to?"—No, Clementina!

Then turning to me, with a downcast eye—I thank you, Sir, for all the instances of generous compassion you have shewn me. My unhappy disorder had *intitled* me, in some measure, to it. It was the hand of God. Perhaps a punishment for my pride; and I submit to it. Nor am I ashamed to acknowledge the kindness of your compassion to me. I will retain a grateful sense of it, to the last hour of my life. I wish to be remembered by you with tenderness to the last hour of yours. I may not live long: I will therefore yield to your request, so earnestly made, and to the *wishes* of my dearest friends, in suspending, at least, *my own*. I will hope to see you (in the happy state I have hinted at) in England, and afterwards in Italy. I will suppose you of my family. I will suppose myself of yours. On these suppositions, in these hopes, I can part with you; as, if I live, it will be a temporary parting only; an absence of a few months. And have I not behaved well for the whole last month, and several days over; though I reckoned to myself the time as it passed, more than once every day, as so much elapsed, and nearer to the time of your return?—I own it (blushing)—And now, Sir, I return to you the option you offered me. Be the day, the solemn day, at *your* nomination—Your *sister* Clementina will surrender you up to *her* sisters and *yours*—O Sir! lifting up her eyes to me, and beholding an emotion in me which I tried to conceal, but could not, how good, how compassionate, how affectionate, you are!—But name to me *now* your day! This seat, when you are far, far dis-

tant from me, shall be a seat consecrated to the remembrance of your tenderness. I will visit it every day; nor shall the summer's sun, nor the winter's frost, keep me from it.

It will be best, taking her hand, admirable lady! it will be best for us both, for *me* I am sure it will, that the solemn day be early. Next Monday morning let me set out—Sunday *evening*—The *day*, on my part, shall be a day passed in imploring health, happiness, and every blessing, on my dearest Clementina, on our Jeronymo, and their whole family; and for a happy meeting to us all in England—SUNDAY EVENING, if you please, I will—I could not speak out the sentence.

She burst into tears; reclined her face on my shoulder—her bosom heaved—and she sobbed out—Oh, chevalier!—*Must, must*—But *be* it—*Be* it so!—And God Almighty strengthen the minds of both!

The marchioness, who was coming towards us, saw at distance the emotion of her beloved daughter, and fearing she was fainting, hastened to her, and clasping her arms about her—My child, my Clementina, said she—Why these streaming eyes? Look upon me, love.

Ah madam! The day, the day is set!—Next Monday!—The chevalier will leave Bologna!

God forbid—Chevalier, you will not so soon leave us? My dear, we will prevail upon the chevalier—

I arose, and walked into a cross alley from them. I was greatly affected!—O Dr. Bartlett! These good women!—Why have I a heart so susceptible; yet such demands upon it for fortitude?

The general, the bishop, and Father Marescotti, came to me. I briefly recounted to them the substance of the conversation that had passed between Lady Clementina and me. The marquis joined his lady and daughter; and Clementina, in her tender

way, gave her father and mother an account of it also.

The marquis and his lady, leaving her to her Camilla, joined us: O chevalier! said the marquis, how can we think of parting with you?—And so soon?—You will not so suddenly leave us?

Not if Lady Clementina commands the contrary. If she do not, the sooner, the better it will be for *me*. I cannot bear her generous excellence. She is a most exalted woman.—See! the dear lady before us, leaning on her Camilla, as if she wanted support!

My sister and you, chevalier, said the general, will no doubt correspond. We shall none of us deny her that liberty. As she has already expressed to you her wishes that you would marry; may we not hope, that you will try your influence over her, upon the same subject, in your future letters? The marriage of *either* will answer the end she proposes to herself, by urging yours.

Good Heaven! thought I—Do they believe me absolutely divested of human passions?—I have been at continual war, as you know, Dr. Bartlett, with the most ungovernable of mine; but without wishing to overcome the tender susceptibilities, which, properly directed, are the glory of the human nature.

This is too much to be asked, said the young marchioness. How can this be expected?

You know not, madam, said the bishop, seconding his brother's wishes, what the Chevalier Grandison can do, to make a whole family happy, though against himself.

Lady Clementina, said the equally unfeeling, though good, Father Marescotti, thinks she is under the divine direction, in the resolution she has taken. This world, and all its glories, are but of second con-

sideration with her. Were it to cost her her life, I am confident, she would not alter it. As *therefore* the chevalier can have no hopes.

I cannot ask this, said the marquis. You see how hard a task (*referring to me*)—O that the great obstacle *could* be removed! My dear Grandison, taking my hand, cannot, cannot—But I dare not ask—If it could, my own sons would not be more dear to me, than you.

My lord, you honour me. You engage my utmost gratitude. It is with difficulty that I am able to adhere to my engagement, not to press her to be mine, when I have the honour to be with her. I have wished her to resign her will to that of her father and mother, as you have seen, *knowing* the consequence. I am persuaded, that if *either* were to marry, the other would be more easy in mind; and I had much rather follow *her* example, than set her one—You will see what my return to my native country will do for us *both*. But she must not be precipitated. If she is, her wishes to take the veil may be resumed. Punctilio will join with her piety; and, if not complied with, she may then again be unhappy.

They agreed to follow my advice; to have patience; and leave the issue to time.

I left them, and went to Jeronymo. I communicated to him what had passed, and the early day I had named for setting out on my return to England. This I did, with as much tenderness as possible. Yet his concern was so great upon it, that it added much to mine; and I was forced, with some precipitation, to quit his chamber, and the house; and to retire to my lodgings, in order to compose myself.

And thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is the day of my setting out fixed. I hope I shall not be induced to

alter it. Mrs. Beaumont, I know, will excuse me going back to Florence. Olivia must. I hope she will. I shall write to both.

I shall take my route through Modena, Parma, Placentia. Lady Sforza has desired an interview with me. I hope she will meet me at Pavia, or Turin. If not, I will attend her at Milan. I promised to pay her a visit before I quitted Italy: but as her request to see me was made while it was thought there might have been a relation between us, I suppose the interview now can mean nothing but civility. I hope, if I see her, her cruel daughter will not be present.

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

Parma, Monday night, { August 21. / September 1. }

HERE I am, my dear Dr. Bartlett. Just arrived. The Count of Belvedere allows me to be alone. I am not fit for company.

The whole family, Jeronymo and Clementina excepted, dined with me on Saturday. Clementina was not well enough to leave her chamber. She would endeavour, she said, on Sunday night, when I was to take my leave of them all, to behave with as much presence of mind as she did on a former occasion. All the intervenient time, she said, was necessary to fortify her heart. But, alas! the circumstances between us, then and now, were not the same. We had, for some time past, been allowedly too dear to each other, to appear, either of us, so politely distant as we did then.

She never once asked me to suspend the day of my departure. Every one else repeatedly did. We *both* thought it best, as the separation was necessary, that it should *not* be suspended.

I had many things to do; many letters to write; much to say to Mr. Lowther, and he to me. I declined therefore their invitation to attend them home in the evening, as well as to dine with them next day. The solemn visit was to be made yesterday in the evening; and every visit near the time, would have been as so many farewells. My own heart, at least, told me so, and forbad me more than one parting scene. The time *so* near, they themselves wished it passed.

The count had come from Urbino on purpose, with the two young lords, to take leave of me: what blessings did that nobleman, and the marquis and marchioness, invoke upon me! The general had more than once tears in his eyes; he besought me to forgive him for every-thing, in his behaviour, that had been disagreeable to me. His lady permitted me to take leave of her in the most affectionate manner; and said, that she hoped to prevail on her lord to visit me himself, and to allow her to bear him company, in my own country. The bishop supplicated Heaven to reward me, for what he called my goodness to their family. Father Marescotti joined in his supplications, with a bent knee. The marquis and marchioness both wept; and called me by very endearing names, vowing everlasting love and gratitude to me. Jeronymo! my dear Jeronymo! one of the most amiable of men! how precious to my soul will ever be the remembrance of his friendly love! *His* only consolation was, and it is *mine*, that, in a few months, we shall meet in England. They wanted to load me with presents. They pained me with their importunities, that I would accept of some very valu-

able ones. They saw my pain; and, in pity to me, declined their generous solicitations.

Clementina was not present at this parting scene. She had shut herself up for the greatest part of the day. Her mother, and her sister-in-law, had been her only visiters: and she having declared that she was afraid of seeing me, it was proposed to me, whether it were not best for me to depart, without seeing her. I can well spare to myself, said I, the emotions which already so great, will on taking leave of her, be too powerful for my heart, if you think, that, when I am gone, she will not wish (as once she was so earnest even to discomposure, for a farewell visit) that she had allowed herself to see me.

They all were then of opinion, that she should be prevailed upon. Camilla at that instant came down with her lady's desire, that I would attend her. In what way, Camilla, is my Clementina? asked the marchioness; every one attending the answer. In great grief, madam: almost in agonies. She was sending me down with her warmest wishes to the chevalier, and with her excuses; but called me back, saying she would subdue herself: she would see him: and bid me hasten for fear he should be gone.

The two marchionesses went up directly. I was in tremors. Surely, thought I, I am the weakest of men!—The bishop and general took notice of my emotion, and pitied me. They all joined in the wish so often repeated, that I could yet be theirs.

I followed Camilla. Lady Clementina, when I entered, sat between the mother and sister; an arm round each of their necks; her face was reclined, as if she were ready to faint, on the bosom of her mother, who held her salts to her. I was half-way in the room, before either mother or daughter saw me. The Chevalier Grandison, my best sister! said the young marchioness: look up, my love.

She raised her head. Then stood up, courtesied; and, gushing into tears, turned her face from me.

I approached her: her mother gave me the hand of her Clementina—Comfort her, comfort my Clementina, good chevalier—You only can—Sit down, my love. Take *my* seat, Sir.

The young lady trembled. She sat down. Her mother seated herself; tears in her eyes. I sat down by Clementina. The dear lady sobbed; and the more, as she endeavoured to suppress her emotion.

I addressed myself to her sister-in-law, who had kept her seat—Your ladyship, said I, gives me a very high pleasure, in the hope of seeing you, and your lord, a few months hence, in company with my Jeronymo. What a blessing is it to us all, that that dear friend is so well recovered! I have no doubt but change of climate, and our salutary springs, will do wonders for him. Let us, by our *patience* and *resignation*, intitle ourselves to *greater* blessings; the consequence, as I hope, of those we have *already* received.

Please God, I will see you in England, chevalier, said the young marchioness, if my lord is in the least favourable to my wishes; and I hope my beloved sister may be of the party. You, madam, and the marquis, I hope—looking at her mother-in-law.

I hope you will not go without *us*, my dear, replied the marchioness. If our Clementina shall be well, we will not leave her behind us.

Ah, madam!—Ah, Sir!—said Clementina, how you flatter me! But this, *this* night, if the chevalier goes early in the morning, is the last time I shall ever see him.

God forbid! replied I—I hope that we may, many, many years rejoice, in each other's friendship. Let us look forward with what pleasure we may. My heart, madam, wants your comfortings. I have a

greater opinion of your magnanimity, than I have reason to have of my own. I depart not, but in consequence of your will—Enable me, by your example, to sustain that consequence. In every thing you must be an example to me. *I* could not have done, as *you* have done: bid me support my spirits in the hope of seeing you again, and seeing you happy. Tell me that your endeavours shall not be wanting to be so; and I shall then be so too. Dear Lady Clementina, my happiness is bound up with yours.

Ah, Sir, I am *not* greater than you: and I am less than myself. I was afraid when I came to the trial—But *is* your happiness bound up with mine? O that I may be happy for *your* sake! I will *endeavour* to make myself so. You have given me a motive. Best of men! How much am I obliged to you! Will you cherish the remembrance of me? Will you forgive all my foibles?—The trouble I have given you?—I know you depart in consequence of my—*Perverseness*—perhaps you think it, though you will not call it so—What shall I do, if you think me either perverse or ungrateful?

I *do* not, I *cannot*, think you either. May I be assured of your correspondence, madam? Your ladyship, turning to her mother, will give it your countenance—

By all means, answered the marchioness. We shall *all* correspond with you. We shall pray for you, and bless you, every day that we live. You will be to me, as you have always been, a fourth son—My dearest Clementina, say, if your mind is changed, if it be *likely* to change, if you think that you shall not be happy, if the chevalier—

O madam, permit me to withdraw for one moment.

She hurried to her closet. She shut the door, and poured out her soul in prayer; and soon returning—

It *must* be so—with an air of assumed greatness. Let thy steadiness, O Grandison, excuse and keep mine in countenance—Bear witness, my sister; forgive me, my mamma: but never did one mortal love another, as I do the man before us. But you both, and you, my dear chevalier, know the competition; and shall not the UNSEEN (casting up her eyes surcharged with tears) be greater with me than the *seen?* Be you my brother, my friend, and the lover of my *soul:* this *person* is unworthy of you. The mind that animates it, is broken, disturbed—Pray for me, as I will for you—

Then dropping down on one knee, God preserve and convert thee, best of Protestants, and worthiest of men! Guide thy footsteps, and bless thee in thy future and better lot! But if the woman, whom thou shalt distinguish by thy choice, loves thee not, person and mind, as well as she before thee, she *deserves* thee not.

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised—seeming full of some other great sentiments. I kneeled to her, clasping my arms about her: May you, madam, be ever, ever happy!—I resign to your will—And equally admire and reverence you for it, though a sufferer by it. Lasting, as fervent, be our friendship!—And may we know each other hereafter in a place where all is harmony and love; where no difference in opinion can sunder, as now, persons otherwise formed to promote each other's happiness!

I raised her, and arose; and kissing first one hand, then the other, and bowing to the two marchionesses, was hastening from her.

She clapt her hands together—He is gone!—O stay, stay, chevalier—And *will* you go?—

I was in too much emotion to wish to be *seen*—She hastened after me to the stairs—O stay, stay! I have not said half I had to say—

I returned, and, taking her hand, bowed upon it, to conceal my sensibility—What further commands, with a faltering voice, has Lady Clementina for her Grandison?

I don't know—But will you, must you, *will* you go?

I go; I stay; I have no will but yours, madam.

The two marchionesses stood together, rapt in silent attention, leaning on each other.

Clementina sighed, sobbed, wept; then turning from me, then towards me; but not withdrawing her hand; I thought, said she, I had a thousand things to say—But I have lost them all! Go thou in peace; and be happy! And God Almighty make *me* so! Adieu, dearest of men!

She condescendingly inclined her cheek to me: I saluted her; but could not utter to her what yet was upon my lips to speak.

She withdrew her hand. She seemed to want support. Her mother and sister hastened to her. I stopt at the door. Her eyes pursued my motions. By her uplifted hands she seemed praying for me. I was apprehensive of her fainting. I hastened towards her; but restraining myself, just as I had reached her, again hurried to the door: and on my knees, with clasped hands, audibly there besought God to sustain, support, preserve, the noble Clementina: and seeing her seated in the arms of both ladies, I withdrew to Mr. Lowther's apartment; and shut myself in for a few moments. When a little recovered, I could not but step in to my Jeronymo. He was alone; drying his eyes as he sat: but seeing me enter, he burst out into fresh tears.

Once more, my Jeronymo—I would have comforted him; but wanted comfort myself.

O my Grandison! embracing me, as I did him—

CLEMENTINA! The angel CLEMENTINA! *Ah, my Jeronymo*—Grief again denied me further speech for a moment. I saw that *my* emotion increased *his*—*Love, love*, said I, *the dear*—I would have added CLEMENTINA; but my trembling lips refused distinct utterance to the word.—I tore myself from his embrace, and with precipitation left the tenderest of friends.

About eleven, according to the English numbering of the hours, I sent to know how the whole family did. Father Marescotti returned with my servant. He told me, that the lady fainted away after I was gone: but went to rest as soon as recovered. They all were in grief, he said. He was charged with the best wishes of every one; with those of the two marchionesses in particular. Signor Jeronymo was so ill, that one of his Italian surgeons proposed to sit up with him all night; for Mr. Lowther had desired to accompany me as far as Modena: and him I charged with my compliments to each person of the family; and with my remembrances to servants, who well deserved kindness from me; and who, Father Marescotti told me, were all in tears on my departure. I prevailed on the father himself to make my acknowledgments to the good Camilla. He offered, and I thankfully accepted of, his prayers for my health and happiness, which he put up in the most fervent manner, on his knees; and then embracing me, with a tenderness truly paternal, we parted blessing each other.

This morning early, I set out from Bologna. The Count of Belvedere rejoiced to see me; and called me kind for being his guest, though but for one night; for I shall pursue my journey in the morning. He assures me, that he will make me a visit in England.

You will hardly, till I arrive at Paris, have another letter, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from

Your ever affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XL.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Paris, { August 31. / September 11.

I SET out from Parma early on Tuesday morning, as I intended. The Count of Belvedere was so obliging, as to accompany me to Pavia, where we parted with mutual civilities.

I paid my respects to Lady Sforza at Milan, as I had promised. She received me with great politeness. Our conversation chiefly turned on the differences between the other branches of her family, on one part; and herself, and Lady Laurana, on the other. She owned, that when she sent to desire a visit from me, she had supposed, that the alliance between them and me was a thing concluded upon; and that she intended, by my mediation, to reconcile herself to the family, if they would meet her half-way.

She was so indiscreet, as to lay general blame on her noble niece, as a person given up to a zeal that wanted government: she threw out hints, injurious to the sincerity of the three brothers, as well as to that of the father and mother, with regard to me: all which I discountenanced.

I have hardly ever conversed a with woman so artful as Lady Sforza. I wonder not, that she had the address to fire the Count of Belvedere with im-

patience, and to set him on seeking to provoke me to an act of rashness, which, after what had happened between me and the young Count Altieri, some years ago, at Verona, might have been fatal to one, if not to both; and, by that means, rid Italy, if not the world, of me, and, at the same time, revenged herself on the count, for rejecting her daughter (who, as I have told you before, had a passion for him) in a manner that she called too contemptuous to be passed over.

She told me, that she doubted not *now*, that I had been circumvented, by (what even she, an Italian, called) *Italian finesse*, but her niece would be prevailed upon to marry the count; and bid me remember her words. Ah, my poor Laurana! added she—But I will renounce her, if she can be so mean, as to retain love for a man who despises her.

A convent, she said, after such a malady as Clementina had been afflicted with, would be the fittest place for her. She ascribed to hers, and Laurana's treatment of her (with great vehemence, on my disallowing her assertion) the foundation of her cure. She wished that, were Clementina to marry, it might have been me, preferably to any other man; since the love she bore me, was most likely to complete her recovery; which was not to be expected, were she to marry a man to whom she was indifferent—But, added she, they must take their own way.

Lady Laurana was on a visit at the Borromean palace: her mother sent for her, unknown to me. I could very well have excused the compliment. I was civil, however: I could be no more than civil: and, after a stay of two hours, pursued my route.

Nothing remarkable happened in my journey. I wrote to Jeronymo, and his beloved sister, from Lyons.

At the post house, there, I found a servant of Lady Olivia, with a letter. He was ordered to overtake, and give it into my own hands, were he to travel with it to Paris, or even to England. Lady Olivia will be obeyed. The man missed me, by my going to visit Lady Sforza at Milan. I inclose the letter; as also a copy of mine, to which it is an answer. When you read them, you will be of opinion, that they ought not to pass your own hands. Perhaps you will choose to read them in this place.

LETTER XLI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO LADY OLIVIA.

Bologna, Saturday, August 19-30.

Now, at last, is the day approaching, that the writer of this will be allowed to consider himself wholly as an Englishman. He is preparing to take, perhaps, an everlasting leave of Italy. But could he do this, and not first bid adieu to two ladies at Florence, whose welfare will be ever dear to him—Lady Olivia, and Mrs. Beaumont? It must be to *both* by letter.

I told you, madam, when I last attended you, that possibly I should never see you more. If I told you so in anger, pardon me. Now, in a farewell letter, I would not upbraid you. I will be all in fault, if you please. I never incurred the displeasure of Olivia, but I was more concerned for her, than for what I suffered from it; and yet her displeasure was not a matter of indifference to me.

I wish not, madam, for my own happiness, with more sincerity than I do for yours. Would to Hea-

ven it were in my power to promote it! I will flatter myself, that my true regard for your honour, daughter as you are of a house next to princely, and of fortune more than princely, will give me an influence, which will awaken you to your glory. Allow, madam, the friendly, the brotherly expostulation—Let me think, let me speak, of Olivia, in absence, as a fond brother would of a sister most dear to him. I *will* so speak, so think of you, madam, when far distant from you. When I remember my Italian friends, it will always be with tender blessings, and the most affectionate gratitude. Allow me, Olivia, to number you with the dearest of those friends. Your honour, your welfare, present and future, is, and ever will be, the object of my vows.

God and nature have done their parts by you: let not your own be wanting. To what purpose live we, if not to grow wiser, and to subdue our *passions?* Dear lady! Illustrious woman! How often have *you* been subdued by the violence of *yours;* and to what submissions has your generous repentance subjected you, even to your inferiors! Let me not be thought a boaster—But I will presume to say, that I am the rather intitled to advise, as I have made it my endeavour (and, I bless God, have not been always unsuccessful) to curb my passions. They are naturally violent. What do I owe to the advice of an excellent man, whom I early set up as *my* monitor? Let me, in this letter, be *yours.*

Your situation in life, your high birth, your illustrious line of ancestors, are so many calls upon *you,* in whom the riches and the consequence of so many noble progenitors centre, to act worthy of their names, of their dignities, of your own; and of the dignity of your sex. The world looks up to you (your education, too, so greatly beyond that of most Italian ladies) with the expectation of an example

—Yet have not evil reports already gone out upon your last excursion? The world will not see with our eyes, nor judge as we would have it, and as we sometimes know it *ought* to judge. My visit to Italy, when you were absent from it, and in England, was of service to your fame. The malignant world, at present, holds itself suspended in its censures; and expects, from your future conduct, either a confutation or a confirmation of them. It is, therefore, still in your power (rejoice, madam, that it is!) for ever to establish, or for ever to depreciate, your character, in the judgment both of friends and enemies.

How often have I seen passion, and even rage, deform features that are really lovely! Shall it be said, that your great fortune, your abundance, has been a snare to you? That you would have been a happier, nay a *better* woman, had not God so bountifully blessed you?

Can your natural generosity of temper allow you to bear such an imputation, as that the want of power only can keep you within the limits (pardon, Olivia, the lover of your fame!) which the gentleness of your sex, which true honour, prescribe?

You are a young lady. Three fourths of your natural life (Heaven permitting) are yet to come. You have noble qualities, shining accomplishments. You will probably, in a very few years, perhaps in a few months, be able to establish yourself with the world. So far only as you have gone, the inconsideration of youth will be allowed an excuse for your conduct. Blest with means, as you are, you *still* have it in your power, let me repeat, to be an honour to your sex, to your country, to your splendid house, and to the age to which you are given.

The monitor I mentioned (you know him by person, by manners) from my earlier youth, born as he

knew me to be, the heir of a considerable fortune, suggested to me an address to Heaven, which my heart has had no repugnance to make a daily one; "That the Almighty will, in mercy, withhold from me wealth and affluence, and make my proud heart a dependent one, even for my daily bread, were riches to be a snare to me; and, if I found not my inclinations to do good, as occasions offered, enlarge with my power."—O that you, Olivia, were poor and low, if the being so, and nothing else, would make you *know yourself*, and act accordingly!—And that it were given to me, by acts of fraternal love, to restore you, as you could bear it, to an independence, large as your own wishes!

What an uncontroulable MAN would Lady Olivia have made, had she been a man, with but the same passions, that now diminish the grandeur of her soul, and so large a power to gratify them!—What a *sovereign!*—Look into the characters of absolute princes, and see whose, of all those who have sullied royalty, by the violence of their wills, you would have wished to copy, or to have been compared with.

How has the unhappy Olivia, though but a subject, dared!—How often has that tender bosom, whose glory it would have been to melt at another's woe, and to rejoice in acts of kindness and benevolence to her fellow-creatures, been armed by herself (not the mistress, but the slave, of her passions) not with defensive, but offensive, steel *! Hitherto Providence has averted any remediless mischief; but Providence will not be tempted.

Believe me, *still* believe me, madam, I mean not to upbraid you. *My dear* Olivia, I *will* call you, how often has my heart bled for you! How *paternally*,

* Alluding to the poniard she carried in her bosom.

though but of years to be your *brother*, have I lamented for you in secret! I will own to you, that, but for the withholding prudence, and withholding honour, that I owed to both our characters, because of a situation which would not allow me to express my tenderness for you, I had folded you, in your contrite moments, to my bosom; and, on my knees, besought you to act up to your own knowledge, and to render yourself worthy of your illustrious ancestry. And what but your *glory* could have been, what but *that* is now, my motive?

With what joy do I reflect, that I took *not* (God be praised for his restraining goodness!) advantage of the favour I stood in, with a most lovely, and princely-spirited woman; an advantage that would have given me cause to charge myself with baseness to her, in the hour wherein I should have wanted most consolation! With what apprehension (dreading for myself, because of the great, the sometimes almost irresistible, temptation) have I looked upon myself to be (shall I say)? the *sole* guardian of Olivia's honour! More than once, most generous and *confiding* of women, have I, from your unmerited favour for me, besought you to spare me my *pride*; and as often to permit me to spare you *yours*—Not the odious vice generally known by that name (the fault of fallen angels) but that which may be called a prop, a support, to an imperfect goodness, which, properly directed, may, in time, grow into virtue:—that friendly pride, let me add, which has ever warmed my heart with wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I call upon you once more, my FRIEND! How unreproachingly may we call each other by that sacred name! The friend of your fame, the friend of your soul, calls upon you once more, to rejoice with him, that you have it still in your power to

tread the path of honour. Again I glory, and let us *both*, that we have nothing to reproach each other with. I leave Italy, a country that ever will have a title to my grateful regard, without one *self*-upbraiding sigh; though not without *many* sighs. I own it to Olivia. *Justice* requires it. Justice to a lady Olivia loves not; but who deserves, not only hers, but the love of every woman; for she is an ornament to her sex, and to human nature. Yet, be it known to Olivia, that I am a sufferer by that very magnanimity, for which I revere *her*—A rejected man!—Will Olivia rejoice that I am?—She will. What inequalities are there in the greatest minds? But subdue them in yours. For your own sake, not for mine, subdue them. The conquest will be more glorious to you, than the acquisition of an empire could be.

Let me conclude, with an humble, but earnest, wish, that you will cultivate, as once you promised me, the friendship of one of the best of women, Mrs. Beaumont, disposed as she, your neighbour, is to cultivate yours. I shall then hear often from you, by the pen of that excellent woman. Your compliance with this humble advice will give me, madam, for your own sake, and for the pleasure I know Mrs. Beaumont will have in it, the greatest joy that is possible for you to give to a heart, that overflows with sincere wishes for your happiness: a heart that will rejoice in every opportunity that shall be granted to promote it: for I am, and ever will be,

The friend of your fame, of your true glory, and your devoted servant,

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

LADY OLIVIA TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

(*Translated by Dr. Bartlett.*)

Florence, September 4. N. S.

I AM to take it kindly, that you have thought fit to write to the unhappy Olivia before you leave Italy. I could not have expected even this poor favour, after the parting it was your pleasure to call *everlasting*. Cruel man!—Can I *still* call you so? I *did*, before I had this letter; and was determined, that you should have reason to repent your cruelty: but this letter has almost reconciled me to you; so far reconciled me, however, as to oblige me to lay aside the intended vengeance that was rolling towards you from slighted love. You have awakened me to my glory, by your dispassionate, your tender reasonings. Your letter (for I have erased one officious passage in it *) is in my bosom all day. It is on my pillow at night. The last thing, and the first thing, do I read it. The contents make my rest balmy, my uprising serene. But it was not till I had read it the seventh time, and after I had erased that obnoxious passage, that it began to have that happy effect upon me. I was above advice, for the first day. I could not relish your reasonings. Resolutions of vengeance had possessed me wholly. What a charm could there be in a *letter*, that should make a slighted woman lay aside her meditated vengeance? A woman too, that

* This passage is that where he hints at Lady Clementina's noble rejection of him, p. 274. l. 3. beginning, "I leave Italy," to the end of the paragraph.

had fallen beneath herself in the object of that despised love.

Allow me, Grandison, to say so. In the account of worldly reckoning, it *was* so. And when I thought I hated you, it was so in my *own* account. Yet, could you have returned my love, I would have gloried in my choice; and attributed to envy all the insolent censures of maligners.

But even at the seventh perusal, when my indignation began to give way, *would* it have given way, had you not, in the same letter, hinted, that the proud Bologna had given up all thoughts of a husband in the man to whom my heart had been so long attached?—Allow me to call her by the name of her city. I love not her, nor her family. I hate them by their own proud names. It is an hereditary hatred, augmented by rivalry, a rivalry that had like to have been a successful one: and is *she* not proud, who, whatever be her motive, can refuse the man, who has rejected a nobler woman? Yet I think I ought to forgive her; for has she not avenged *me*? If *you* are grieved, that she has refused you, I am rejoiced. Be the pangs she has so often given me, if possible, forgotten!

What a miserable wretch, however, from my own reflections, did this intelligence make me! Intelligence that I received before your letter *blessed* my hands. Let me so express myself; the contents, I hope, will be the means of blessing, by purifying, my heart!—And why a miserable wretch?—O this man, of sentiments the most delicate, of life and manners the most unblameable; yet of air and behaviour so truly gallant, had it not been for thy forwardness, Olivia; had it not been for proposals, shame to thyself! shame to thy sex! *too plainly* intimated to him; proposals that owed their existence to

inconsiderate love; a love mingled, I will now confess, with passions of the darkest hue—Envy, malice —and those aggravated by despair—would, on this disappointment from the Bologna, have offered his hand to the Florentine!—But now do I own, that it cannot, that it ought not to be. For what, Olivia, is there in the glitter of thy fortune, thy *greatest* dependence, to attract a man, whom worldly grandeur cannot influence? Who has a fortune of his own so ample, that hundreds are the better for it? —A man whose œconomy is regulated by prudence? Who cannot be in such difficulties as would give some little merit to the person who was so happy as to extricate him from them?—A man, in short, who takes pleasure in conferring obligations, yet never lays himself under the necessity of receiving returns? Prince of a man! What prince, king, emperor, is so truly great as *this* man? And is he not likewise surrounded by his nobles?—What a number of people of high interior worth, make up the circle of his acquaintance!

And is there not, cannot there yet be hope; the proud Bologna now (as she is) out of the question? —The Florentine wants not pride; but betrayed by the violence of her temper, she has not had the caution to confine herself within the bounds of female (shall I say) *hypocrisy*. What she could not hide from herself, she revealed to the man she loved. But never, however, was there any other man whom she loved. Upon whom but one man, the haughty object of her passion, did she ever condescend to look down? Who but he was ever encouraged to look up to her?—And did not his gentle, his humane, his unreproaching heart, seem to pity rather than despise her, till she was too far engaged? At the time that she *first* cast her eyes upon him, his fortune was not high: his father, a man of expence,

was living, and likely to live: his sisters, whom he loved as himself, were hopeless of obtaining from *their father fortunes equal to their rank and education.* Olivia knew all this from unerring intelligence. His friends, his Bartlett, his Beauchamp, and others, were not in circumstances, that set them above owing obligations to him, slender as were his own appointments—*Then* it was that thou, Olivia, valuedst thyself *for being* blest with means to make the power of the man thou lovedst, as large as his heart. Thou wouldest have vested it *all* in him. Thou wouldest have conditioned with him, that this he should do for one sister; this for the other; this for one friend; this for another; and still another, to the extent of his wishes: and with *him,* and the *remainder,* thou wouldest have been happy.

Surely there was some merit in Olivia's love.

But, alas! she was not prudent: her temper, supposed to be naturally haughty and violent, hurried her into measures too impetuous. The soul of the man she loved, too great to be attracted by riches, by worldly glory, and capable of being happy in a mere competence, was (how can I say it? I blush while I write it!) disgusted by a violence that had not been used to be restrained by the accustomed reserve. It was all open day, no dark machinating night, in the heart of the undissembling Olivia. She persecuted the object of her passion with her love, because she thought she could lay him under obligation to it. By hoping to prove herself more, she made herself appear less than woman. She despised that affectation, that hypocrisy, in her sex, which unpenetrating eyes attribute to modesty and shame—Shame of what! of a natural passion?

But you, Grandison, were too *delicate,* to be taken with her *sincerity.* If you had penetration to distinguish between reserve and openness of heart,

you had not greatness of mind enough to break through the low restraints of custom; and to reward the latter in preference to the former. Yet who, better than you, knows, that women in love are actuated by *one* view, and differ only in outward appearance? Will bars, bolts, walls, rivers, seas, any more withhold the supercilious, than the less reserved? That passion which made the Florentine compass earth and seas, in hopes of obtaining its end, made, perhaps, the prouder Bologna (and *from* pride) a more pitiable object—Yet, who ever imputed immodesty to Olivia? Who ever dared to harbour a thought injurious to her virtue? You only (custom her judge) *have* the power, but not, I hope, the will, to upbraid her. You *can*. The creature, who, conscious of having alarmed you by the violence of her temper, would have lived with you on terms of *probation*, and left it to your honour, on full consideration and experience of that temper, to reward her with the celebration, or punish her with rejection (her whole fortune devoted to you) had subjected herself to your challenges. But no-body else could harbour a thought inglorious to her.

And must she yield to the consciousness of her own unworthiness, from a proposal made by herself, which tyrant custom only can condemn?

O yes, she must. There is, among your countrywomen, one who seems born for *you*, and you for *her*. If *she* can abate of a dignity, that a first and only love alone can gratify, and accept of a second-placed love, a widower-bachelor, as I may call you, *she*, I know, must, will, be the happy woman. To *her* the slighted Florentine can resign, which, with patience, she never could to the proud Bologna; and the sooner, because of the immortal hatred she bears to that woman of Bologna. You, Grandison, have been accustomed to be distinguished by women who

in degree and fortune might claim rank with princesses. Degree and fortune captivate you not—This humbler fair-one is more suitable to your own degree: and in the beauties of person and mind (at least, in those beauties of the latter, which *you* most admire) she is superior either to your Bolognese or Florentine. Let my pen praise her, though malice to Clementina, and despair of obtaining my own wishes, mingle with my ink—She is mild, though sparkling: she is humble, yet has dignity: she is reserved, yet is frank and open-hearted: nobody can impute to her either dissimulation or licence of behaviour. We read her heart in her countenance; and have no thought of looking further for it: wisdom has its seat on her lips: modesty, on her brow: her eyes avow the secrets of her soul; and demonstrate, that she has no one, that she need to be ashamed of: she can blush for others; for the unhappy Olivia she *did* more than once: but for herself she need not blush. I loved, yet feared her, the moment I saw her. I dared not to try myself by her judgment. It was easy for me to see, that she loved you; yet such were your engagements, your *supposed* engagements, that I pitied her: and can we be alarmed by, or angry at, her whom we pity?—Unworthy Grandison! Unworthy I *will* call you; because you cannot merit the love of such a spotless heart. You who could leave her, and, under colour of honour, when there was no pre-engagement, and when the proud family had rejected you, prefer to such a fine young creature, a romantic enthusiast—O may the sweet maiden, who wants not due consciousness of interior worth, assert herself; and, by refusing your *second-placed* addresses, vindicate the dignity of beauty and innocence unequalled!

If you, Grandison, cannot forgive Olivia for loving you too well, for rendering herself too cheap to

you; if you cannot repair in her own eyes, the honour of one, who, in that case, must be sunk in yours beyond the power of restoration; if you cannot forgive attempts of the hand, in which the heart had no share, but resisted; in a word, if you cannot forgive the fervor of a love, that, at times, combating my pride, had nearly overturned *my* reason also—Then, let this virgin goodness be yours, and Olivia will endeavour to forgive *you*—Yet—O that yet—Ah, Grandison!—But how can a woman bear that refusal, which, however superior she may be in rank, in fortune, gives her an inferiority to the man of her wishes, in the very article in which it should be a woman's glory to retain dignity, even were the man superior to her in birth, and in all other outward advantages? I disdain thee, Grandison, in this light. I will tear thy proud image from my heart, or die.

One request only, let me make, and permit your pride to comply with it. Return not to me, but accept (accept as a token of love) the cabinets which perhaps will be in England before you. They will be thought by you of too great value; but they are not too great for the grandeur of my fortune, and the magnificence of my spirit. The medals alone, make a collection that would do credit to the cabinet of a sovereign prince. These are in your taste. They are *nothing* to Olivia, but for your sake. Accept of these cabinets, as some atonement for the trouble I have given you; for the attempts I have made upon your liberty, and more than once (but Oh! with how feeble a hand!) upon your life! How easy had it been to take the latter, your soul so fearless, braving menaces and danger, had I been resolved to take it! How many ministers of vengeance, in my country, had I been determined to execute it, would my fortune have procured me! How easy would it have been for me to conceal my guilt from all but myself,

had the slow working bowl, or even the sharp-pointed poniard, given thee up to my great revenge!—It is, however, happy for us *both*, that the proud bigot rejected you! Your death, and my distraction, had, probably, been the consequence of her acceptance of you—Yet, how I rave!—The moment I had seen you, my vengeance would have been arrested, as more than once it was. O Grandison! How dear are you (*were* you now, I will endeavour to say) to the soul of Olivia! Dearer than fame, than glory, and whatever the world deems valuable.

All that I ask of you now, that the Bologna, in disappointing *you*, has disappointed *herself* (great revenge!) is within your own power to grant, without detriment to yourself, and, I hope, without regret. It consists of two or three articles: the first is, to resolve within yourself, that you will not *now*, should that heat of the zealot's imagination, which has seemed to carry her above herself, subside (as I have no doubt but it *will*); and should she even follow you to your native place, as a still nobler woman ignobly did; that you will not now receive her offered hand!—O Grandison!—If you do—

Next, that you will (thus fairly, though *foolishly*, dismissed, and the whole family rejoicing in your dismission, well as they pretend to love you) put it out of your own power, since the Florentine can have no hope, to give the Bolognese any. My soul thirsts to see her in a nunnery: I could myself assume the veil in the same convent, I *think* I could, for the pleasure of exulting over her for the pangs she has occasioned me. But for *her*, Olivia would have been mistress of her own wishes.

Preach not to me, Grandison, against that spirit of revenge, which ever did, and ever must, actuate my heart. Slighted love will warrant it, or nothing can! Have I not lost the man I loved by it? Can I

regain him, if I conquer that not ignoble vehemence of a great mind?—No!—Forbear then the unavailing precept. I am not of Bologna. I am no zealot! While the warm blood flows in my veins, I pretend not to be above human nature. When I can divest myself of that, *then*, perhaps, I may follow your advice: I may seek to cultivate the friendship of Mrs. Beaumont: but *till* then, she would not accept of mine.

O Grandison! born to distinction! princely in your munificence! amiable in your person! great in your mind, in your sentiments! you have conquered your ambition—You may therefore unite yourself to the politest country maid, and the loveliest, that ever adorned your various climate: yet, O that in the same hour, the Bolognese might assume the veil, and the lovely English maid refuse your offered hand!

My third request is (as before requested) that you will not refuse the cabinets which will be soon embarked for you. Be not *afraid* of me, Grandison; I form no pretensions upon you from this present; valuable as you, perhaps, may think it. Your simple acceptance is all the return I hope for. Write only these words with your own hand—"Olivia, I accept your present, and thank you for it." Receive it only as a token of my past love, for a man whose virtues I admire, and, by degrees, shall hope to imitate. That, Sir, when a certain event was *most* my wish, was not the least motive for that wish: but now, what will be the destiny of the bewildered creature, who is left at large to her own will, who can tell? A will, that only one man in the world could have subjugated. His controul would have been freedom.

I would not have you imagine, that a correspondence, by letter, is hoped for, as a *return* for the pre-

sent of which I entreat your acceptance: but when I can assure you, that your advice will probably be of great service to me, in the conduct of my future life, as I have no doubt it will, from the calm effects that the letter, which has now a place in my bosom, has already produced there, I am ready to flatter myself, that a wish so ardent, and so justifiable, will be granted to the repeated request of

OLIVIA.

CONTINUATION OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON'S LETTER, NO. XL.

Begun p. 267.

Olivia, you see, my dear Dr. Bartlett, concludes her letter, with a desire of corresponding with me. As she has put it, I cannot refuse her request. How happy should I think myself, if I could be a means effectually to serve her in the conduct of her future life!

I have written to her, that I shall think an intercourse by letters an honour done me, if she will allow me to treat her with the freedom and the singleness of heart of an affectionate brother.

As to her particular recommendation of a *third person*, I tell her, that must be the subject of the future correspondence to which she is pleased to invite me.

Olivia *may be* in earnest, in her warm commendations of a lady, of whose excellencies nobody can write or speak with indifference: but I have no doubt, that she is very earnest to know my sentiments on the subject. But what must be the mind of the *bachelor-widower*, as she calls me, if already I can enter into the subject with *any*-body, with Lady Olivia especially? The most *sensible*, I will not say

subtle creature on earth, is certainly a woman in love. What can escape her penetration? What can bound her curiosity?

I tell her, that I can neither decline nor accept of her present, till I see the contents of the cabinets she is pleased to mention. It will give me pain, I say, to refuse any favour from Lady Olivia, by which she intends to shew her esteem of me: but favours of so high a price, will, and ought to, give scruples to one who would not be thought ungenerous.

I had always admired, I tell her, her collection ot medals: but they are a family collection, of two or three generations: and I should not allow myself to accept of such a treasure, unless I could have an opportunity given me to shew, if not my merit, my gratitude; and *that* I saw no possibility of being blessed with, in any manner that could make the acceptance tolerably easy to myself. I cannot, my dear Dr. Bartlett, receive from this munificent lady a present that is of such high intrinsic worth. Had she offered me any-thing that would have had its value *from* the giver, or *to* the receiver, for its own sake, and not equally to any-body else; for instance, had she desired me to accept of her picture, since the original could not be mine; I would not have refused it, though it had been incircled with jewels of price. But, circumstanced as this unhappy lady and I are, could I have asked her for a favour of that nature?

I think, I have broken through one delicacy, in consenting to correspond with this lady. She should not have asked it. I never knew a pain of so particular a nature as this lady (a not ungenerous, though a rash one) has given me. My very heart recoils, Dr. Bartlett, at the thought of a denial of marriage to a woman expecting the offer, whom delicacy has not quite forsaken.

But a word or two more on this subject of pre-

sents. When the whole family at Bologna were so earnestly solicitous to shew their gratitude to me by some permanent token, I had once the thought of asking for their Clementina's picture in miniature: but as I was never to think of her as mine, and as, probably, my picture, if but for politeness sake, would have been asked for in exchange, I was afraid of cherishing, by that means, in her mind, the tender ideas of our past friendship, and thereby of making the work of her parents difficult. And do they not the more *excusably* hope to succeed in their views, as they think their success will be a means to secure health of mind to their child? But if they visit me in England, I will then request the pictures of the whole family, in one large piece, for the principal ornament of Grandison-hall.

By what Olivia says, of designs on my liberty, I believe she means to include the attempt made upon me at Florence; which I hinted at in my last, and supposed to come from that quarter. What she would have done with me, had the attempt succeeded, I cannot imagine. I should not have wished to have been the subject of so romantic an adventure —A prisoner to a lady in her castle! She is certainly one of the most enterprising women in Italy; and her temper is too well seconded by her power. She would not, however, in that case, have had recourse to *fatal* acts of violence. Once, you know, she had thoughts of exciting against me the holy tribunal: but I was upon such a foot, as a traveller, and as an English Protestant, though avowed, not behaving indiscreetly, that I had friends enow, even in the Sacred College, to have rendered ineffectual any steps of that sort. And after all, her machinations were but transitory ones, and, the moment she saw me, given over.

My first enquiry, after my arrival here, was after

my poor cousin Grandison. My *poor* cousin, indeed! What a spiritless figure does he make! I remember you once said, That it was more difficult for a man to behave well in prosperity, than in adversity: but the man who will prove the observation to be true, must not be one, who, by his own extravagance and vice, has reduced himself, from an affluence to which he was born, to penury, at least to a state of obligation and dependence. Good God! that a man should be so infatuated, as to put on the cast of a dye, the estate of which he is in *unquestioned* possession from his ancestors! Yet who will say, that he who hopes to win what belongs to another, does not deserve to lose his own?

I soothed my cousin in the best manner I could, consistently with justice: yet I told him, that his repentance must arise from his *judgment*, as well as from his *sufferings*; and that he would have less reason for regretting the unhappy situation to which he had reduced himself, if the latter brought him to a right sense of his errors. I was solicitous, Dr. Bartlett, for the sake of his own peace of mind, that he should fall into a proper train of thinking: but I told him, that preachment was no more my intention, than recrimination.

I have two hands to one tongue, my cousin, said I; and the latter I use not but to tell you, that both the former are cordially at your service. You have considered this matter well, no doubt, added I: can you propose to me any means of retrieving your affairs?

There is, said he, one way. It would do every-thing for me: but I am afraid of mentioning it to you.

If it be a just way, fear not. If it be any-thing I can do for you, out of my own single purse, without

asking any second or third person to contribute to it, command me—He hesitated.

If it be any-thing, my cousin, said I, that you think I ought not, in justice, in honour, to comply with, do *not*, for your own sake, mention it. Let me see that your calamity has had a proper effect upon you. Let not the *just man* be sunk in the man in adversity; and then open your mind freely to me.

He could not, he said, trust the mention of the expedient to me, till he had given it a further consideration.

Well, Sir, be pleased to remember, that I will never *ask* you to mention it; because I cannot doubt but you *will*, if, on consideration, you think it a *proper* expedient.

When some friends, who came to visit me on my arrival, were gone, my cousin resumed the former subject: but he offered not to mention his expedient. I hope it was not, that he had a view to my Emily. I am very jealous for my Emily. If I thought poor Everard had but an imagination of retrieving his affairs by her fortune, nothing but his present calamity should hinder me from renouncing for ever my cousin.

I enquired particularly into the situation he was in; and if there were a likelihood of doing any-thing with the gamesters. But he could not give me room for such an expectation. I find he has lost all his estate to them, Dunton-farm excepted; which, having been much out of repair, is now fitting up for a new tenant; and will not, for three or four years to come, bring him in a clear fifty pounds a year.

I have known more men than one, who could not live upon fifteen hundred a year, bring themselves to be contented with fifty. But Mr. Grandison is so fallen in spirit, that he never will be able to survive

such a change of fortune, if I do not befriend him. Poor man! he is but the shadow of what he was. The *first* formerly in the fashion: in body and face so erect; his steps so firm, gait so assured, air so genteel, eye so lively—But now, in so few months, gaunt sides; his half-worn tarnished-laced coat, big enough to wrap over him; hollow cheeks, puling voice, sighing heart, creeping feet—O my Dr. Bartlett, how much does it behove men so little able to *bear* distress, to avoid falling into it by their own extravagance! But for a man to fall into indigence through *avarice* (for what is a spirit of gaming, but a spirit of avarice, and that of the worst sort?) How can such a one support his own reflections?

I had supposed, that he had no reason, in this shattered state of his affairs, to apprehend any-thing from the prosecution set on foot by the woman who claimed him on promise of marriage; but I was mistaken; she has, or pretends to have, he told me, witnesses of the promise. Poor shameful man! What witnesses *needed* she, if he *knows* he made it, and received the profligate consideration?

I am not happy, my dear friend, in my mind. I hope to be tolerably so, if my next letters from Bologna are favourable, as to the state of health of the beloved brother and sister there.

It would have been no disagreeable amusement to me, at this time, to have proceeded directly to Ireland; the rather, as I hope a visit to my estate there is become almost necessary, by the forwardness the works are in which I set on foot when I was on that more than agreeable spot. But the unhappy situation of Mr. Grandison's affairs, and my hopes of bringing those of Lady Mansfield to an issue, together with the impatience I have to see my English friends, determine me to the contrary. To-morrow will be the last day of my stay in this city; and the

day after, my cousin and I shall set out for Calais—Very quickly, therefore, after the receipt of this letter, which shuts up the account of my foreign excursions, will you, by your paternal goodness, if in London, help to calm the disturbed heart of your

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

London, Tuesday, September 5.

CONGRATULATE us, my dearest Miss Byron, on the arrival of my brother. He came last night. It was late. And he sent to us this morning; and to others of his friends. My lord and I hurried away to breakfast with him. Ah, my dear! we see too plainly that he has been very much disturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner, than he was: but he is the same kind brother, friend, and good man.

I expected a little hint or two from him on my past vivacities; but not a word of that nature. He felicitated my good man and me: and when he spoke of Lord and Lady L. and his joy in their happiness, he put two sisters and their good men together, as two of the happiest pairs in England. Politic enough; for as we sat at breakfast, two or three *toy-some* things were said by my lord (no ape was ever so fond!) and I could hardly forbear him: but the reputation my brother *gave* me, was a restraint upon me. I see, one may be flattered, by undeserved compliments, into good behaviour, when we have a regard to the opinion of the complimenter.

Aunt Nell was all joy and gladness: she was in

raptures last night, it seems, at her nephew's first arrival. He rejoiced to see her; and was so thankful to her for letting him find her in town, and at his house, that she resolves she will not leave him till he is married. The good old soul imagines she is of importance to him, in the direction of the family matters, now I have left him—*I*, Harriet! there's self-importance!—But, good creatures, these old virgins! they do *so* love to be thought useful—Well, and is not that a good sign, on aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if she would have been an useful creature in the days of nightrail and notableness, had she been a wife in good time? I always think, when I see those badgerly virgins fond of a parrot, a squirrel, a monkey or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes out husband and children in the animals—Poor things!—But as to her care, I dare say, that will only serve to make bustle and confusion, where else would be order and regularity; for my brother has the best of servants.

I wished her in Yorkshire fifty times, as we sat at breakfast: for when I wanted to ask my brother twenty thousand questions, and to set him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams the night before his arrival, and last night—Seas crossed, rivers forded—Dangers escaped by the help of angels and saints, were the reveries of the former night; and of the last, the music of the spheres, heaven, and joy, and festivity—The plump creature loves good cheer Harriet.—In short, hardly a word could we say, but what put her upon recollecting a part of one o her dreams: yet, some excuse lies good, for an old soul, whose whole life has been but one dream, a little fal-lalishly varied—And, would you think it? (yes, I believe you would) *my* odd creature was once or twice put upon endeavouring to recollect two or three dreams of his own, of the week past: and would have gone on, if I had not silenced him by a frown,

as he looked upon me for his cue, as a tender husband ought.

Beauchamp came in, and I thought would have relieved us: but he put my aunt in mind of an almost-forgotten part of her dream; for *just* such a joyful meeting, *just* such expressions of gladness, did she dream of, as she now beheld, and heard, between my brother and him felicitating each other. Duce take these dreaming souls, to remember their reveries, when realities infinitely more affecting are before them! But reflection and prognostic are ever inspiriting parts of the pretension of people who have lived long; dead to the present; the past and the future filling their minds: and why should not they be indulged in the thought that they know something more than those who are less abstracted; and who are contented with looking no further than the present?

Sir Charles enquired after Sir Harry's health. Mr. Beauchamp, with a concern that did him credit, lamented his declining way; and he spoke so respectfully of Lady Beauchamp, and of her tenderness to his father, as made my brother's eyes glisten with pleasure.

Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, were at Colnebrook: but as they had left orders to be sent for, the moment my brother arrived (for you need not doubt but his last letter prepared us to expect him soon) they came time enough to dine with us. There was a renewal of joy among us.

Emily, the dear Emily, fainted away, embracing the knees of her guardian, as she, unawares to him, threw herself at his feet, with joy that laboured for expression, but could not obtain it. He was affected. So was Beauchamp. So were we all. She was carried out, just as she was recovering to a shame and confusion of face, for which only her own modesty could reproach her.

There are susceptibilities which will shew themselves in outward acts; and there are others which cannot burst out into speech. Lady L.'s joy was of the former, mine of the latter, sort. But she is used to tenderness of heart. My emotions are ready to burst my heart, but never hardly can rise to my lips—My eyes, however, are great talkers.

The pleasure that Sir Charles, Lord L. and Dr. Bartlett, mutually expressed to see each other, was great, tender, and manly. My bustling nimble lord enjoyed over again his joy, at that of every other person; and he was ready, good-naturedly, to sing and dance—That's *his* way, poor man, to shew his joy; but he is honest, for all that. Don't despise him, Harriet! He was brought up as an only son, and to know that he was a lord, or else he would have made a better figure in *your eyes*. The man wants not sense, I assure you. You may think me partial: but I believe the most foolish thing he ever did in his life, was at church, and that at St. George's, Hanover Square. Poor soul! He *might* have had a wife better suited to his taste, and then his very foibles would have made him shine. But, Harriet, it is not always given to us to know what is best for ourselves. Black women, I have heard remarked, like fair men; fair men, black women; and tempers suit best with contraries. Were we all to like the same person or thing equally, we should be for-ever engaged in broils: as it *is*, human nature (*vile rogue!* as I have heard it called) is quarrelsome enough: so my lord, being a soft man, *fell in love*, if it please you, with a saucy woman. He *ought* to be meek and humble, you know. He would not let me be quiet, till I was his. We are often to be punished by our own choice. But I am very good to him *now*. I don't know, Harriet, whether it is best for me to break him of his trifling, or not: unless one

were sure, that he could creditably support the alteration. Now can I laugh at him; and, if the baby is froppish, can coax him into good humour. A sugar-plum, and a courtesy, will do at any time; and, by setting him into a broad grin, I can laugh away his anger. But should I endeavour to make him wise, as the man has not been used to it, and as his education has not given him a turn to significance, don't you think he would be awkward; and what is worse, assuming? Well, I'll consider of this, before I attempt to new-cast him. Mean time, I repeat—Don't you, my dear, for *my* sake, think meanly of Lord G.—Ha, ha, ha, hah!—What do I laugh at, do you ask me, Harriet?—Something so highly ridiculous—I have—I have—sent him away from me, *so* much ashamed of himself—He bears any-thing from me *now*, that he knows I am only in play with him, and have so *very* right a heart—I must lay down my pen—Poor soul! Hah, hah, hah, hah! I do love him for his simplicity!

* *

Well, I won't tell you what I laughed at just now, for fear you should laugh at us both. My brother's arrival has tuned every string of my heart to joy. The holding up of a straw will throw me into *titteration*—I can hardly forbear laughing again, to think of the shame the poor soul shewed, when he slunk away from me. After all, he ill brooks to be laughed at. Does not that look as if he were conscious?—But what, Harriet (will you ask) mean I, by thus trifling with you, and at *this* time particularly?—Why, I would be glad to make you smile, either *with* me, or *at* me: I am indifferent which, so that you do but smile—You do!—I protest you do!—Well! now that I have obtained my wishes, I will be serious.

We congratulated my brother on the happy turn in the healths of his Italian friends, without naming

names, or saying a word of the sister we had like to have had. He looked earnestly at each of us; bowed to our congratulations; but was silent. Dr. Bartlett had told us, that he never, in his letters to my brother, mentioned your being not well; because he knew it would disturb him. He had many things to order and do; so that, except at breakfast, when aunt Nell invaded us with her dreams, and at dinner, when the servants attendance made our discourse general, we had hardly any opportunity of talking to him. But in the space between tea-time and supper, he came and told us, that he was devoted to us for the remainder of the day. Persons present were, Lord and Lady L. myself, and my good man, Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Beauchamp, and Emily, good girl! quite recovered, and blithe as a bird, attentive to every word that passed the lips of her guardian —O, but aunt Nell was also present!—Poor soul! I had like to have forgot her!

In the first place, you must take it for granted, that we all owned, we had seen most of what he had written to Dr. Bartlett.

What troubles, what anguish of mind, what a strange variety of conflicts, has your heart had to contend with, my dear Sir Charles, began Mr. Beauchamp; and, at last, What a strange disappointment, from one of the noblest of women!

Very true, my Beauchamp. He then said great and glorious things of Lady Clementina. We all joined in admiring her. He seemed to have great pleasure in hearing us praise her—Very *true*, Harriet!—But you have generosity enough to be pleased with him for that.

Aunt Eleanor (I won't call her aunt Nell any more if I can help it) asked him if he thought it were possible for the lady to hold her resolution? Now you have actually left Italy, nephew, and are at such a distance, don't you think her love will return?

Good soul! She has *substantial* notions still left, I find, of *ideal* love! Those notions, I fancy, last a long time, with those who have not had the opportunity of gratifying the *silly* passion!—Be angry, if you will, Harriet, I don't care.

Well, but, thus gravely, as became the question, answered my brother—The favour which this incomparable lady honoured me with, was never disowned: on the contrary, it was always avowed, and to the very last. She had therefore no uncertainty to contend with: she had no balancings in her mind. Her contention, as she supposed, was altogether in favour of her duty to Heaven. She is exemplarily pious. While she remains a zealous Roman Catholic, she must persevere; and I dare say she will.

I don't know what to make of these *Papists*, said our old Protestant aunt Nell—(Aunt Nell, did I say? Cry mercy!)—Thank God you are come home safe and sound, and without a *papistical* wife!—It is very hard, if England cannot find a wife for you, nephew.

We all smiled at aunt Nell—The duce is in me, I believe!—Aunt Nell again!—But let it go.

Lady L. asked when I saw or heard from the dowager Countess of D.?

Is there any other Countess of D. Lady L.? said Sir Charles: a fine glow taking possession of his cheeks.

Your servant, brother, thought I; I am not sorry for your charming apprehensiveness.

No, Sir, replied Lady L.

Would you, brother, said *Boldface* (you know who that is, Harriet) that there *should* be another Countess of D.?

I wish my Lord D. happy, Charlotte. I hear him as well spoken of as any of our young nobility.

You don't know what I mean, I warrant, Sir Charles! resumed, with an intentional archness, your saucy friend.

I believe I do, Lady G. I wish Miss Byron to be one of the happiest women in the world, because she is one of the best—My dear, to Emily, I hope you have had nothing to disturb or vex you, from your mother's husband—

Nor from my mother, Sir—All is good, and as it should be. You have overcome—

That's well, my dear—Would not the Bath waters be good for Sir Harry? my dear Beauchamp.

A second remove, thought I! But I'll catch you, brother, I'll warrant (as rustics sometimes, in their play, do a ball) on the rebound.

Now, Harriet, you will be piqued, I suppose. Your delicacy will be offended, because I urged the question. I see a blush of disdain arising in your lovely cheek, restoring to it the roses, and giving its natural brilliancy to your conscious eye. Indeed we all began to be afraid of a little affectation in my brother. But we needed not. He would not suffer us to put him upon the subject again. After a few other general questions and answers, of *who* and *who;* and *how* and *how;* and *what* and *when,* and-so-forth; he turned to Dr. Bartlett.

My dear friend, said he, you gave me pain a little while ago, when I asked you after the health of Miss Byron and her friends: you evaded my question, I thought, and your looks alarmed me. I am afraid poor Mrs. Shirley—Miss Byron spoke of her always as in an infirm state: How, Charlotte, would our dear Miss Byron grieve, were she to lose so good a relation!

I intended not, answered the doctor, that you should *see* I was concerned: but I think it impossible, that a father can love a daughter better than I love Miss Byron.

You would alarm me, indeed, my dear friend, if Lady G. had not, by her usual *liveliness* just now, put me out of all apprehensions for the health of Miss Byron. I hope Miss Byron is well.

Indeed she is not, said I, with a gravity becoming the occasion.

God forbid! said he; with an emotion that pleased every-body—

Not for *your* sake, Harriet—Be not affectedly nice now; but for our own—

His face was in a glow—What, Lady L. what, Charlotte, said he, ails Miss Byron?

She is not well, brother, replied I; but the most charming sick woman that ever lived. She is cheerful, that she may give no uneasiness to her friends. She joins in all their conversations, diversions, amusements. She would fain be well; and likes not to be thought ill. Were it not for her faded cheeks, her pale lips, and her changed complexion, we should not know from herself that she ailed any-thing. Some people reach perfection sooner than others: and are as swift in their decay—Poor Miss Byron seems not to be built for duration.

But should I write these things to you, my dear? Yet I know that Lady Clementina and you are sisters in magnanimity.

My brother was quite angry with me—Dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, explain this speech of Charlotte. She loves to amuse—Miss Byron is blessed with a good constitution: she is hardly yet in the perfection of her bloom. Set my heart at rest. I love not either of my sisters, more than I do Miss Byron. Dear Charlotte, I am really angry with you.

My good-natured lord reddened up to his naked ears, at hearing my brother say he was angry with me. Sir Charles, said he, I am sorry you are so soon angry with your sister. It is *too* true, Miss Byron is ill: she is, I fear, in a declining way—

Pardon me, my dear Lord G.—Yet I am ready to be angry with any-body that shall tell me, Miss Byron is in a declining way—Dr. Bartlett—Pray—

Indeed, Sir, Miss Byron is not well—Lady G.

has mingled her fears with her love, in the description. Miss Byron cannot but be lovely: her coxplexion is still fine. She is cheerful, serene, resigned—

Resigned, Dr. Bartlett!—Miss Byron is a saint. She cannot but be resigned, in the solemn sense of the word—Resignation implies hopelessness. If she is so ill, would not you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have informed me of it—Or was it from tenderness—*You* must be kind in all you do.

I did not apprehend, said Lady L. that Miss Byron was so very much indisposed. Did you, my lord? (to Lord L.) Upon my word, doctor, sister, it was unkind, if so, that you made me not acquainted—

And then her good-natured eye dropt a tear of love for her Harriet.

I was sorry this went so far. My brother was very uneasy. So was Mr. Beauchamp, for him, and for you, my dear.

That she is, and endeavours to be, so cheerful, said Beauchamp, shews, that nothing lies upon her mind—My father's illness only can more affect me, than Miss Byron's.

Emily wept for her Miss Byron. She has always been afraid that her illness would be attended with ill consequences.

My dear love, my Harriet, you must be well. See how *every-body* loves you. I told my brother, that I expected a letter from Northamptonshire, by the next post; and I would inform him truly of the state of your health, from the contents of it.

I would not for the world have you think, my Harriet, that I meant to excite my brother's attention to you, by what I said. Your honour is the honour of the sex. For are you not one of the most delicate-minded, as well as frankest, of it? It is no news to say, that my brother dearly loves you. I did not want to know his solicitude for your health.

Where he *once* loves, he *always* loves. Did you not observe, that I supposed it a *natural* decline? God grant that it may *not* be so. And thus am I imprudently discouraging you, in mentioning my apprehensions of your ill health, in order to shew my regard for your punctilio: but you *shall*, you *will*, be well; and the wife of—the best of men—God grant it may be so!—But, however that is to be, we have all laid our heads together, and are determined, for your delicacy-sake, to let this matter take its course; since, after an opening so undesignedly warm, you might otherwise imagine our solicitude in the affair capable of being thought too urgent. I tell you, my dear, that, worthy as Sir Charles Grandison is of a princess, he shall not call you by his name, but with all his soul.

As my brother laid it out to us this evening, I find we shall lose him for some days. The gamesters whom Mr. Grandison permitted to ruin him, are at Winchester; dividing, I suppose, and rejoicing over, their spoils of the last season. Whether my brother intends to see them or not, I cannot tell. He expects not to do any-thing with them. They, no doubt, will shew the foolish fellow, that *they* can keep what *he* could not: and Sir Charles aims only at practicable and legal, not at romantic, redresses.

Sir Charles intends to pay his respects to Lord and Lady W. at Windsor; and to the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, who are at their Berkshire seat. My honest lord has obtained my leave, at the first asking, to attend him thither—My brother will wait on Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp, in his way to Lady Mansfield's—Beauchamp will accompany him thither.—Poor Grandison, as humble as a mouse, though my brother does all he can to raise him, desires to be in his *train* as he calls it, all the way, and never to be from under his wing. My brother

intends to make a short visit to Grandison-hall, when he is so near as at Lady Mansfield's: Dr. Bartlett will accompany him thither, as all the way; and hopes he will approve of every-thing he has done there, and in that neighbourhood, in his absence. The good man has promised to write to me. Emily is sometimes to be with me, sometimes with aunt Eleanor, at the ancient's request; though Lord and Lady L. mutter at it. My brother's trusty Saunders is to be left behind, in order to dispatch to his master, by man and horse, any letters that may come from abroad; and I have promised to send him an account of the healths, and-so-forth, of our Northamptonshire friends. I think it would be a right thing in him to take a turn to Selby-house. I hope you think so too. Don't fib, Harriet.

Adieu, my dear. For God's sake be well, prays your sister, your friend, and the friend of all your friends, ever-affectionate and obliged,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON TO LADY G.

Thursday, September 7.

I WILL write to your letter as it lies before me.

I *do* most heartily congratulate you, my dear Lady G. on the arrival of your brother. I do not wonder that his fatigues, and his disappointment, have made an alteration in his person and countenance. Sir Charles Grandison would not be the man he is, if he had not sensibility.

You could not know your brother, my dear, if you expected from him recriminations on your past odd behaviour to Lord G. I hope he does not yet know a tenth part of it: but if he did, as he hoped you

saw your error, and would be good for the future, he was right surely to forget, what you ought not, but with contrition, to remember. You are very naughty in the letter before me; and I love you too well to spare you.

What can you mean, my dear, by exulting so much over your aunt, for living, to an advanced age, a single woman? However ineffectual, let me add to my former expostulatory chidings on this subject: Would you have one think you are overjoyed, that you have so soon put it out of any one's power to reproach you on the like account? If so, you ought to be more thankful than you seem to be, to Lord G. who has extended his generosity to you, and kept you from the odium. Upon my word, my dear Lady G. I think it looks like a want of decency in women, to cast reflections on others of their sex, possibly for their prudence and virtue. Do you consider, how you exalt, by your ludicrous freedoms, the men whom sometimes you affect to despise? No wonder if *they* ridicule old maids. It is their interest to do so. *Lords of the creation*, sometimes you deridingly call the insulters; lords of the creation, indeed you make them!—And pray, do you think, that the same weakness which made your aunt Grandison tell her dreams, in the joy of her heart, as an old maid, might not have made her guilty of the same foible, had she been an old wife? Joy is the parent of many a silly thing. Don't you own, that the arrival of your brother, which made your aunt break out into dream-telling, made you break into laughter (even in a letter) of which you were ashamed to tell the cause?—*Wives*, my dear, should not fall into the mistakes, for which they would make *maids* the subject of their ridicule. You *know* better; and therefore should be above joining the foolish multitude, in a general cry to hunt down an *unfortunate* class of people (as you reckon them) of

your own sex. Your aunt Grandison's dreams, let me add, were more innocent, than your waking mirth—You *must* excuse me—I could say a great deal more upon the subject; but if I have not said enough to make you sorry for your fault, a great deal more would be ineffectual—So much therefore for this subject.

Poor dear Emily!—I wonder not at the effect the arrival, and first sight, of her guardian, had upon her tender heart.

But how wickedly do you treat your lord!—Fie upon you, Charlotte!—And fie upon you again, for writing what I cannot, for your credit-sake, read out to my friends. I wish, my dear, I could bring you to think, that there cannot be wit without justice; nor humour without decorum: my lord has some few foibles: but shall a wife be the first to discover them, and expose him for them? Cannot you cure him of them, without treating him with a ridicule which borders upon contempt?—O my dear, you shew us much greater foibles in yourself, than my lord ever yet had, when you make so bad an use of talents that were given you for better purposes. One word only more on this subject—You cannot make me smile, my dear, when you are thus unseasonable in your mirth. Henceforth, then, remember, that your *excursiveness* (allow me the word, I had a harsher in my head) upon old maids, and your lord, can only please *yourself*; and *I* will not accept of your compliment, because I will not be a partaker in your fault; as I should be, if I could countenance your levity.

Levity, Harriet!

Yes, *levity*, Charlotte—I will not spare you. Whom do you spare?

But do you really think me so ill as you represented me to be, to your brother? I don't think I am. If I did, I am sure I should endeavour to put

my thoughts into an absolutely new train: nor would I quit the hold which, at proper times, I do let go, to re-enter the world, as an individual, who imagines herself of some little use in it; and who is therefore obliged to perform, with cheerfulness, her allotted offices, however *generally* insignificant I may comparatively be.

You say, you had no thoughts of exciting your brother's *attention*, by your strong colouring, when you described the effects of my indisposition to him. *Attention!—Compassion* you might as well have said —I hope *not*. And I am obliged to Mr. Beauchamp for his inference, from my cheerfulness, that nothing lay upon my mind. Now, though that inference seemed to imply, that he thought, if he had not made the observation, something *might* have been supposed to lie upon my mind, I am much better satisfied that *he* made it, than if Sir Charles had.

Upon the whole, I cannot but be pleased at two things in your letter: the one, that Sir Charles expressed so great a concern for my health: the other, that you have all promised, and that voluntarily, and from a sense of the fitness of the measure, that everything shall be left to its natural course—For my sake, and for goodness-sake, pray let it be so. I think the opening, as you call it, was much, *very* much, too *warm*. Bless me, my dear, how I trembled as I read that part!—I am not, methinks, quite satisfied with it, though I am with your intention.

Consider, my dear, half a heart—A preferred lady!—For quality, fortune, and every merit, so greatly preferable—O my Charlotte! I cannot, were the *best* to happen that *can*, take such *exceeding* great joy, as I once could have done, in the prospect of that *best*.—I have pride—But let us hear what the next letters from Italy say; and it will be then time enough (if the truly admirable lady shall adhere to her resolution) to come with my scruples and draw-

backs. Your aunt Grandison is of opinion, that she will *not* adhere. Who can tell what to say? Imagination, unnaturally heightened, may change into one altitude from another. I myself sincerely think (and have so often said it, that an uncharitable mind would perhaps charge me with affectation for it) that Lady Clementina, and no other woman, can deserve Sir Charles Grandison.

Adieu, my dear. Pray tell your brother that I never thought myself so ill as your friendly love made you apprehend me to be: and that I congratulate you, with all my heart, and him also (it would be an affectation to forbear it, which would imply too much) on his safe arrival in England. But be sure remember, that I look upon you and your lord, upon my Lord and Lady L. and upon my sweet Emily, if she sees what I write, as guardians of the honour (of the *punctilio*, if you please, since no *dis*honour can be apprehended from Sir Charles Grandison) of

Your and their

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

DR. BARTLETT TO LADY G.

Monday, September 11.

In obedience to your ladyship's commands, I write, but it must be briefly, on account of our motions.

Sir Charles would not go out of town, till he had made a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and enquired after Miss Byron's health; of which he received an account less alarming, than we, from our love and our fears, had given him.

We arrived at Windsor on Wednesday evening.

My Lord and Lady W. expected him not till the next day.

I cannot find words to express the joy with which they received him. My lord acknowledged before us all, that he owed it to God, and to him, that he was the happiest man in the world. My lady called herself, with tears of joy, a happy woman: and Sir Charles told me, that when he was led by her to her closet, to talk about the affairs of her family, she exceedingly abashed him, by expressing her gratitude to him for his goodness to them all, on her knees; while he was almost ready, on *his*, he said, to acknowledge the aunt, that had done so much honour to his recommendation, and made his uncle so happy.

Sir Charles, in order to have leave to depart next morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, promised to pass several days with them, when he could think himself a *settled Englishman.*

You, madam, and Lady L. equally love and admire Lady W.: I will not, therefore, enlarge to you on her excellencies. Every-body loves her. Her servants, as they attend, look at their lady with the same delight, mingled with reverence, as those of my patron look upon him. Poor Mr. Grandison could not help taking affecting notice to me, on the joint acknowledgments of my lord and lady made to my patron, that goodness and beneficence brought with them their own rewards. Saw you not, my good Dr. Bartlett, said he, how my cousin's eyes glistened with modest joy, as my lord and lady ran over with their gratitude? I thought of him, as an angel among men—What a wretch have I been! How can I sit at table with him! Yet how he overwhelms me with his goodness!

Sir Charles having heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen was at his house on the forest, he rode to make him a visit, though some few miles out of his way. I attended him.

Sir Hargrave is one of the most miserable of men. He is not yet fully recovered of the bruises and rough treatment he met with near Paris: but he is so extremely sunk in his spirits, that my patron could not but be concerned for him. He received him with grateful acknowledgments, and was thankful for his visit: but he told him, that he was so miserable in himself, that he could hardly thank him for saving a life so wretched.

Mr. Merceda, it seems, died about a fortnight ago.

The poor man was thought to be pretty well recovered; and rode out several times: but was taken, on his return from one of his rides, with a vomiting of blood; the consequence, as imagined, of some inward bruises; and died miserably. His death, and the manner of it, have greatly affected Sir Hargrave. —And poor Bagenhall, Sir Charles, said he, is as miserable a dog as I am!

Sir Hargrave, understanding, as he said, that I was a *parson*, begged me to give him *one prayer*—

He was so importunate, and for Sir Charles to join in it, that we both kneeled with him.

Sir Hargrave wept. He called himself a hardened dog.

Strange man!—But I think I was still *more* affected (Sir Hargrave *shocked* me!) by your noble brother's humanity, than by Sir Hargrave's wretchedness; tears of compassion for the poor man stealing down his manly cheek—God comfort you, Sir Hargrave, said he, wringing his hand—Dr. Bartlett is a good man. You shall have the prayers of us both.

He left him. He *could* stay no longer; followed by the unhappy man's blessings, interrupted by violent sobbings.

We were both so affected, that we broke not silence, as we rode, till we joined our company at my lord's.

I recounted what passed at this interview to Mr. Grandison. Your ladyship will not want me to be very particular in relating what were his applications to, and reflections on, himself, when I tell you, that he could not have been more concerned, had he been present on the occasion.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when I gave this relation to Mr. Grandison. He was affected at it, and with Mr. Grandison's sensibility: but how happy for himself was it, that his concern had in it no mixture of self-reproach! It was a generous and humane concern, like that of his dear friend.

Sir Charles's next visit was to the good Earl of G. And here we left my Lord G.; the best-natured, and one of the most virtuous and prudent young noblemen in the kingdom. Your ladyship will not accuse me of flattery, when you read this; but you will, perhaps, of another view—Yet, as long as I know that you love to have justice done to my lord; and in your heart are sensible of the truth of what I say, and I am sure rejoice in it; I give cheerful way to the justice; and the rather, as you look upon my lord as so much *yourself*, that if you receive his praises with some little reluctance, it is with such a modest reluctance as you would receive your own; glad, at the same time, that you were so justly complimented.

My lord will acquaint your ladyship with all that passed at the good earl's; and how much overjoyed he and Lady Gertrude were at the favour they thought your brother did them in dining with them. His lordship will tell you also, how much they wish for you; for they propose to winter there, and not in Hertfordshire, as once they thought to do.

Here Sir Charles enquired after their neighbour, Mr. Bagenhall.

He is become a very melancholy man. His wife

is as obliging as he will let her be; but he hates her; and the less wonder, for he hates himself.

Poor woman! she could not expect a better fate. To yield up her chastity; to be forced upon him afterwards, by way of doing her poor justice; what affiance can he have in her virtue, were she to meet with a trial?

But that is not all; for though nobody questions her fidelity, yet what weight with him can her arguments have, were she to endeavour to enforce upon his mind those doctrines, which, were they to have proceeded from a pure heart, might, now-and-then, have let in a ray of light on his benighted soul? A gloomy mind must occasionally receive great consolation from the interposal and soothing of a companionable love, when we know it comes from an untainted heart!

Poor Mr. Grandison found in *this* case also great room for self-application and regret, without my being so officious as to remind him of the similitude; though the woman who is endeavoured to be imposed on him for a wife, is a more guilty creature than ever Mrs. Bagenhall was.

And here, madam, allow me to observe, that there is such a sameness in the lives, the actions, the pursuits of libertines, and such a likeness in the accidents, punishment, and occasions for remorse, which attend them, that I wonder they will not be warned by the beacons that are lighted up by every brother libertine whom they know; and that they will so generally be driven on the same rock, overspread and surrounded as it is, in their very sight, by a thousand wrecks!—Did such know your brother, and learn from his example and history, what a *variety* there is in goodness, as he passes on from object to object, exercising, not officiously, but as opportu-

nity offers, his noble talents to the benefit of his fellow-creatures, surely they would, like honest Mr. Sylvester, the attorney, endeavour to give themselves solid joy, by following what that gentleman justly called so *self-rewarding* an example.

Forgive me, madam, if sometimes I am ready to preach: it is my province. Who but your brother can make every province his, and accommodate himself to every subject?

We reached Sir Harry Beauchamp's that night; and there took up our lodgings.

Sir Harry seems to be in a swift decay; and he is very sensible of it. He rejoiced to see your brother. I was afraid, Sir Charles Grandison, said he, that our next meeting would have been in another world. May we meet hereafter, and I shall be happy!

This was a wish, a thought, not to be discouraged in a dying man. Sir Charles was affected with it. You know, madam, that your brother has a heart the most tender, and, at the same time, the most intrepid, of human hearts. I have learned much from him. He preaches by *action*. Till I knew him, young man as he then was, and still is, my preaching was by *words:* I was contented, that my actions disgraced not my words.

Lady Beauchamp, as my patron afterwards told me, confessed, in tears, that she should owe to him all the tranquillity of mind which she can hope for, if she survive Sir Harry. O Sir, said she, till I knew you, I was a narrow, selfish creature. I was jealous of a father's love to a worthy son; whose worthiness I knew not, as a son, and as a friend: that was the happiest day of our Beauchamp's life, which introduced him to an intimacy with you.

Here, on Friday morning, we left Mr. Beauchamp, sorrowing for his father's illness, and endeavouring,

by every tender act of duty, to comfort his mother-in-law on a deprivation, with which, I am afraid, she will soon be tried.

My Beauchamp loves you, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry, at parting in the morning after breakfast; and so he *ought*. Wherever you are, he wants to be; but spare him to his mother and me for a few days: he is her comforter, and mine. Fain, very fain, would I have longer rejoiced, if God had seen fit, in the love of both. But I resign to the Divine will. Pray for me: you also, Dr. Bartlett, pray for me. My son tells me what a good man you are—And may we meet in heaven! I am afraid, Sir Charles, that I never shall see you again in this world—But why should I oppress your noble heart? God be your guide and protector! Take care of your precious health. You have a great deal to do, before you finish your glorious course, and come to this last period of human vanity.

My patron was both grieved and rejoiced—Rejoiced to see Sir Harry in a frame of mind so different from that to which he had been a witness in Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and grieved to find him past all hopes of recovery.

Sir Charles pursued his journey, cross the country, to Lady Mansfield's. We found no convenient place for dining, and arrived at Mansfield-house about five on Friday afternoon.

My Lady Mansfield, her daughter and sons, were overjoyed to see my patron. Mr. Grandison told me, that he never, from infancy till this time, shed so many tears as he has shed on this short tour, sometimes from joy, sometimes from grief. I don't know, madam, whether one should wish him re-established in his fortune, if it could be done; since calamity, rightly supported, is a blessing.

Here I left my patron, and proceeded on Saturday morning with Mr. Grandison to the hall. If Sir Charles finds matters ripened for a treaty between the Mansfields and their adversaries, as he has been put in hopes, he will stay at Mansfield-house, and only visit us at the hall incognito, to avoid neighbourly congratulations, till he can bring things to bear.

Mr. Grandison just now told me, that Sir Charles, before he left town, gave him a 400*l*. bank note, to enable him to pay off his debts to tradesmen; of which, at his desire, he had given him in a list amounting to 300*l*.

He owes, he says, 100*l*. more to the widow of a wine merchant; but being resolved to pay it the moment money comes into his hands, he would not acquaint Sir Charles with it.

I have the honour to be

Your ladyship's

Most faithful and obedient servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

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